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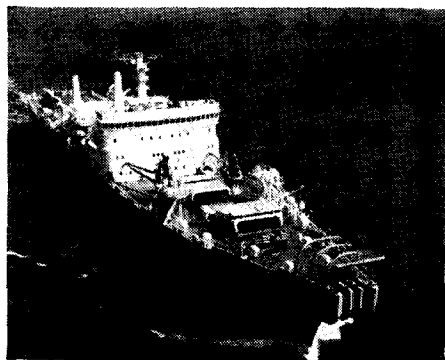
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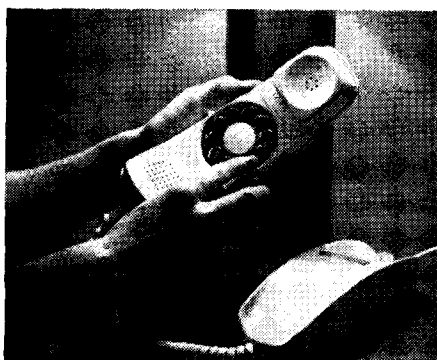


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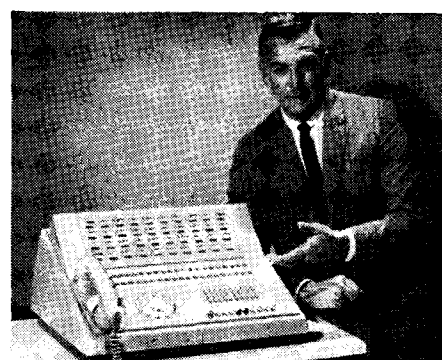
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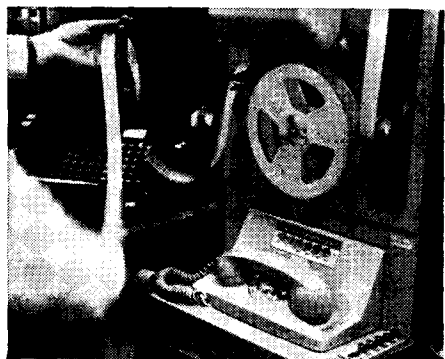
It was engaged with its cable ship, C. S. Long Lines, in laying a new under-sea telephone cable from Hawaii to Japan.



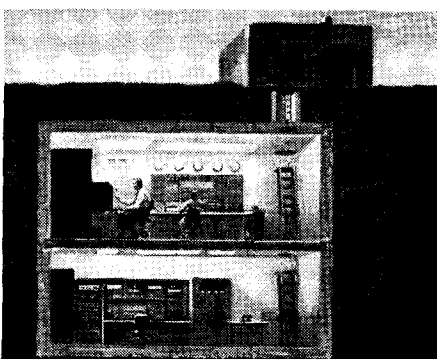
It was adding to its line of home services to give customers an ever-growing choice of phone styles, colors and uses.



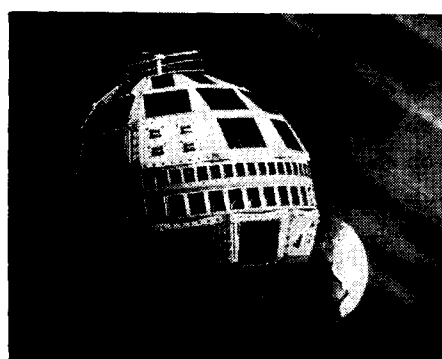
It was bringing out new equipment to help its Communications Consultants tailor more efficient services for business.



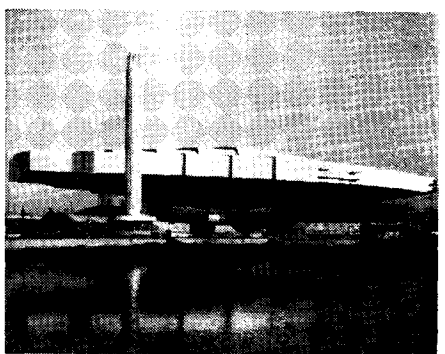
It was adapting transmission facilities to handle more and different kinds of data between distant business machines.



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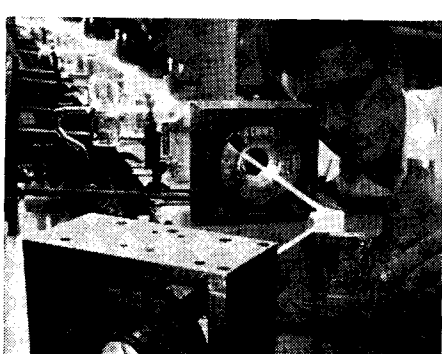
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You may find, when you finish reading these examples of wise and unwise investing, that you're one of the wise. Or maybe not. Let's see:

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Wise: You look behind the tip for facts—and often find only rumor. For you, facts are what count. You've heard that many an investor has found trouble because he accepted a rumor at face value.

Unwise: You let your hopes run away with your judgment.

Wise: You have in mind, perhaps, building a second income from dividends. Or giving your money a chance to grow with American business. But you know that stocks, like other property, can tumble in price as well as climb. That some companies may make no profit, pay no dividends. So with your broker's help you check a company's earnings and dividends and try to decide what its prospects are. And you look into the possibilities of bonds for your particular situation.

Unwise: You invest all the cash you can scrape together.

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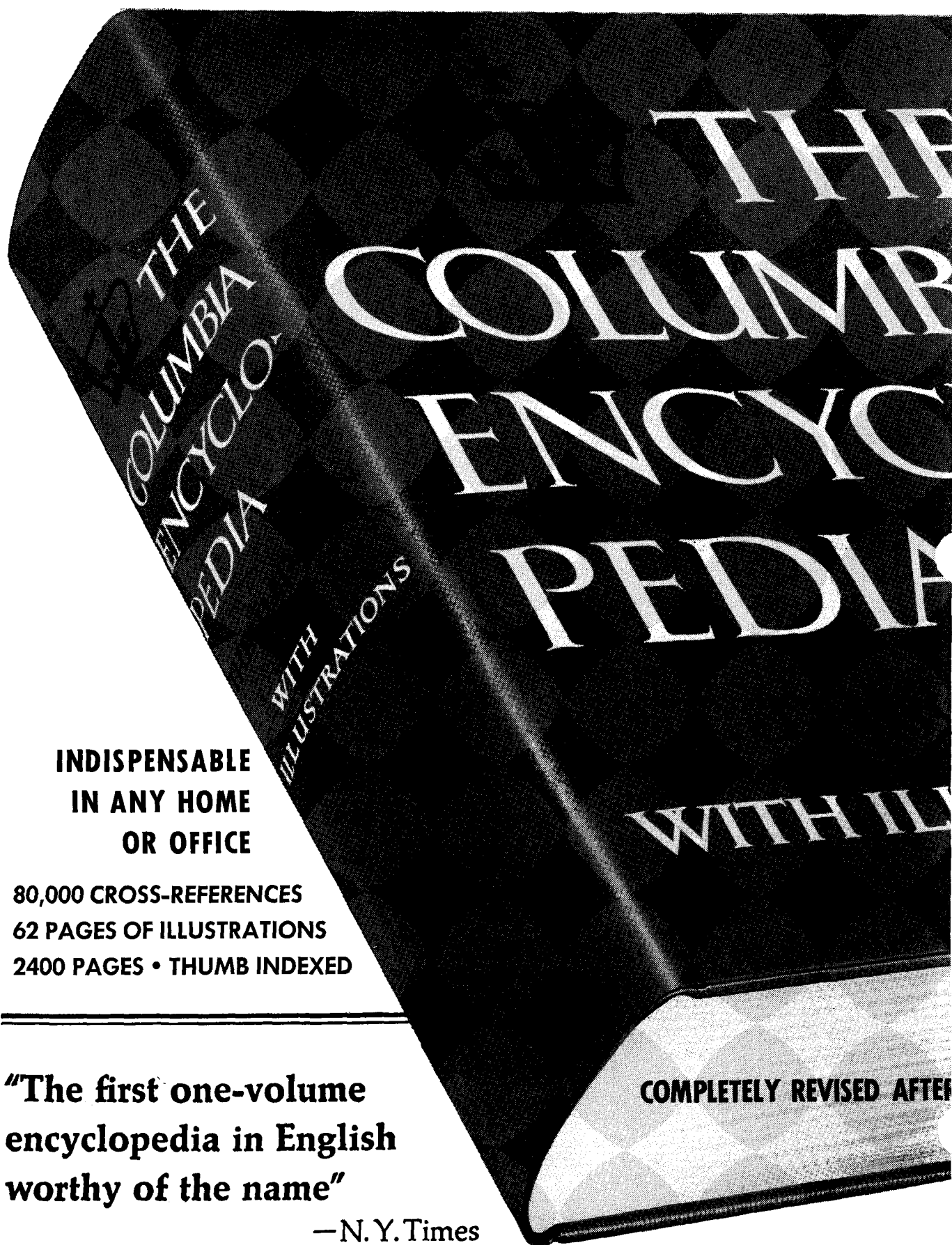
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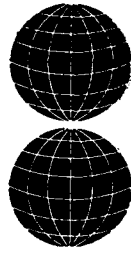
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WASHINGTON

PRESIDENT Johnson's hope that he would be spared foreign crises for a while quickly evaporated as he was forced to concern himself with Panama, Guantanamo, foreign aid, French recognition of Communist China, new pressures for East-West trade, the deteriorating situation in South Vietnam, De Gaulle's campaign to neutralize Southeast Asia, and a variety of other problems overseas. Whatever a President's training or interest, he is the only person in the American government who can make the hard decisions on foreign policy. He must be judged on his foreign-policy record.

Johnson's critics have said that he lacks a feeling for foreign affairs, and that he approaches foreign problems, first, with his mind on the political consequences and, second, with the temperament of a legislative leader trying to bully his opponents into submission. These criticisms were made with respect to his handling of both the Panama and Guantanamo crises. In both cases, the President was determined to act forcefully and quickly. He thought that the country would be disappointed if he did not, and he was probably unduly influenced by the congressional demands for a tough line.

Senator Mansfield's warning

The plain fact is, however, as Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana told the Senate, that the United States's record in Panama is far from perfect. The President obviously was responsible for the protection of American lives and property when rioting began. But he also had an obligation to devise a policy in keeping with the realities of the situation and not to strike a pose for the sake of domestic politics.

Milton S. Eisenhower warned in his book *The Wine is Bitter* that we could expect trouble unless

we made reforms in our Panama policy. But no Administration in Washington has seriously faced up to the problem which Dr. Eisenhower clearly outlined in his book and which he forcefully presented to the government when his brother was President. As Mansfield told the Senate, the incidents that provoked this year's crisis might have been anticipated. "There have been periodic clashes in and around the Canal Zone going back almost to the beginning of the century, when the canal was built," the Majority Leader said. "Such incidents are almost inevitable when a great and wealthy nation occupies a position of conspicuous privilege in an alien land characterized by great squalor and poverty."

It is shocking that Americans can easily see the mistakes of colonialism in other parts of the world but not in this hemisphere. To charge Communism as the main culprit will, as Mansfield said, "only confound the confusion." While many members of Congress passionately defended this nation's rights in Panama "in perpetuity" and called on the President to teach the Panamanians a lesson, Mansfield warned Americans not to entrap themselves "in an emotional plot which was already becoming hackneyed in the days of Rudyard Kipling."

"What this incident tells us in its stark tragedy, what it cries out to us to do is to get busy and to find as quickly as possible reasonable solutions to the conditions which precipitated the tragedy," Mansfield said. He listed three basic factors: the position of "conspicuous privilege" which Americans enjoy in the zone; the "clash of emotional nationalism in a small country" with the "hard-rock security requirements of a great power"; and the "overdependence of world shipping" on an "outdated and inadequate monopoly of transit facilities" between the two oceans.



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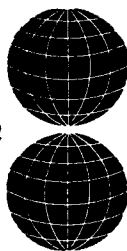
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Report on Washington



Mansfield argued that it would be a serious mistake to construct another canal in Colombia or Nicaragua, because it would mean a duplication of the same problems we have in Panama. He said a canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec could be built by Mexico, which has the stability, manpower, and skills required. Mansfield suggested that capital could be provided by a consortium of maritime nations, but Mexico is not prepared to accept capital in this way.

Recent events emphasize more than ever the opportunity that was lost after World War II to internationalize the world's waterways. At the Potsdam Conference, Stalin vetoed President Truman's attempt to start work on the idea. For months thereafter, Truman sought ways to interest world leaders in his proposal for international control of the Suez, Panama, and Kiel canals, the Bosphorus, the Danube and Rhine rivers, Gibraltar, and other waterways. But the project was the victim of the cold war and the refusal of statesmen to alter old habits. Churchill expressed general interest in the Truman idea. But Stalin, according to Robert Murphy in his new book, *Diplomat Among Warriors*, abruptly rejected it with the Russian *nyet*.

Trade with the Communists

After the incident over the supply of water to the Guantánamo Naval Base, President Johnson appealed once more to friendly nations to curtail their trade with Cuba. He made a legitimate request consonant with American interests. We do not accept the principle of coexistence with Castro. We do accept it with the Soviet Union because we have no alternative, unless we wish to wage a religious crusade that can only end with the annihilation of one religion or the other. Our relations with Russia are based on the conviction that Soviet aggressiveness eventually will be tempered by the realities of world power and by Russia's own self-interest.

Our dispute with those who trade with Castro is unrelated to the question of whether there should be trade with the bloc. While there is no official opposition to nonstrategic trade, there is a dispute between the United States and its allies over the terms of trade with the bloc. In the past, there has been general agreement that credits of

five years should be the limit, but some credits have been extended for seven years. Now, Britain is prepared to sell chemical plants to Russia on fifteen-year credits. The Johnson Administration has argued unsuccessfully that loans for that long a period are a form of aid that should not be extended to the Soviets.

Washington's principal argument is that Khrushchev faces a series of problems and that we should not make his choices any easier for him. But since Britain was blocked from the Common Market it naturally has turned more and more to the East for markets. Both the Conservative government and the Labor Party favor trade with the Communists, including China, in all but clearly strategic items.

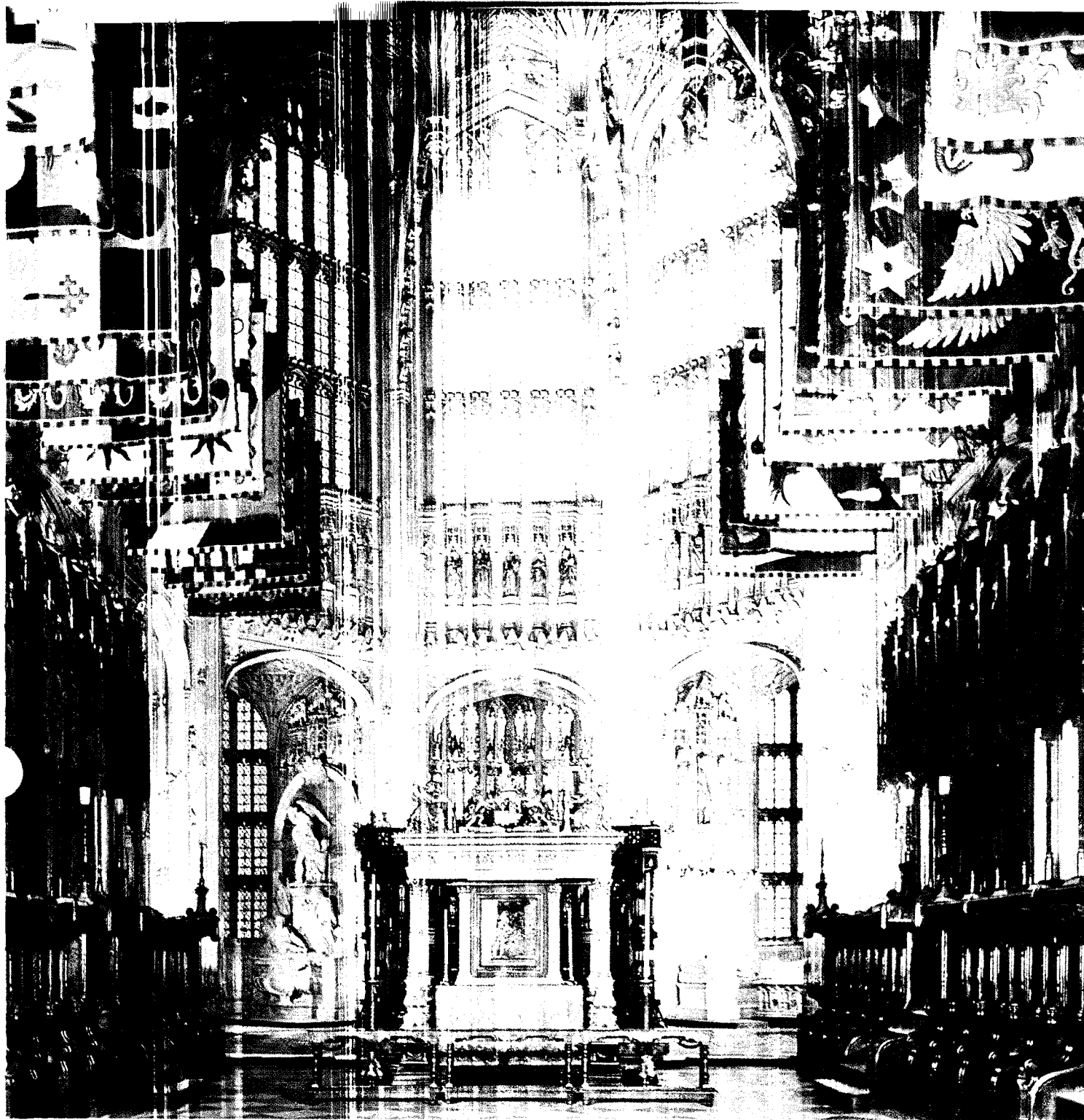
Britain has had a counterargument to every argument Washington has made. We say that to grant long-term credits now takes some pressure off the Kremlin to reduce its arms budget. The British reply that there is no reason to believe outside pressures of this kind can affect arms spending. Indeed, they say that trade may make it possible for Khrushchev to counteract the Kremlin's hard-liners and devote more resources to consumer needs.

The United States set forth almost the same argument when it defended the decision to sell wheat to the Communist bloc. President Kennedy believed that to block the sale of wheat would make it more difficult to carry on negotiations on other projects designed to alleviate tensions.

A drop in the bucket

Both London and Washington agree that Khrushchev faces major internal problems, one of which concerns the apportionment of resources between military and civilian needs. Another is the issue of economic liberalization—how far to go to provide new incentives to promote agricultural and industrial growth. While Western policy should do what it can to promote liberalization and larger allocations to the civilian economy, we should recognize the limits of our ability to influence the Kremlin in this respect. If all trade with Russia were cut off, the Kremlin, which has practiced autarky for forty years, would be inconvenienced but not immobilized. If all restrictions were removed, trade still would not expand much.

In 1962, for example, Soviet nonbloc imports totaled \$1.8 billion; exports totaled \$2.1 billion. That is a total foreign trade of less than \$4 billion for a country with a gross national product of more than \$250 billion. Our wheat sales may total 2.5 million tons, a marginal amount when one considers that Russia produces more than 100 million tons of wheat and feed grains annually.



Henry VII, Elizabeth I and Mary Queen of Scots are buried in this chapel.

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This giant fortress above the clouds is one of the sights of a lifetime



Urubamba river

For almost 400 years, nobody went there. Nobody even knew it existed. Machu Picchu hid on its mountaintop deep in the Andes of Peru.

It had been a thriving city—the last capital of the Inca civilization. Chiefs ruled from its palaces. Priests worshiped in its temples. Vestal virgins bathed beneath its fountains. Workers climbed its thousand granite-hewn steps to terrace the mountainside, plant corn and potatoes.

Gold-clad warriors had peered down between the drifting clouds to spy on Pizarro's conquistadores marching through the valley 2,000 feet below. But the unsuspecting Spaniards kept on, following the Urubamba river in its mad, boiling rush towards the Amazon.

Then, one day, the city was empty. Why, nobody knows. Slowly the jungle closed in. Machu Picchu slumbered.

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Report on Washington

For a long time Washington has been afraid that the East and not the West would profit from East-West trade. The attitude shows a disturbing lack of confidence in our business ability as well as in our ability to influence others in trade and cultural contacts. There must be many in the Kremlin who have even greater fears about these contacts. They do not want to become dependent upon foreign sources of supply.

Undersecretary of State George Ball is right in arguing that the West ought to have a common policy regarding trade with the Communist bloc. But he has expected most of the concessions to be made by nations that are more dependent on trade than the United States. Our friends in Europe regard our policy as sterile and negative, and they have served notice that they will not be bound by it.

The battle over foreign aid

As a practical man who for years watched Congress try to dismantle the foreign-aid program, President Johnson made an attempt to find a way out of the increasingly bitter and unproductive annual row on Capitol Hill. But his first attempts failed, and he has been criticized for his apparent willingness to compromise with some of the program's most ardent enemies and for his eagerness to cut the request for funds.

In the opinion of many persons here who have watched the sad history of the aid program, what is needed, far more than restudy and reorganization, is a period of calm to permit the Agency for International Development to function under normal circumstances. It has not been able to do that because it has been on the political griddle. In 1963 Congress finally voted the aid appropriation during Christmas week, nearly six months after the fiscal year began.

AID Director David E. Ball proved to be a competent administrator when he was budget director. It is impossible to see whether he is a good aid administrator because he has never really worked at the job:

most of his time last year was spent before either the Clay Committee or Congress, and he was trapped in the same routine when the President named the Ball Committee to study foreign-aid administration.

President de Gaulle boasted at his January 31 news conference that France gave a higher percentage of its income in foreign aid than any other country. As America's gross national product increases, it is reducing its aid program. The President's request for appropriations this year is the smallest on record. When Congress finally voted the aid funds in December, the appropriation was 31 percent below President Kennedy's modified request. To limit the President's freedom of action, Congress cut the contingency fund from a requested \$300 million to \$50 million. It had granted \$250 million the year before. In signing the appropriation bill, President Johnson defiantly said that he would violate the law if necessary to aid a free government which might be established in Cuba. The bill which he was signing contained many new restrictive amendments, including one forbidding the President to aid Cuba until that country compensates Americans whose property was seized.

Mood of the Capital

Washington has seldom been so seriously concerned over its relations with an ally as it is this year over the challenge from President de Gaulle. His actions have disturbed Washington deeply. Even more upsetting has been his attitude of general hostility. His decision to recognize Red China was a slap in the face because he had given contrary assurances. His continued advocacy of neutralism in Southeast Asia seemed to be a deliberate attempt to embarrass the United States in South Vietnam.

But none of his actions caused quite the despair that has been engendered by his repeated expressions of contempt for the United States, for the Anglo-Saxons, and for the concept of alliance. Instead of an ally seeking to resolve differences and to work for the common good, he appears in the role, as official Washington sees him, of a challenger who delights in taunting his antagonist.

Panza and Quixote

It was Anatole France who pointed out that within every one of us there live both a Don Quixote and a Sancho Panza to whom we hearken by turns.

Don Quixote sounds the call to adventure and pushes ahead, heedless of danger. Sancho Panza counsels caution and plods along behind. The trick, of course, is to listen to the right one at the right time.

And nowhere is that principle more important than in investing. If you were to heed Don Quixote all the time, you might well lose your shirt in speculative derring-do in the market. If, on the other hand, the Sancho Panza in you were to allow you to risk investing your money at all, you would probably end up owning nothing but triple-A bonds that might safeguard your capital but wouldn't offer any opportunity for growth.

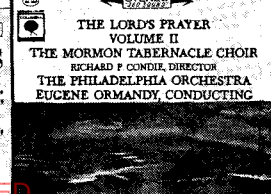
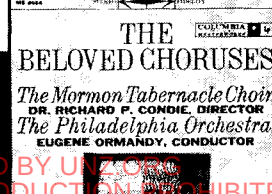
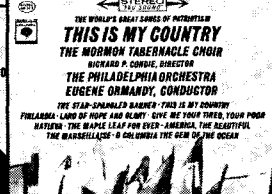
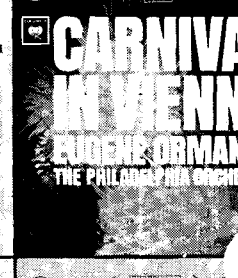
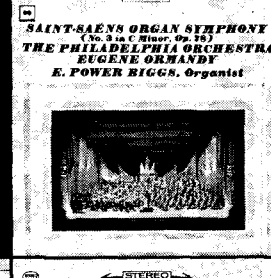
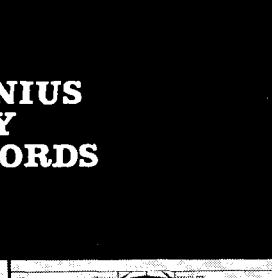
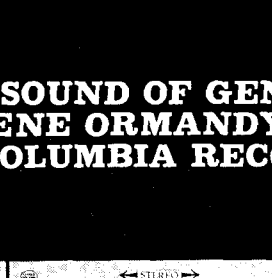
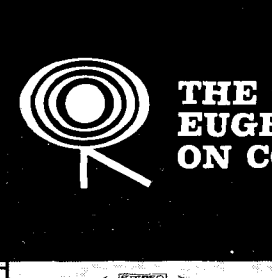
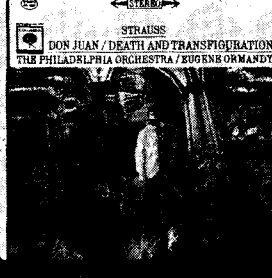
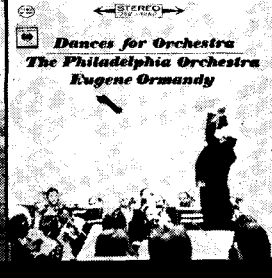
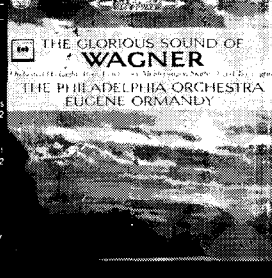
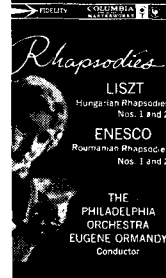
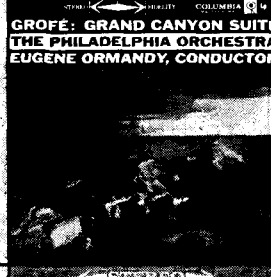
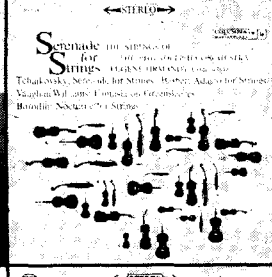
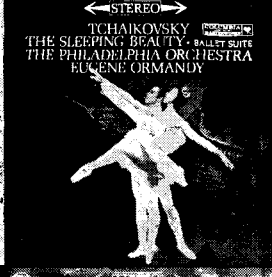
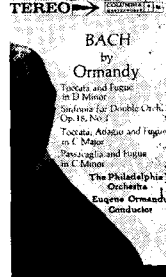
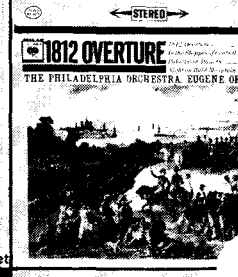
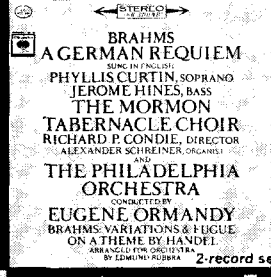
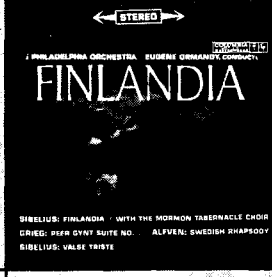
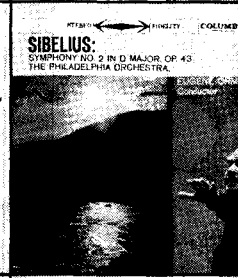
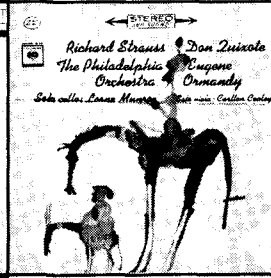
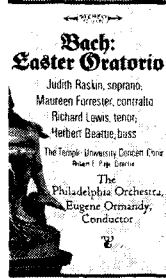
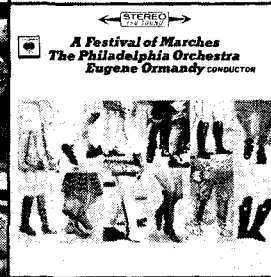
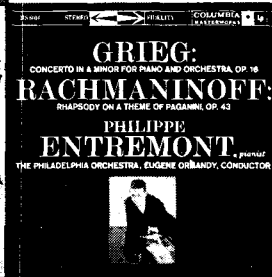
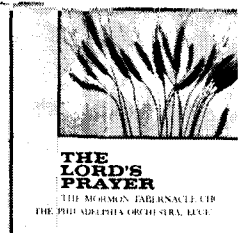
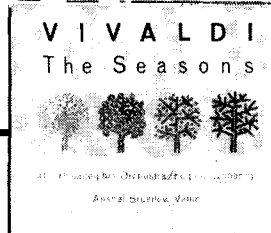
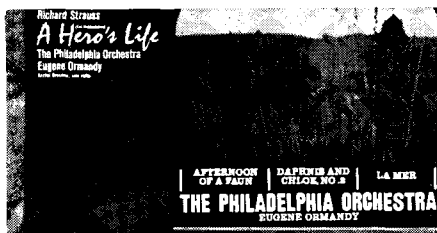
If you're an investor or would-be investor, our advice to you is to lend an ear to both Panza and Quixote. In short, mind your P's and Q's.



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 **THE SOUND OF GENIUS
EUGENE ORMANDY
ON COLUMBIA RECORDS**

PRODUCED BY UNZON
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

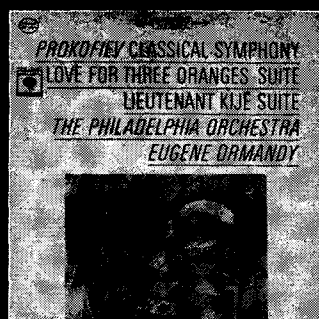
HE PUT THE BLOOM ON THE TIGER...

In the hands of Eugene Ormandy, says Virgil Thomson, The Philadelphia Orchestra's sound is taken on "a wonderful bloom." Thomson compares The Philadelphia's precise grace and agility to a tiger's. The analogy is apt. For, as conductor of this brilliant assemblage, Eugene Ormandy has shown himself to be not only a formidable tiger-tamer.

Since then, he has wheedled, whipped, petted and pushed his 105 virtuosos, and today they perform with absolute singleness of mind, spirit and style. They respond with lightning coordination. They give shape to the subtlest nuance of meaning. More than that, they produce a sound that is unique... opulent, lustrous, dazzling.

These recordings illuminate The Philadelphia's every recorded performance. Their latest album brings together three of Prokofiev's most spirited works—the Classical Symphony, the Lieutenant Kijé and "Love for Three Oranges" Suites.

EUGENE ORMANDY ON COLUMBIA RECORDS





ALGIERS, like many another port city, has always been as much facade as reality. The French, when they were in control, used to point with pride to its stately waterfront arcades, its Provençal balconies and ten-story “skyscrapers,” and would condescendingly compare them to the crowded Casbah and the diminutive Turkish Admiralty, which the French Navy inherited from the Ottomans. The visitor, on alighting from the boat or the plane, was asked to forget about the poverty-stricken millions of the hinterland.

The new masters of Algeria seem bent on fostering the same illusion, though for somewhat different reasons. Last October, to prepare for the four-day celebrations commemorating the ninth anniversary of the start of the Algerian rebellion (November 1, 1954), local painters were put to work whitewashing the balconied houses in the vicinity of the Forum and the main government building. The thousands of guests — from Cuba, Egypt, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Red China, and other exotic lands — who were packed into specially requisitioned hotels and commandeered bedrooms, were offered an Algiers of dazzling whiteness.

The traffic crowding the streets, directed by policemen in new black uniforms; the shops, once belonging to Europeans and now run by Algerians, which still managed to display a tantalizing assortment of French and other goods; even the laundry lines hanging across the balconies of apartment buildings vacated by Europeans and now occupied by Muslim tenants — all conspired to create an impression of a thriving city.

European exodus

Behind this bright Mediterranean decor the economic situation has been deteriorating steadily. The Algiers docks, which once bustled with trans-Mediterranean traffic, have grown increasingly lethargic, and there have been times when dockers have been unable to work more than seven or eight hours a week. A large number of local enterprises — ranging from bakeries and butchers’ stalls to paint shops and department stores — are now operating in the red, simply because most

of their best clients, the 300,000 Europeans once inhabiting Algiers, have left.

In 1961 Algeria, with a gross national product of \$3.2 billion, had the second highest per capita income in Africa: \$281 a year, as compared with \$427 for South Africa, \$120 for the United Arab Republic, and \$40 for Rwanda, Dahomey, and the Chad. An inordinate proportion of this income was both owned and created by the Europeans who lived in Algeria.

All but 100,000 of them have now left, and quite a few of those remaining are only waiting to liquidate their properties before they also leave. The Europeans have exported with them vast sums of capital, transferred from Algerian banks to banks in Paris, Lyons, or Marseilles; an important reservoir of technical know-how, which it will cost the Algerians years of effort and substantial sums of money to replace; and a sizable fund of purchasing power.

The Algerian government has sought to stem the economic decline through reliance on foreign aid. The United States has contributed \$50 million, most of it in the form of 350,000 tons of wheat, soybean oil, and powdered milk, which have saved hundreds of thousands from starvation. The Soviet Union and Red China have both pledged \$100 million in long-term loans mainly destined to cover the importation of tractors, agricultural processing machinery, and technicians. Kuwait has offered \$50 million, Yugoslavia \$20 million. France, the biggest donor, continues to pump \$300 million a year into an obviously sagging economy. None of these stopgap offerings has, however, been able to halt the downward drift.

There is a certain irony in the fact that it was the mass exodus of European settlers, even more than doctrinal or ideological motivations, which gave initial impetus to the helter-skelter socialism in Algeria. The first *Comités de Gestion* (“trusteeship committees”), formed to take over lands abandoned by European settlers, were more or less spontaneous creations, though they were quickly



1720-1793

Cup
by Wm. Moulton III

The oldest continuous tradition of silversmithing in America, that of the Moulton family of Old Newbury, Massachusetts, began over two hundred years ago—and was continued in a direct line by their successors—Towle and Jones.

1744-1816

Tablespoon
by Joseph Moulton III

A veteran of the Revolutionary Army, and the third great Moulton silversmith, Joseph III was in turn to teach his sons the craft of great design. Because there were no banks in Colonial America, surplus coins were made into silver objects.

1768-1824

Teapot
by Ebenezer Moulton

An example of the enduring beauty of fine silver, this painstakingly made teapot by one of the four sons of Joseph III who became great silversmiths. Towle silversmiths are still in Newburyport where Joseph III trained his sons.

1784-1840

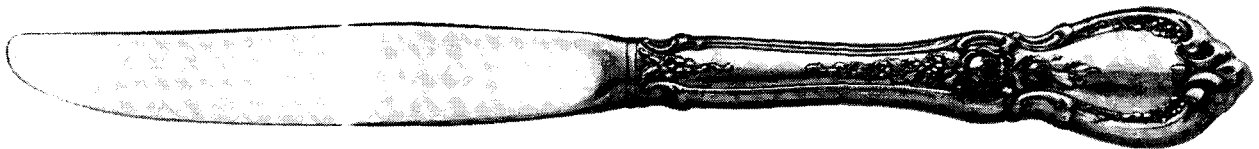
Cream Pitcher
by Abel Moulton

The Moultons created not only beautiful presentation silver pieces but also classic everyday objects cherished by our ancestors. This tradition of great beauty was carried on by a brilliant young Moulton apprentice, Anthony F. Towle.

1865

Butter Knife
by Towle & Jones

The talented Towles carried the spirit of the Moulton silversmiths into a new century. The same quality, the same grace and craftsmanship, continue to distinguish the oldest and the proudest tradition in American silver, that of Towle.



Charlemagne

Towle Sterling Silver Knife -1964

THE TOWLE silver tradition was born over two hundred and seventy-four years ago in Newburyport, Massachusetts. It flourished because it produced beautiful and *useful* objects. This was true in 1690. It is true today.

When you choose your Towle Sterling, remember that this is a possession that will gain added beauty through time and daily use. Use it for great dinners—but use it for family suppers, too. Put it in your dishwasher, for Towle is as practical

as it is beautiful and, regularly used, requires little polishing.

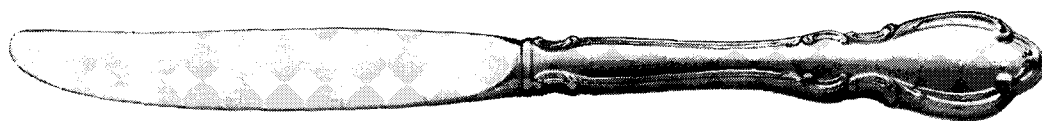
Take time to study the varied loveliness of Towle. Above all, touch and feel it. Test its finely balanced weight, see the perfection of intricate design, the graceful shapes that only the oldest silversmithing tradition in America could give. Choose Towle leisurely, with love and with care, for the pattern you select will be, like its predecessors for two hundred and seventy-four years, a thing of constant beauty.



Please turn page to see nine additional Towle patterns (cont'd)

©Towle, 1964

Towle Sterling Silver Knives -1964 (cont'd)



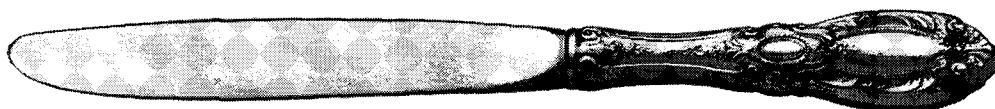
LEGATO. One flowing curve borders a pattern of such serene grace that it blends with equal beauty with cotton or fine damask.



CANDLELIGHT. Only the centuries of tradition that are Towle could create this—a beam of silver cast upon 18th century brocade.



OLD MASTER. A romantic revival, the forms of the Early Victorian era are captured in a pattern of delicate restraint and gentle dignity.



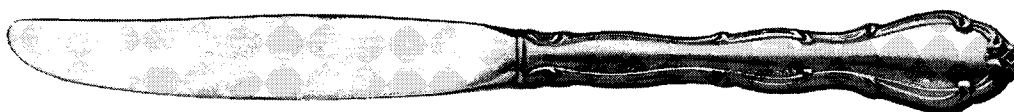
KING RICHARD. Timeless elegance, framed in curling leaves and ornamented with a noble shield, a pattern of distinguished richness.



FRENCH PROVINCIAL. From the past—its graceful fiddle shape. For the present—its delicate simplicity, for day after day of gracious living.



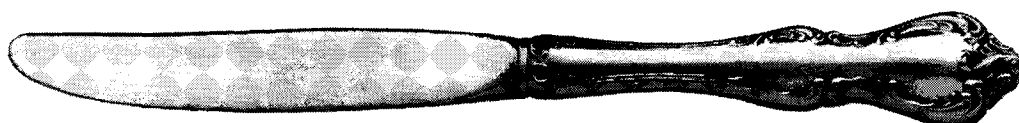
CRAFTSMAN. A triumph in pure line destined to become tomorrow's heirloom. Silver, tapered, faceted and perfected in a great tradition.



FONTANA. The curving arcs of Italian Provincial will blend with any décor. Its slender outline will remain lovely to the eye always.



SCULPTURED ROSE. A single rose sculptured on a pattern with such flowing lines that it is at home in a modern or traditional setting.



DEBUSSY. Decidedly French. Decidedly romantic. Plumes and waves outline a gracefully curved shape in luxuriously heavy sterling.

Report on Algeria

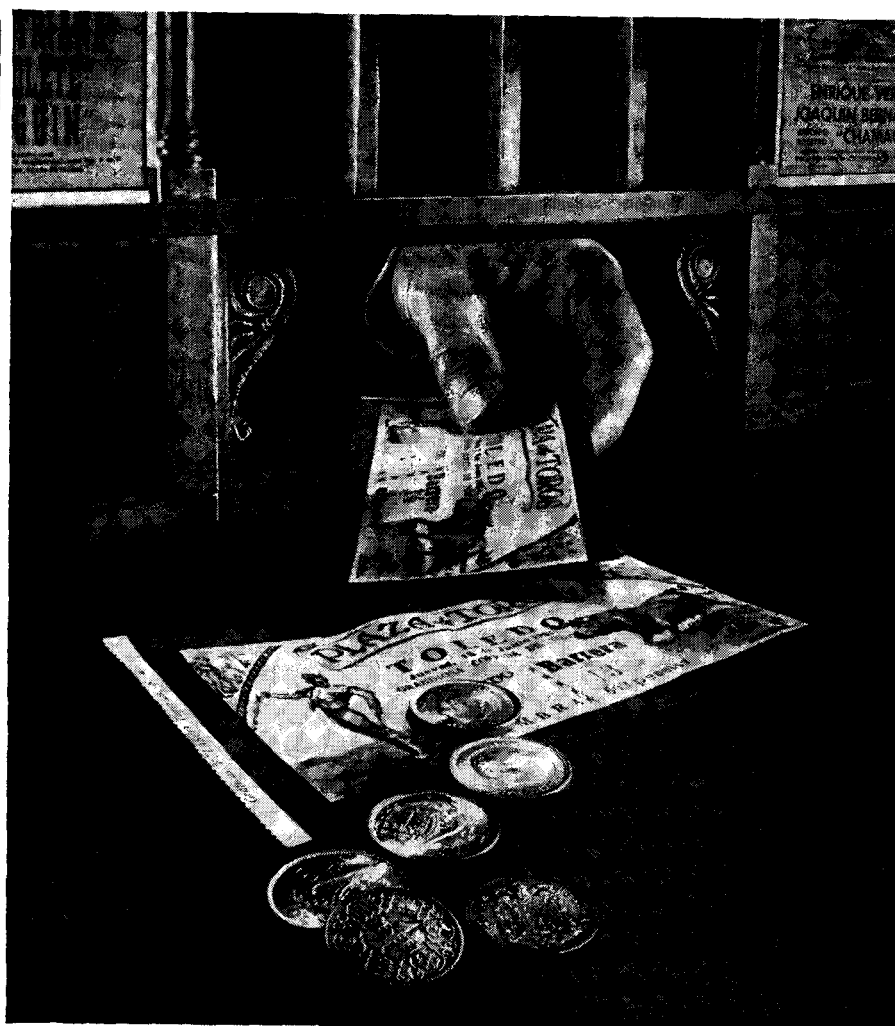
given official encouragement by an organization known as the BNASS (Bureau National pour l'Animation du Secteur Socialiste), headed by a dynamic if somewhat starry-eyed Algerian named Maachou.

In the region of Oran, where the exodus of Europeans was particularly panicky, the recently rechristened National Popular Army of Houari Boumedienne took the lead in setting up cooperatives and Comités de Gestion staffed with *djounoud* ("Independence fighters"). The response supported Boumedienne's thesis that the army, made up of those who had risked their lives in the struggle, was the logical instrument for the renovation of the country. It also revealed, on a less theoretical level, the widespread yearning of the warriors for a share in the spoils. Membership on a Comité de Gestion thus became a political plum to be given to anyone who was known or could prove himself to have been a sufficiently ardent supporter of the F.L.N., or, to use the language now in fashion, sufficiently "militant."

The new land decrees

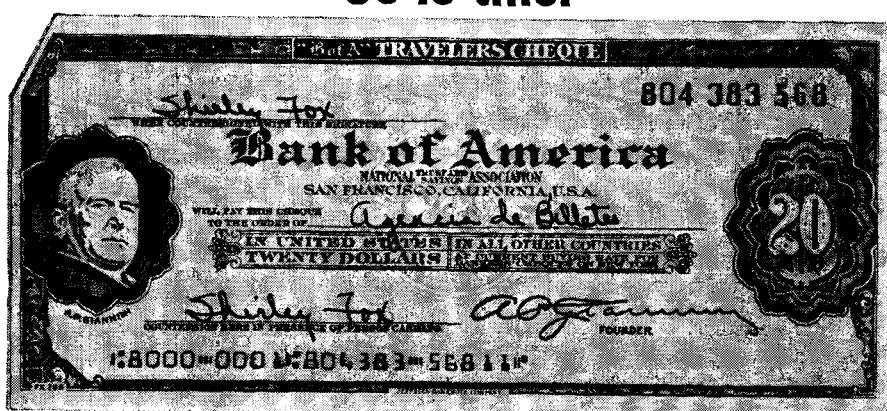
In March of last year this haphazard process of collectivization was codified in a series of sweeping decrees prepared by Maachou and his right-hand man, a Greek named Michael Raptis, who fought in the Spanish Civil War under the name of General Pablo. The decrees, aimed at preserving the larger European holdings from arbitrary peasant seizure and uneconomic fragmentation, provided that in any agricultural or industrial enterprise of a certain scale, a Workers' Council of seven to eleven members was to be elected, which in turn would elect a five- to seven-man Comité de Gestion. In this way democracy and socialism would simultaneously be brought into the lives of the peasants and workers of the "democratic and popular Algerian Republic."

The decrees were extended not only to lands or enterprises which had been declared *biens vacants* ("vacant holdings"); they were also applied to holdings belonging to Europeans who had hung on in the hope that they could make the best of a bad thing in a radically new



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Love Letters to Rambler



Mr. Bob Blackburn

Sportscaster
Bob Blackburn, of Portland, Ore., has been a two-Rambler man since 1960. He writes enthusiastically about his American wagon

with overdrive and Ambassador station wagon with Flash-O-Matic:

"Our total automobile expenses are about \$400 per year less."

"Thanks to Rambler, my six kids are on their way to college! For our total automobile expenses (gas, oil and upkeep) are actually \$400 per year less than they used to be and we're converting the savings to our college fund.

"Working in the Northwest with its unpredictable winter weather, I count on my automobile to maintain my tight, fast schedule. Rambler has never let me down.

"I'm pretty well sold on driving my Ramblers and don't mind telling people about it. But the way I've really sold a lot of my friends on switching to Rambler is just by letting them drive the car.

"To tell the truth, the cars I have now are performing so well and with so little expense, you're going to have a heckuva time selling me a new one for awhile!"



But wait till you see the beautiful new '64 Ramblers—more dependable and economical than ever, with rugged Advanced Unit Construction, 33,000-mile chassis lubrication, 4,000-mile engine oil change, and many, many more. See your Rambler dealer now!

Report on Algeria

context. Fifteen hundred European properties, embracing more than two million acres, were thus "nationalized"; and the process was brought to a triumphant conclusion in October when, to meet the double threat of an incipient Kabyle rebellion and a frontier war with Morocco, Premier Ahmed Ben Bella nationalized another three thousand European properties, thus collectivizing all of the five million acres (or more than one third of Algeria's tillable land) once owned by Europeans.

From the point of view of production, the results of these collectivizations have not been particularly brilliant, save for a bumper cereal crop of some twenty-five million bushels, which was mostly the result of unexpectedly heavy rainfall in May, June, and July. Many French settlers, of course, left behind them an abundance of sabotaged farm machinery which was difficult to replace; and often, where such machinery was available, the Sociétés Agricoles de Prévoyance, which inherited it, managed to misuse or wreck what was left.

Many collectivized peasants were dismayed to discover that these S.A.P. units, originally set up by the French to supply grain and help store the harvests, had been taken over by incompetents or sharks out to make a quick killing through the loan of agricultural machinery at fabulously inflated prices.

The Comités de Gestion quickly discovered that the type of intensive farming done by European settlers demanded sophisticated methods of accounting and precise merchandising schedules. When a group of foreign journalists visited the nationalized Domaine de la Trappe of ex-Senator Borgeaud, once the fervent advocate of a French Algeria, they found that its agricultural workers were not much better off than they had been before, and that the Domaine, mostly composed of vineyards which had hitherto been immensely profitable, was now running at a deficit—with an accountant who was only seventeen years old.

The Algerian state has, quite understandably, wished to do every-

thing possible not to aggravate an already terrifying unemployment problem (roughly one out of every two able-bodied Algerians is unemployed). But by collectivizing at a precipitous pace, it has mostly succeeded in acquiring a whole string of unprofitable enterprises, and this is one reason why by the end of 1963, Algeria's expenses were running more than 40 percent above its receipts.

There are other reasons for this, of course. One of them is that Algeria, in keeping with its socialistic ideals, is intent on eliminating illiteracy quickly. Fifteen thousand French teachers, supplemented by seven hundred Egyptians, are currently engaged in a staggeringly ambitious educational effort for a relatively poor country. Though the fifteen thousand French teachers are paid by the French government, most of their salaries must be reimbursed by the Algerian government, and this takes a hefty slice out of the "co-operation" budget.

Keeping the army busy

The original intention of the Algerian government was that the army, which swelled to a top-heavy 130,000 in the chaotic months following the signing of the Evian agreement of March, 1962, should eventually be pared down to 35,000 men. But since last autumn's frontier flare-up with Morocco, the military, led by Defense Minister Houari Boumedienne, has had a convenient argument for insisting on maintaining a large regular army.

The brief war with Morocco did not, however, add any particular luster either to the army or its chief figure. The hysterical propaganda of the Algerian press, which spoke of thousands of combatants involved and stupendous desert victories, was unable to conceal the simple fact that the Moroccans had soundly trounced the Algerians, who proved to be as inept in tactics as they were weak in logistics.

Indeed, there has been no more spectacular failure in the brief history of the Ben Bella regime than the fiasco of his Forum speech in which the Premier called King Hassan a "tyrant" and a "criminal." The speech was followed by the mass invasion of Algiers by

as long as you're up get me a Grant's®



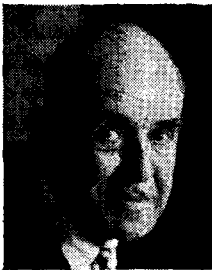
Would you, darling? Say, did you know Grant's 8 is still made by the original Grant family and they still age it at the original Glenfiddich distillery in Scotland for 8 years and I still think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. What? You haven't heard a word I said? Forget it, but don't forget my Grant's.

The choice and cherished 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Eighty-six proof. Imported to the United States from Scotland by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York

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Meet R.S. Williams, Esq., 'Mr. Havana Cigar'



Scion of a family whose roots date back to early Colonial days, Ralph Schuyler Williams is steeped in the American tradition. Yet

he has won such wide recognition as a cigar expert that for almost a half century he has been known as "Mr. Havana Cigar."

It was Mr. Williams who, in late 1961, conceived the idea for that aristocrat of cigarodom, the incomparable Shakespeare *Habana*. Drawing on the precious reserve of rare vintage Havana tobacco now stored at Factory No. 1, Tampa, he carefully supervises every step in the crafting of the fourteen distinctive Shakespeare shapes and sizes.

Fashioned for the true Havana cigar *aficionado*, the Shakespeare has firmly established itself as *America's great prestige cigar*. There is, literally, no other cigar in all the world to match it for true Havana flavor and aroma.

Available in a spectrum of Havana wrappers, from the mild, mellow light-green "claro" to the rich dark-green "maduro." At important tobacconists, clubs and hotels and at the five distinguished Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London.

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Report on Algeria

volunteers spoiling for the fight. In the end the army was unable to conscript more than a thousand of these would-be warriors simply because it had no trucks available to carry them to the "front."

Ben Bella on top

In spite of his errors, Ahmed Ben Bella has displayed a rustic canniness in playing his enemies off against one another which few suspected he possessed when he first made his bid for power in June of 1962. Last April his most dangerous opponent, Mohammed Khider, formerly a shepherd and a tram-driver, was forced out as Secretary General of the F.L.N. Like an Algerian Stalin, Khider had been trying to pack the party with henchmen loyal to himself. In June, Ben Bella imprisoned Mohammed Boudiaf for outspoken criticism of his "dictatorial" methods. In August, the multilingual and arrogantly intellectual Ait Ahmed was forced to beat a retreat.

To date, Ben Bella's greatest achievement has undoubtedly been to secure the official supremacy of the civilian "prefects," of which there are thirteen, in matters of administration over the often contradictory desires of local military bigwigs or party bosses. He thus put an end to a period of almost complete administrative anarchy in which administrators, party bosses, and army men were all writing reports violently hostile to each other.

Last September he further secured his supremacy by having a constitution written to his specifications and approved by a plebiscite. Most of the people did not have a clue as to the meaning of what they were voting for. Where voters proved to be too scarce, the ballot boxes were simply stuffed — with the notable exception of Kabylia, where the official boycott order was too patently obeyed to make this kind of electoral trickery possible. For Ben Bella's subsequent election as President of the Algerian republic, the methods were just as dubious and no less effective. In many voting booths voters mysteriously discovered that only "yes" ballots were available.

Each Ben Bella victory has been won at a price. Each has created new enemies, quite a few of whom are now concentrated in Algiers, privately brooding and plotting his downfall. Not one of his opponents has so far managed to come up with a clear alternative program for extricating the country from its present predicament, and most of them are still stubbornly wedded to a militant socialism which is torn by its allegiances to Havana, Cairo, Belgrade, Peiping, and the left-wing Paris of the Sorbonne.

Ben Bella himself seems to retain a peasant distrust for hothouse intellectuals. He has eschewed the trappings of grandeur and lives and works on the fifth floor of a modest villa situated opposite the Moorish Palais d'Été, where foreign dignitaries are ceremoniously housed. When the frontier squabble with Morocco broke out last October, he exchanged his Western clothes for a combat tunic reminiscent of Fidel Castro's. All of his cabinet ministers followed his example, and for a month they went around Algiers looking like a platoon on the prowl.

One by one, thereafter, they began reverting to their former attire, with the notable exception of Ben Bella, who continued to go about in a field jacket, oddly offset by a pair of baggy brown corduroy trousers. This sartorial refinement seemed designed to suggest that the President of the Algerian republic remained one of the fellahin, whom he himself once ideally portrayed as carrying a gun in one hand and a spade in the other.

The "Algerian revolution" (as it is regularly referred to in the state-controlled press, which is partly Communist-inspired) was the work of peasants and soldiers. Ben Bella knows it and intends to be one of them, even if it means having to assume a rather odd disguise or trumping up synthetic campaigns for eradicating illiteracy overnight, planting trees, unsilting dams, or cleaning up the capital. The important thing is to stir people up, to have them think that great things are being accomplished, even if nothing much is really going on and the administration is in a flurry about what to do next.

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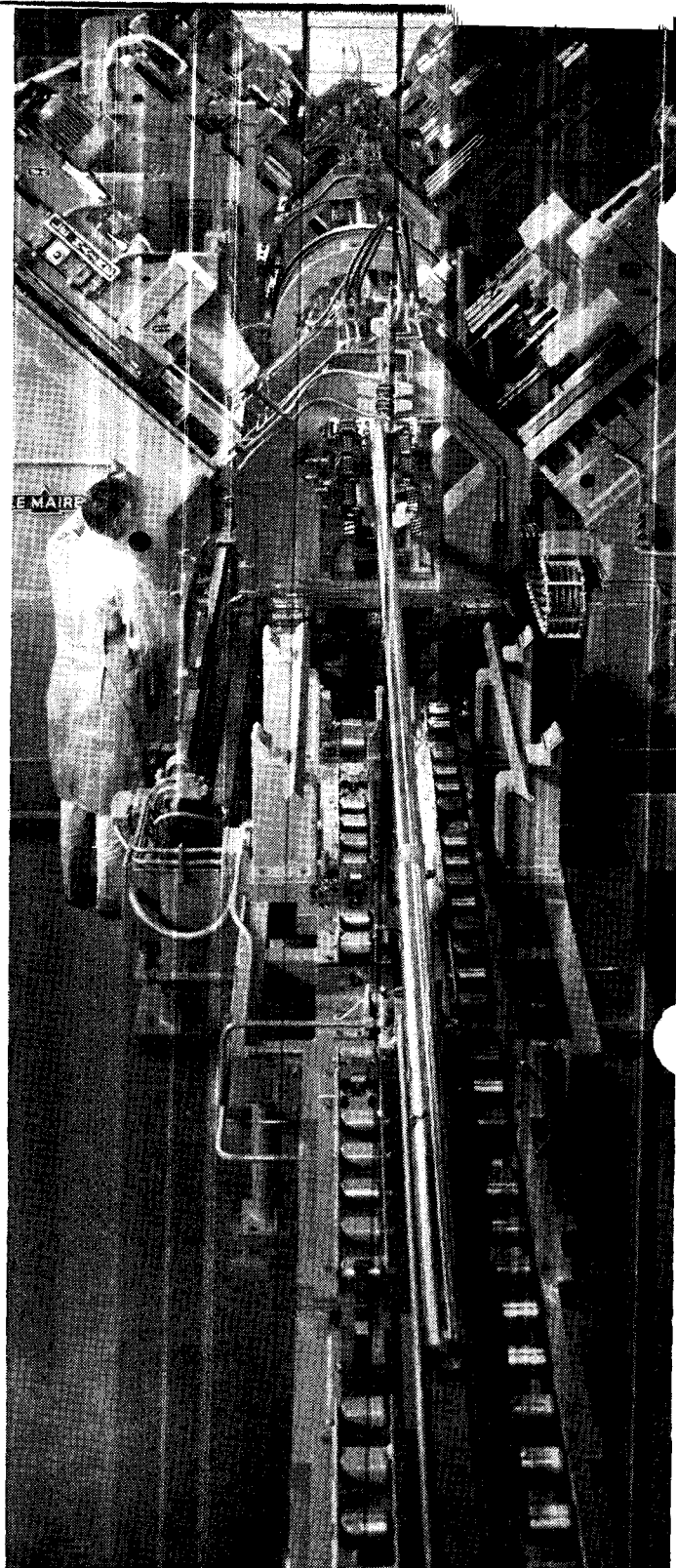


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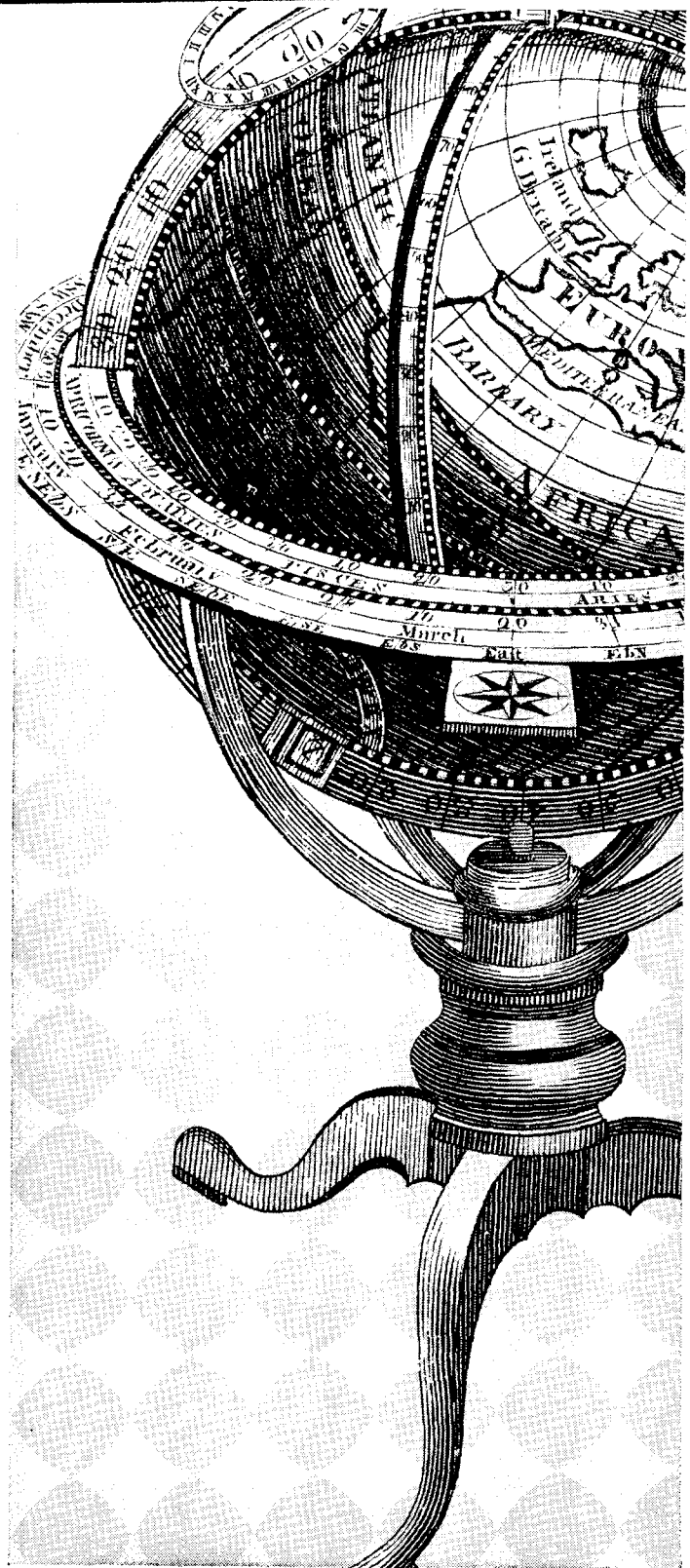
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SOUTH from the twin city of Saigon-Cholon, Route 4 runs like a ribbon of asphalt through the rice and vegetable lands of the Mekong delta. It is the trunk road south from the capital to the granary of South Vietnam with its eight million to nine million peasant farmers. For the first few miles billboards by the roadside advertise cigarettes, liquor, clothing, and automobiles.

On either side the peasants in their black homespun pajamas and conical straw hats work through the daylight hours in the bordering fields. Small boys ride back and forth on gray and lumbering water buffalo and splash with joy in the mud. A heron stands poised daintily on one leg. The effect, in short, is of peace. Only the palisades of sharpened bamboo and the barbed wire which girdle the wayside villages give so much as a hint that the peace is less complete than it seems.

Yet along this road, close to the compound of the Joint General Staff and the Advisory Group headquarters, with its squads of American brass, the Communist Viet Cong hold almost undisputed sway. They make no effort to halt the daytime commerce that flows along Route 4; for Communists and anti-Communists alike, the marketplaces of Saigon and the godowns of Cholon meet a common need. But by night beyond the cities and main towns nothing is safe. The Viet Cong take over. South Vietnam is theirs.

Spotted through the delta at strategic points are concentrations of regular government forces, Civil Guards, and Self-Defense Corps units. The villages and hamlets have, in principle, a first-line defense of Combat Youth. Their task is to return fire when they are attacked and to radio for help. But so often in the past have their appeals gone unheeded that fire today is seldom returned by the Viet Cong. They have torn down the fences around the strategic hamlets, disbanded government councils and set up their own. There are few villages into which the Viet Cong do not dare to go. In many more than half, no government official is ever seen. When government troops do come in force to defend a

village, they often plunder and loot — and swell the number of Viet Cong sympathizers.

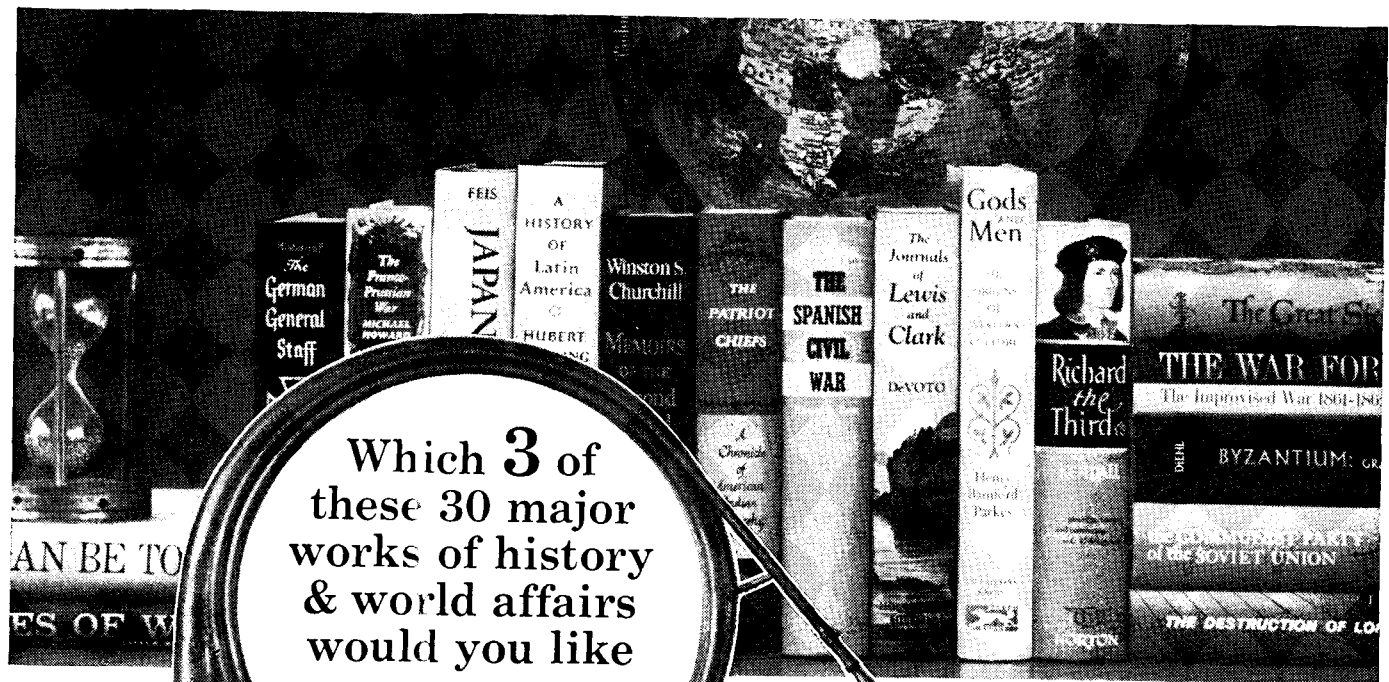
This is the background against which the coups of recent months must be evaluated. South Vietnam is not in its death throes. A decade ago the Viet Minh delivered a coup de grace to the French at Dienbienphu. Today, pitted against helicopters and amphibious troop carriers, their Viet Cong successors cannot concentrate in sufficient strength to wipe out the elite Vietnamese battle corps at a single throw. Yet their tactics are perhaps more skillful and better coordinated.

Simultaneous attacks against widespread targets leave the Vietnamese generals floundering. They commit their air support and reserves only to find that these are needed more urgently elsewhere. "The Communists are the fish and the peasants the ocean in which they swim," Mao Tse-tung once laid down in guides to revolutionary war. The Viet Cong follow his instructions faithfully.

War by attrition

In the days following the coup d'état of January 30, when General Nguyen Khanh was busy trying to form a civil government, a Viet Cong force of five hundred men approached a group of strategic hamlets not far from the Cambodian border. The peasant population of the hamlets was about four thousand. After knocking out one of the two Self-Defense Corps posts and isolating the second, the Viet Cong dug in behind the deep moat surrounding the hamlets and invited the government forces to come and fight.

All day long they fought off attacks by forces of at least equivalent size, withdrawing at nightfall from the blazing villages set alight by napalm canisters dropped by the air force. Villagers saw the Viet Cong carry off two cartloads of their own dead. But in the wreckage of the hamlets there were at least two hundred charred peasant bodies. Next time, an American predicted, there would be no call for help from these villages, or from any others nearby in the western regions of the Mekong delta.



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How LONG Is Too SHORT?

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
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Rummaging through the attic of an old Kentucky farm house, the new tenants came across two dusty shoe boxes.

One box bore the label "String-saved;" the other, "String-too short to save".

To the conscientious string saver, the recurring question is "How long is too short?" Thus, a judgment is tied to the end of each string.

Likewise, what to save and what to throw away as the mash passes through the still, is of prime concern to us bourbon distillers. What some of us save and others don't, makes all the difference in our whiskeys.

Now the simple function of a still, in case you're interested, is to separate the whiskey from the mash. In so doing, certain flavoring agents called congeners may or may not accompany the bourbon, depending on the "set" of the still.

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Report on South Vietnam

The strategic-hamlet program, around which the design for fighting the Viet Cong was built, has collapsed. Two years ago, when the Vietnamese and their U.S. advisers decided to adapt the "new village" concept which had won victory in Malaya over the Communist insurgents there, Ngo Dinh Nhu, the late President Diem's brother, took personal command. The British advice, which the Americans accepted, was to start in "white," or relatively Communist-free, areas and to work out progressively into regions more heavily under Communist control. Nhu argued that the Vietnamese did not have enough time to make such a conservative approach. Instead he informed all province chiefs that their hamlets had to be made "strategic" as soon as possible.

Officials won praise and promotion by the number of hamlets they claimed to have fenced in. Little attention was paid to security, and almost none to the welfare of the inhabitants of the hamlets. Peasants living in isolated areas or along the wooded serpentine canals in the delta were uprooted, sometimes at bayonet point, and relocated behind the perimeter wire of the hamlets. At best, they were paid twenty-five dollars in compensation for the house they had abandoned and the new one they were obliged to build. Many times they got nothing. Despite its basic soundness, the strategic-hamlet program undoubtedly helped the Communists more than it hindered them. Two years of bitter effort had been in vain.

Weariness and frustration

Coming on top of the grave and divisive crises that led ultimately to the assassination of Diem and Nhu on November 2, the recognition that the war, far from being won, was being lost has caused a sense of disillusion, frustration, and bitterness not only among the Vietnamese people and their leaders but also in the ranks of the Americans. Inevitably, morale has suffered. The resolute few seem ready to start over again. But too many have taken to bickering among themselves.

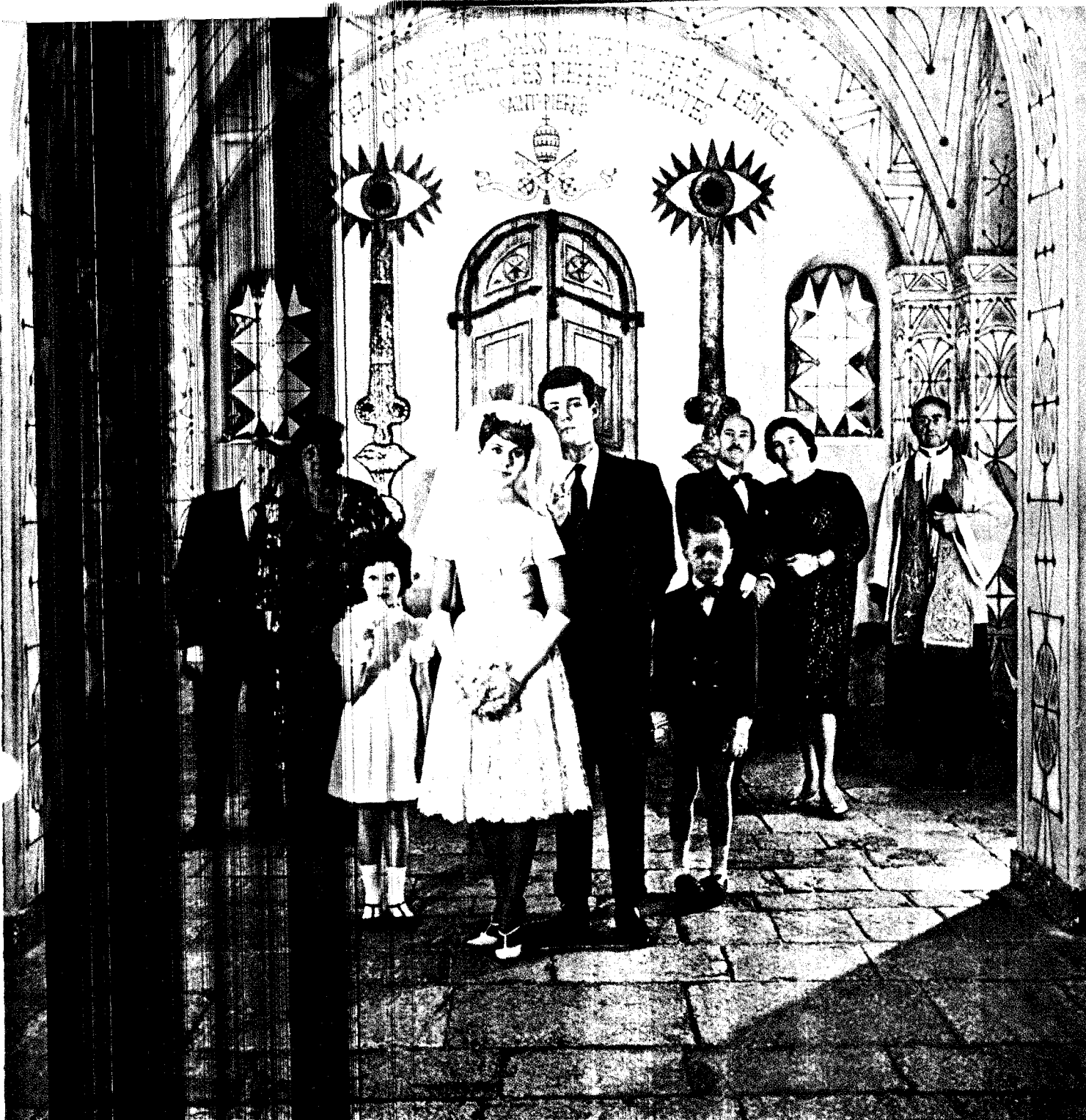
It is no secret in Saigon that Henry Cabot Lodge, the American

ambassador, disagrees openly with the optimistic war picture still being painted by the head of the American military command, General Paul D. Harkins. The diplomats insist that social progress and economic improvement in the countryside are the most important factors in winning the war. Some of the military, like the French before them, fail to comprehend that a war of this nature can be lost without ever really having been fought. How can the Viet Cong win, they ask, when they have no aircraft, artillery, helicopters, trucks, troop carriers, and other paraphernalia of modern war?

The Viet Cong pick their targets, strike hard, and immediately disperse. Their losses are high — up to 1500 a month — but the size of their regular, uniformed forces continues to increase at the rate of about 500 men a month.

Many of the troubles that blighted Big Minh's military junta between the November coup and General Nguyen Khanh's seizure of power on January 30 had their origin in the chaos inherited from the Diem regime. Although some of the generals were aware that the situation was much more serious than Diem and Nhu had admitted, they were totally unprepared for the shocks that came when new teams of provincial chiefs reported honestly on conditions in their areas. United in their opposition to Diem, the generals divided again when they found themselves confronted with the need to take Draconian decisions. Some of them, notably Le Van Kim, the Chief of Staff, and Mai Huu Xuan, chief of the National Police, were much more sympathetic to the French than to the American view. Neutralization, or some sort of negotiated deal with the Viet Cong, seemed the easy way out.

General Nguyen Khanh was made of much tougher stuff. Left out of the inner circles of the coup d'etat group, eliminated subsequently from Big Minh's military junta, and posted to the command of the remote First Corps near the relatively quiet border of North Vietnam, he had time to think and time to plot. He believed that any negotiation with the Viet Cong at this stage would lead inevitably to a Communist take-over. For several



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turns the plainest wedding into a fairy tale. Matisse created his masterpiece nearby. The red, white and blue chapel of Venice.

Picasso's bronze *L'Homme au Mouton* stands smack in the square of Vallauris, a pottery town near Cannes. Many of the ceramics he made there are on view in a gorgeous villa in Antibes.

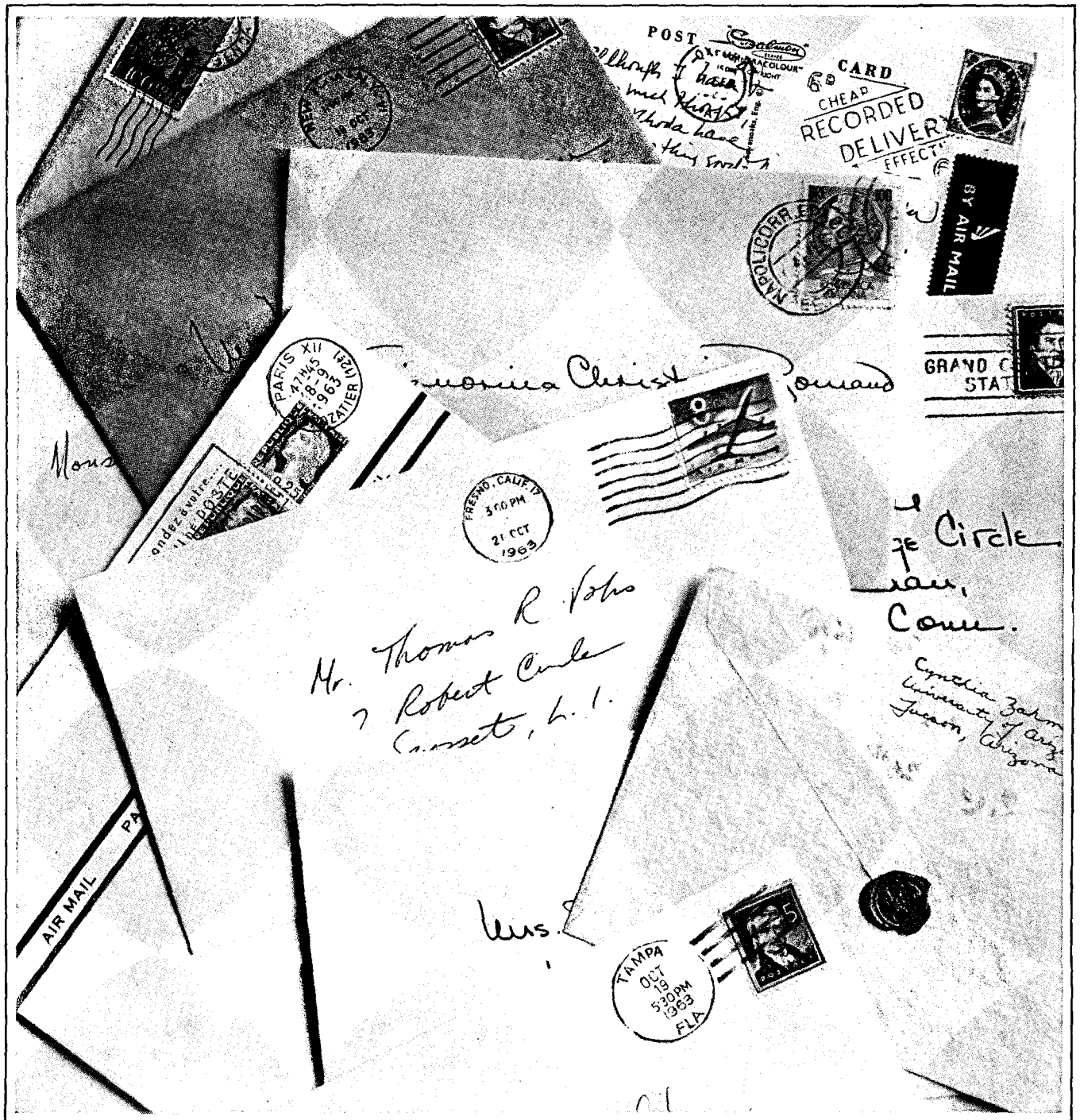
Leger's 150-foot mural and most awe-

some stained glass window are in Biot. And Menton boasts a unique collection of Chagall, Dufy, Modigliani and Utrillo.

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Report on South Vietnam

members of the junta he had nothing but contempt.

With the assistance of the commander of the Third Corps, strategically adjacent to Saigon, and of two air force colonels, Khanh laid his plans for the take-over. It was swift, painless, and effective. The corps commanders swung in behind him, and the only fatality was that of the unlamented major credited with having assassinated Diem and Nhu. He was shot by one of the new coup leaders, General Dong Van Duc. Khanh placed the neutralist group of generals under detention. Big Minh he persuaded to stay on as head of state.

The new Prime Minister

Unfortunately for South Vietnam, the forces that bring men together to stage a coup d'etat do not often persist when revolutionary fever fades and the humdrum work of administration has to be faced. Within a day or two of the coup, General Khanh had two struggles on his hands: to fight the war against the Viet Cong and to survive.

Among his fellow soldiers his reputation was high. But the people knew little of him. The politicians and civil servants were wary of him. Political and religious forces pulled against each other, and in the end, to form a government at all, he was obliged to take the prime minister-ship himself. By trying to please everyone, he formed a government that in fact pleased very few.

Even among the army leaders who had helped to put Khanh into power there was open talk that if he failed they could try again. General Khanh, at thirty-seven, was said to be too young. There were several who felt that they might better fill the role. Of this, General Khanh seemed to be well aware. He assured Lodge that he would not be caught napping. But he will be judged by his success, which, if it is possible at all, will of necessity be extremely slow.

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Report on South Vietnam

situation is satisfactory enough. In the delta the need is urgent and the time short. Little remains of the dry season. Instead of taking the initiative in the aftermath of the November coup, the regime of Big Minh seemed benumbed by the magnitude of the problem, and the Viet Cong exploited with great success during a period when conditions should have been heavily against them.

Making a fresh start

For General Khanh the task now is to start all over again. The strategic-hamlet program failed by the way it was implemented, not because the concept was basically wrong. By starting again in areas adjacent to Saigon and working slowly outward through the delta, it may be possible to recover the ground that has been lost. Recent surveys revealing the deplorable state of the strategic hamlets also suggest that there is still time to change the government's policies and to win the war. To have any chance of success, however, there must be a realistic appreciation by the Vietnamese and their American backers of just how formidable and costly and difficult the task will be. An example of cost is provided by the relocation of peasants in strategic hamlets. The cheapest peasant cottage costs about seventy dollars to build, and the average is about four times that much. Compensation will have to be paid to tens of thousands of families. The provision of medical facilities, schools, wells, and food supplies for resettled peasants will be even more expensive.

Even if the funds are available, the problem of administration remains. New provincial and district chiefs appointed since the fall of the Diem regime are more dedicated, and apparently more able, than most of their predecessors seemed to be. But the reserves of talent for such tasks are alarmingly thin.

"Can we really expect that the best of intentions will be proof against what we know must be certain adversity?" asked one American. Today no one has the answer. Given time and the support he must have, General Khanh seems likely to make a real effort.



These people don't want to be "taken" by the power company —or any other monopoly

On February 12, 1962, Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois called the attention of the United States Senate and the nation to a situation of prime importance to power company customers all over the country.

Senator Douglas pointed out that, "Ever since Congress passed the 1954 Internal Revenue Act, many public utilities have been reaping a bonanza at the expense of utility consumers. A number of utility regulatory jurisdictions . . . have permitted utilities to charge rates based on income tax allowances which far exceed their actual tax liability to the Treasury."

The Illinois Senator was referring to the tax laws which permit commercial power companies to collect from their customers money to be used for payment of taxes — *but money which in fact is not paid in to the United States Treasury.*

Power companies do not pay taxes in the sense that other businesses do. They *collect* taxes from consumers as a part of their rate base, and pass the money on to the Treasury. However, present tax laws permit them to keep substantial portions of these tax collections for their own use.

As Howard Morgan, then Vice Chairman of the Federal Power Commission, told a House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Subcommittee on February 28, 1963: ". . . consumers are being charged huge amounts representing phantom taxes which are not paid and in the opinion of most, if not all disinterested students of taxation, will never be paid. Worse still, these funds are re-invested in the corporation with the result that the rate-payer must pay a return on capital involuntarily extracted from him by the utilities."

America's non-profit rural electric systems share the concern of other power company customers in this matter. The rural electrics pay the commercial power companies more than \$100-million a year for wholesale power. We do not think they should be permitted to keep and use for their own benefit those portions of the money they collect for taxes. We believe such money should be paid into the Treasury or returned to us and the other customers from whom it was collected in the first place.

Our suggestions for corrective action have been answered with a slashing and unfair propaganda attack on the rural electrification program.

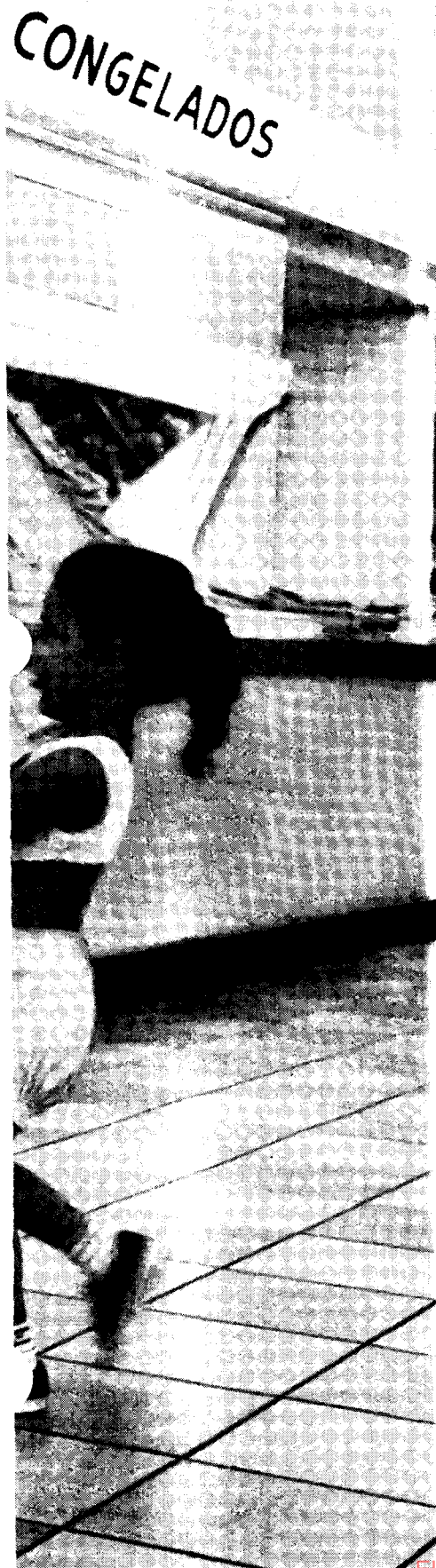
Thoughtful people, including legislators and Journalists, are beginning to see through this smokescreen. They are asking whether it is not about time for a searching examination of the nation's power companies and their rate structures.

We think the people ought to know more about this problem. Further information is available from:

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Last year, the people of the Commonwealth paid \$25.4 million for U. S. dairy products, \$65 million for automobiles and parts, \$42 million for textiles and clothing, nearly \$12 million for cigarettes. *Plus* dozens of other items. Grand total: *a billion dollars' worth of products from the U. S. mainland.*

All sections of U. S. reap benefits

The income from these purchases was spread throughout the states. The South received \$288 million. The Midwest received \$255 million. East Coast states, \$256 million. California, Washington and Oregon, \$93 million.

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AS INTERNATIONAL tension mounts over South Africa's policy of apartheid, a series of events have focused attention on the three little-known territories of Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland. These countries have three things in common: they are physically embedded in South Africa; they are, under British protection, developing a political antithesis to apartheid; and they provide an escape route for opponents of Dr. Verwoerd's regime.

This function was dramatically illustrated last August by the escape from South Africa of two young white men, Arthur Goldreich and Harold Wolpe. Goldreich, an industrial designer who has held a one-man art exhibition in New York, and Wolpe, a lawyer, were being held on suspicion of being leaders of the militant anti-apartheid underground. When they staged a daring escape from Johannesburg's police headquarters, the biggest manhunt in South Africa's history was mounted to prevent them from reaching sanctuary in one of the three British High Commission Territories. Nevertheless, Goldreich and Wolpe, disguised as priests, turned up some weeks later in Swaziland. From there they flew in a small chartered plane to Bechuanaland, where an East African Airways Dakota arrived to take them and a large group of other refugees to Dar es Salaam.

At the crucial moment, the Dakota was sabotaged on the local airfield, and the hostility of the whites there, most of whom are of Afrikaner extraction or sympathies, led Goldreich and Wolpe to seek protective custody in the jail at Francistown. After a nerve-racking period of uncertainty, they were eventually flown to Dar es Salaam, via Elisabethville in the Congo, in a plane chartered by the *Central African Mail*, a pro-African-nationalist Northern Rhodesian weekly. They eventually reached England.

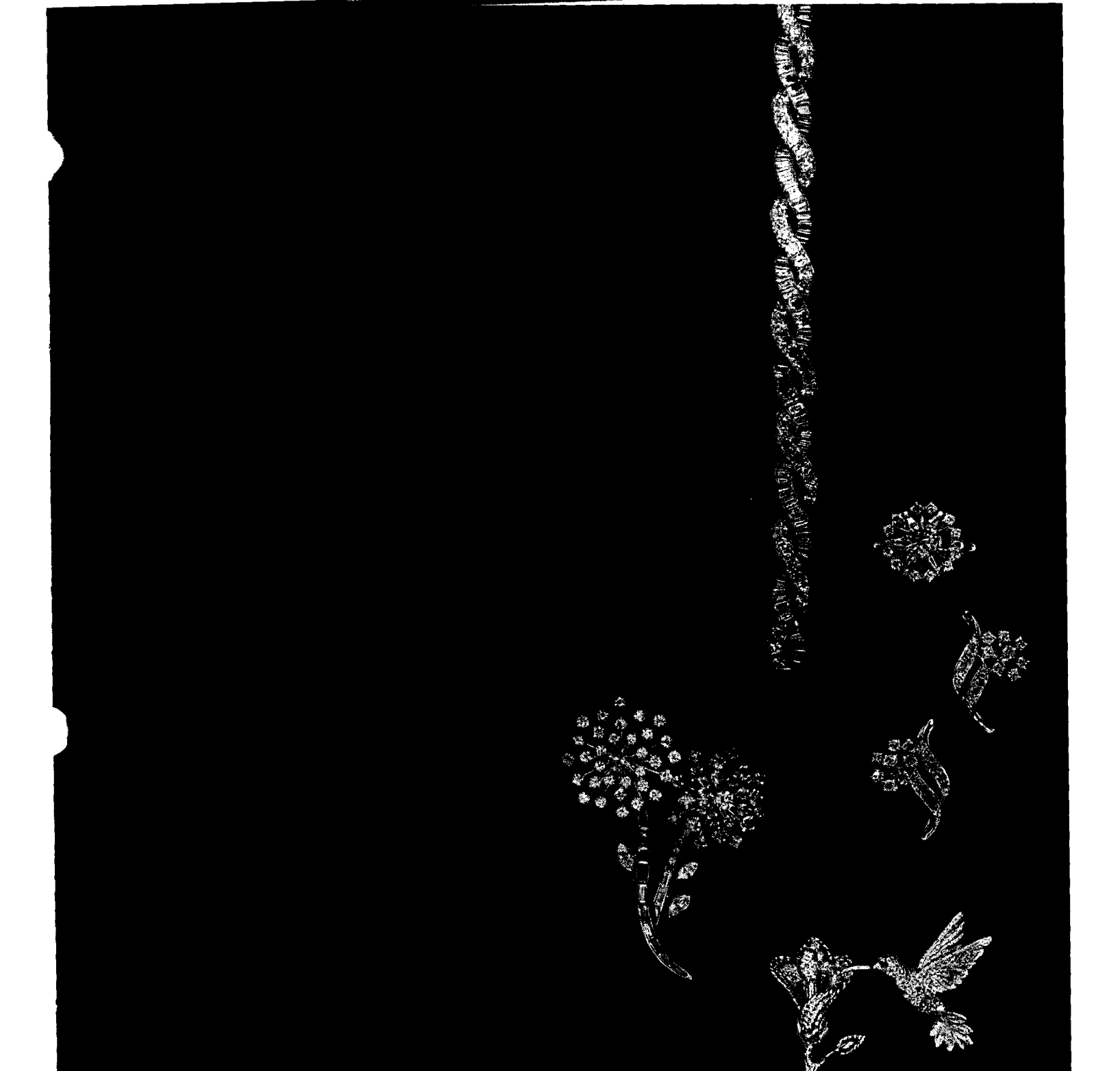
While Goldreich and Wolpe were waiting to leave Bechuanaland, a gang of whites in the territory kidnapped Dr. Kenneth Abrahams, a young Colored physician who had recently es-

caped from South Africa. Abrahams and three companions were taken one hundred miles and forced to cross into Southwest Africa, where they were formally arrested. They swear that on crossing the border, three of their captors changed into South African police uniforms, and that they recognized others as Bechuanaland farmers. When Dr. Abrahams' relatives brought an urgent application of habeas corpus, a major diplomatic crisis arose between Britain and South Africa. Questions were asked in the House of Commons, and tension abated only when the South African Minister of Justice, while denying that any policemen had participated in the kidnapping, returned Dr. Abrahams and his companions to Bechuanaland "in the interests of friendly relations."

Observers were not slow to recall that in 1961 the South African government was similarly forced to return to Basutoland Mr. Anderson Ganyile and two companions after it had been proved that six South African policemen had crossed the border into British territory and kidnapped them. In August, 1963, it was announced that the Minister of Justice had paid Mr. Ganyile substantial damages for wrongful arrest.

South Africa complains

But, as the Abrahams case and the Goldreich-Wolpe escape moved toward their climax, the South African authorities counterattacked on the propaganda front. The republic's Security Police chief accused the British administration of having "wittingly, in my opinion," allowed Bechuanaland to become "a free port for runaways, reds and saboteurs." Quoting from his secret files, Colonel van den Bergh alleged that in June and July alone more than two hundred Africans from the republic had passed through Bechuanaland for training "up north" in sabotage and guerrilla warfare, and indignantly asserted that the British authorities "even allow planes to land to pick such people up for their journeys north. In fact," he said, "there is one continuous red carpet for South African saboteurs from Lobatsi [near the southern border with South Africa] to Northern Rhodesia."



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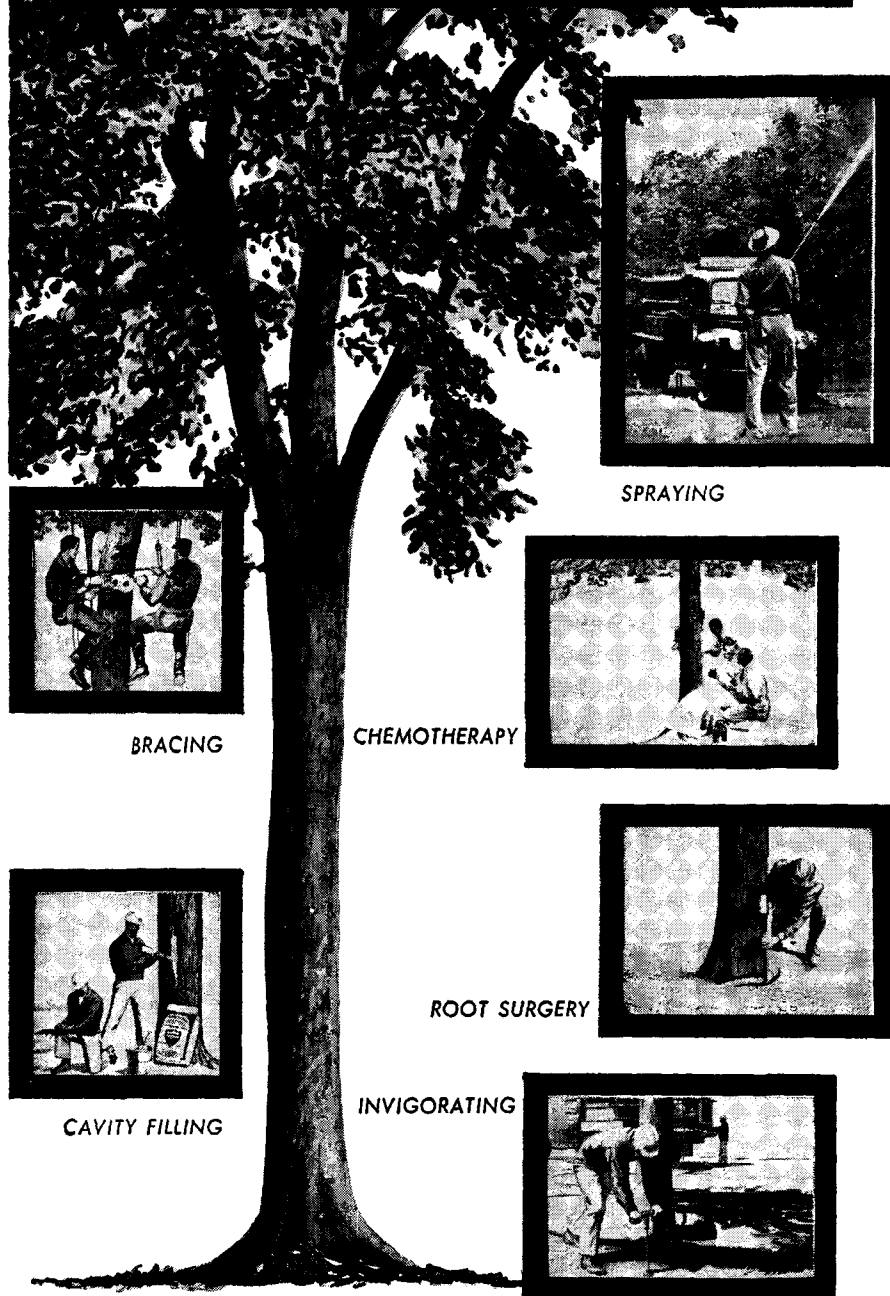
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British South Africa

The reference to Northern Rhodesia is significant, for, as a glance at a large-scale map will show, Bechuanaland is the only one of the High Commission Territories which offers an overland route to free black Africa, with which it has a tiny common border on the great Zambezi River. Basutoland, by contrast, is completely surrounded by South Africa, and Swaziland has a second border only with Portugal's Mozambique.

These geographic facts, together with the poverty of Basutoland and Bechuanaland, underline the present economic dependence of all three territories on South Africa and explain the policy of their British administrations.

Basutoland

Of the three, the harshly beautiful, eroded, and overpopulated mountain enclave of Basutoland is the most susceptible to South African pressures. Approximately the size of Belgium, Basutoland has no known mineral resources other than minor deposits of diamonds, and the one million Basuto survive only because more than 130,000 are employed in South Africa. In fact, 43 percent of the adult male population is away from the country at any given time. In addition, nearly half of Basutoland's tiny revenue of 2 million pounds comes from the customs agreement which all three territories have with South Africa.

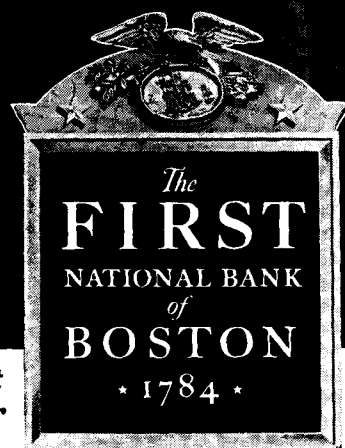
Paradoxically, it is Basutoland, by far the poorest of the territories, which is the most advanced politically. A new constitution, put forward last fall by an official commission, proposes that full internal self-government in 1964 should be followed by independence in 1965.

The most likely prime minister, Mr. Ntsu Mokhehle, is a veteran and important member of Pan-Africanist councils. His party, the Basutoland Congress, is one of the country's major forces, the other being the Roman Catholic Church; both utilize the extremely high literacy rate of the Basuto, for which mission schools of all denominations are responsible. The paramount chief, Moeshoeshe II, has ambitions of

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British South Africa

active rule but seems likely to become a constitutional monarch, serving as a focus for the intense national pride of the hardy Basuto.

Swaziland

In contrast to Basutoland is Swaziland. Small but very rich in minerals, Swaziland boasts, under British ownership, the world's largest asbestos mine, as well as mountains of high-grade iron ore. Significantly, the railway which is being built to handle this ore will run to the Portuguese-controlled coast in Mozambique and not to South Africa.

Just under half of Swaziland's lush and semitropical land, which is about the size of Wales, is owned by some 10,000 whites; the remainder is held by the approximately 275,000 Swazi, most of whom feel strong allegiance to their feudalistic, quasi-religious, but shrewd ruler, King Sobhuza II. This potentate, allied with the almost wholly pro-South-African white community, is fighting a desperate rearguard action to undermine a new, British-imposed constitution. Although it still leaves great influence with him and assures quite disproportionate power to the whites, this constitution will belatedly make a small beginning in nonracial democracy that will give some scope to the budding political parties in which younger and educated Swazi are active. Swaziland alone of the three territories could reasonably survive an economic crackdown by South Africa.

Bechuanaland

Between Basutoland and Swaziland, economically and politically, stands Bechuanaland, where some 3000 vehemently pro-South-African whites enjoy parity of representation in an advisory legislative council with 330,000 Africans. This small population is scattered about a vast country, roughly the size of France, most of which is semiarid bush or the vast sand-veld of the Kalahari.

The whites are concentrated in blocks of farms, and both they and the Africans live chiefly from cattle ranching. There is no single paramount chief; and the recently organized, modern-style African nationalist movement is at present

divided within itself. A new constitution, expected to operate in 1965, should result in something near internal self-government, with the Africans having a greatly increased influence.

South African concern with all three territories is great, for apartheid is a monolithic concept. Whatever happens in the territories is clearly visible to black and white in South Africa, and even their very imperfect beginnings of democratic practice already contrast starkly with the serfdom of blacks under apartheid. Color bars are being progressively abolished in the territories, and men may come and go as they please. Africans in the territories are on the way to exercising the majority say in government to which their numbers entitle them. And education, though grossly deficient above the primary level and still racially segregated, has the same content for black and white.

The British government is officially committed to making the territories outposts of the Commonwealth and shopwindows of democracy in South Africa; but no matter how shabbily these windows may be stocked at present, Dr. Verwoerd can hardly afford to have such things within his borders. This underlying difference of objectives has, of course, been violently exacerbated by the question of refugees, and it has led to South Africa's mounting an increasingly sharp campaign against the three territories.

South Africa exerts pressure

Verwoerd's most powerful weapons are economic, and of these the most potent is the limitations which he has already begun to impose on Africans from the territories working and living in the republic. It is estimated that they total over 440,000, with perhaps half coming from Basutoland, which certainly could not support them at home. Radically altering traditional procedures, Verwoerd since last July has allowed only those High Commission Africans with proper papers and South African work permits to enter the republic. A series of border-control posts have been set up by South Africa for each territory, with a large holding camp for "illegal" Basuto work seekers; armed mobile patrols and helicopters are



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and the Atlantic Extra

PEOPLE ON FIRE: Nightmare in the Congo

by Curtis Cate

British South Africa

attempting to police the difficult borders. The needs of South African mine owners and farmers, who value Basuto workers highly, will place a limit on the numbers that can be expelled, but even if Verwoerd implements his policy only in the republic's urban areas, Basutoland in particular will face a frightening problem.

Protracted negotiations are also in progress between South Africa and Britain over a revision of the customs agreement with the territories, and the British negotiators have agreed in principle to the South African demand that in future Britain should pay each territory its share directly. This, if implemented, would enable Dr. Verwoerd to put a fatal squeeze on politically troublesome Basutoland while leaving Swaziland, which has heavy South African investments, alone. He is pressing, too, for a revised extradition treaty under which South African political offenders, who have committed no crime under British law, would be included.

In September, Verwoerd made a major propaganda move. He offered to include the territories as part of his theoretical system of supposedly self-governing Bantustan areas and claimed that this would confer far greater economic benefits on them than Britain ever could. Except for Swaziland's feudalistic Sobhuza II, all High Commission Africans were loud in their immediate rejection of this idea. But in pointing to economic issues, Dr. Verwoerd shrewdly struck at the test of British sincerity over the territories.

The need for aid

Almost total neglect was the hallmark of British policy toward the territories until 1945, with hardly a penny spent on development since it was assumed that they would one day be incorporated into South Africa. But there were pledges that transfer could take place only after the people of the territories had been consulted and the British Parliament had discussed the matter.

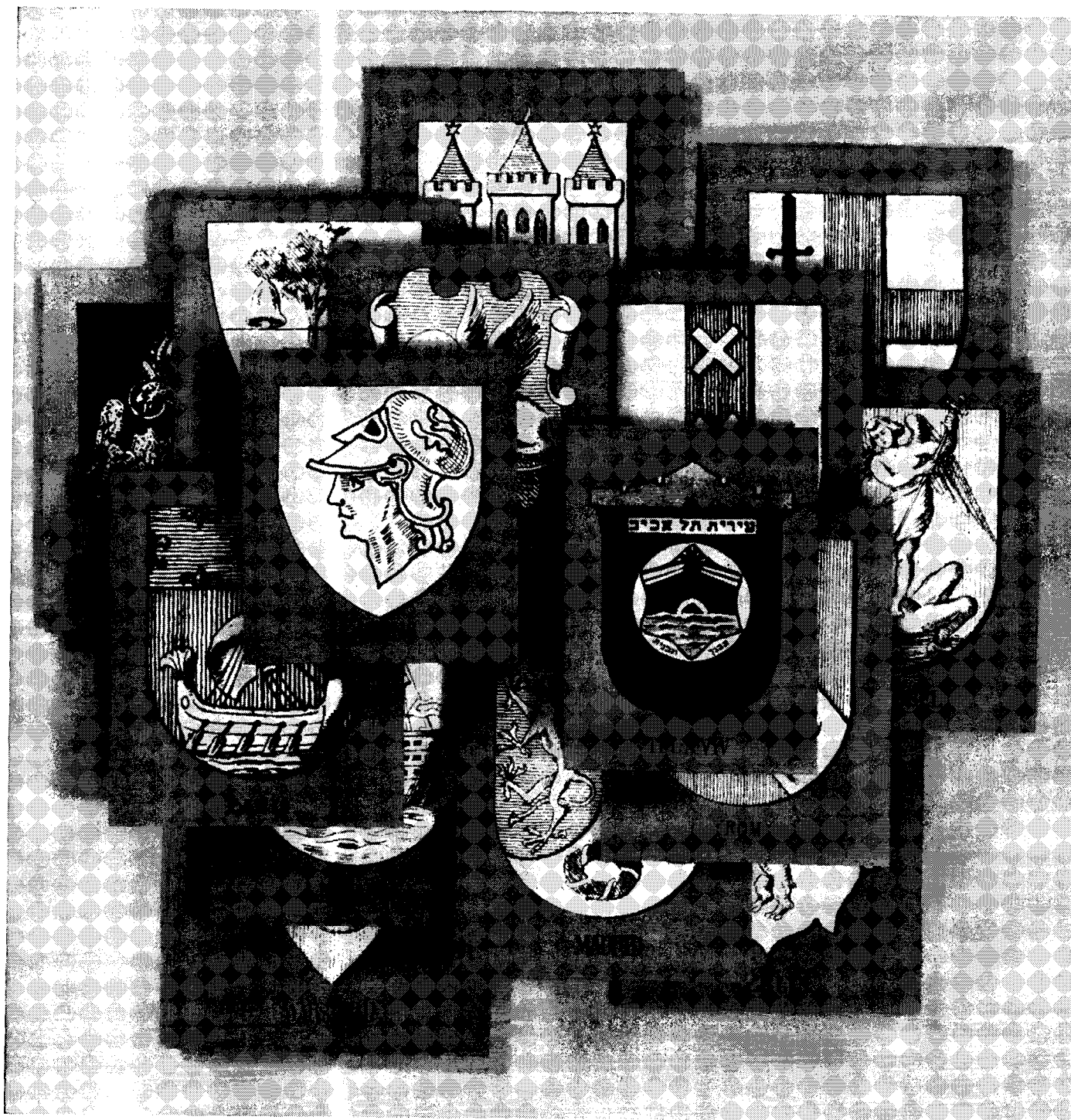
By 1962, even Dr. Verwoerd publicly recognized that incorporation was not practical, becoming the first

South African Premier to relinquish his country's claims to the territories. He is firm in stating that his take-over bid is merely an "offer" and not an annexation attempt. Even if the territories were both independent and troublesome, such clear aggression would provide the long-sought justification for the Afro-Asian bloc at the UN to force intervention in South Africa's heartland.

Thus the test of Britain's sincerity is not the granting of self-government or independence, as the UN has demanded, but the giving of sufficient economic aid to enable the territories to break South Africa's economic stranglehold. Development grants to all three territories in the eighteen years since 1945 have totaled only 13.2 million pounds, plus some 3 million pounds annually given to balance the budgets.

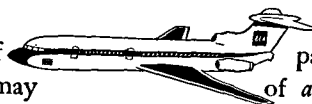
In 1960 a high-powered economic survey, headed by the eminent American Chandler Morse and under the World Bank, called for a minimal program costing just over 9 million pounds. Britain has so far found only 1.8 million pounds, despite the fact that the World Bank mission considered that its program would make economic viability "a near certainty in the case of Swaziland, a reasonable probability in the case of Bechuanaland, and a possibility in Basutoland." The territories' High Commissioner made an urgent appeal for 27 million pounds of development grants from London for the next three years.

While such decisions are in the balance, the local British administrations are, within the bounds of international decency, trying not to aggravate the South Africans over the refugee question. No one can be certain of the future, except that large, or relatively large, sums of money will be needed if, for instance, Basuto expelled from South Africa have to be resettled in underpopulated Bechuanaland. What worries Africans in the territories is not so much that they will not advance politically, as that Britain, which has 100 million pounds invested in South Africa, might pull out from these lands, its last direct responsibilities in Africa, without giving them adequate support in what must be a hard fight for economic survival.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Supreme Court

SIR:

In a statement prefatory to his penetrating discussion of some recent Supreme Court decisions of vital interest ("The Supreme Court and Its Critics," December *Atlantic*), Judge Irving R. Kaufman speaks of moral issues presented to the Court. He also notes that the Court was divided in some cases in which moral issues appeared. Now, it would not be too much to expect that the nine justices of the Supreme Court, having been reared, educated, and directed toward high aspirations under circumstances very much the same, would reach a unanimous decision on a real moral issue. Yet no intelligent person will say in reference to any of the cases in which Judge Kaufman discerns the existence of a moral issue that the minority came to an immoral conclusion. Who is there to say that Justice Frankfurter's view in the legislative apportionment case — that a judicial body is ill equipped for the "clash of political forces" — put him with the minority because it was morally unsound?

Any attempt to excuse want of unanimity for the reason that moral issues are not presented with mathematical precision is superfluous. No real moral issue is clouded. Nor is there any halfway point of "political morality." We must recognize that it is beyond the capacity of a man-made system of law and practice to present a real moral issue to a court. The moral issues lie deep below the pleadings, briefs, and arguments. They are to be found only in the conscience of the litigant. They are presented to no

earthly court; they are reserved for the ultimate judgment.

WILLIAM S. ANDERSON
Rochester, N. Y.

SIR:

I have never been more profoundly grateful for the privilege of being an American than I was immediately after reading Judge Irving R. Kaufman's piece. Thank you for making this interesting and important article available.

EDWIN W. HILL
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Is there a new Germany?

SIR:

The article "Is There a New Germany?" in the February issue of the *Atlantic* is one of the best I've read in some time. As an off-and-on resident of the West German Republic (for a total of five and a half years), I had many of the same feelings the author expressed during her discussions.

JOHANNA LARSON
South Bend, Ind.

SIR:

At the beginning of her article Martha Gellhorn states that it has become un-American to criticize or doubt the Germans. Being a German myself, I don't even think it is anti-German to probe the Germans. But after living in the United States for four years, I know that the way in which she criticized a foreign country is certainly un-American. I strongly recommend that she read "The Art of Being Free" by Gerald W. Johnson in the January *Atlantic*, so that she may acquire "the capacity for analysis of love and hate."

Anyway, visiting cheap cafés in the red-light district can hardly be considered a normal way to learn about a "country's future rulers."

FRITZ SAUTTER
Troy, N. Y.

SIR:

There may be no new Germany but only a different one, as Miss Gellhorn works hard to convince us. Of this she has convinced me — that there is no new Miss Gellhorn, none who would wish or seriously strive to look afresh at "final" conclusions previously drawn.

WERNER HEIDER
Brighton, Mass.

SIR:

As a German student at Cornell I am amazed to find so many misconceptions about, and prejudices against, Germany in this country. Reading Martha Gellhorn's article about the new Germany in your magazine, I became aware of one of their sources, a certain kind of irresponsible journalism.

If any country needs competent criticism in order to strengthen its democratic forces, it is post-war Germany. If there is any democratic progress in Germany today, it has been due to the vigilant critics who, well aware of the real dangers, have encouraged the people of goodwill in Germany by helping them to get rid of the false alternatives of the cold war and to see the real issues.

ERVIN HÄBERLE
Ithaca, N. Y.

SIR:

The sensible thing is to quit worry-



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ing about the present situation. As long as Germany is divided, as it was before 1871, it may not be a menace to surrounding nations. Whether either or both governments are socialist, fascist, or democratic in form makes little difference. Instead of trying to reunite it, we should stop bothering and realize that the present situation, though not ideal, is about the best we can expect.

DON B. GOODLOE
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

Apparently, Martha Gellhorn went to Germany with a completely open and impartial mind, and now reports back — regretfully — that everything is indeed as she had suspected. We should strive for more unbiased reporting of equal caliber! I would suggest, for example, that we send Governor Ross Barnett to Liberia to report to us on the innate ability of the Negro for self-government.

KARSTEN H. MORITZ
Baton Rouge, La.

On our Presidents

SIR:

I consider your issue of February, 1964, one of the most fruitful to reach my hands in my many years of subscribing to the *Atlantic*. I should like to emphasize that Professor Morison's eulogy of our late President was especially rewarding.

JAMES D. HOGAN
Champaign, Ill.

SIR:

In his otherwise exemplary and wonderful tribute to John F. Kennedy, Samuel Eliot Morison displays questionable judgment by his insertion of an "incidentally" paragraph. The quotation follows:

"Incidentally, I wish to point out that, with the exception of Abraham Lincoln, the Presidents of the United States who have done most for the people, who stand highest in the estimation of historians, were gentlemen born and bred — aristocrats in the proper meaning of that much abused word. These Presidents were Washington, both Adamses, Jefferson, both Roosevelts, Wilson, and Kennedy. Is it not significant that all these great Presidents were well-educated men of gentle background and upbringing?"

Yes, indeed, Mr. Morison, backwoodsman Lincoln is difficult to

explain. And alas, you still refuse to recognize the greatness of that old Indian fighter Andrew Jackson, the founder of the Democratic Party, which President Kennedy so nobly represented. With fear and trepidation, I even dare to mention some other "old frontiersmen" who also may have done "most for the people": James K. Polk and Harry S. Truman. The "incidentally" continues: "who stand highest in the estimation of historians"; which historians? New England historians, naturally. Mr. Morison, you have been caught with your biases down!

BRIGHAM D. MADSEN
Logan, Utah

SIR:

When I read Samuel Eliot Morison's eulogy of President Kennedy, my immediate reaction was that it ought to be reprinted in the St. Paul's School *Alumni Horae* (of which I am the editor), and I still feel that it should be. Mr. Morison is a graduate of St. Paul's and was also a member of the school's board of trustees for four years.

JOHN B. EDMONDS
Andover, Mass.

The national debt

SIR:

My heartiest congratulations to J. David Stern ("The National Debt and the Peril Point," January *Atlantic*) for a witty and incisive deflation of an economic myth which has become no less dangerous although a great deal more preposterous with age. As Mr. Stern so aptly points out, the real peril points lie elsewhere.

However, I would like to correct one major misapprehension which Mr. Stern conveys in his article — namely, that the Kennedy Administration neglected the important responsibility of national education on the subject of public debt. In a widely acclaimed address on popular economic mythology at Yale University in June, 1962, President Kennedy put it as follows:

"There are myths also about our public debt. It is widely supposed that this debt is growing at a dangerously rapid rate. In fact, both the debt per person and the debt as a proportion of our gross national product have declined sharply since the Second World War."

The President graphically brought this point home in a nationally

televised address in August, 1962, with the aid of a chart showing the rapid post-war decline of the debt as a percent of GNP. And President Kennedy discussed the declining relative burden of the federal debt and its almost imperceptible increase compared with the growth of business, consumer, and state and local debt before such diverse and influential groups as the Economic Club of New York, the Advertising Council, and the American Bankers Association.

Mr. Stern contends, "Nor . . . has any other spokesman for the Administration discussed the relative size of the national debt against any frame of reference." This overlooks the numerous statements, lectures, and testimony before Congress that the Secretary of the Treasury, Douglas Dillon, the Director of the Budget, Kermit Gordon, other Administration officials, and I have made on the appropriate role of budgetary policy to promote economic growth and individual freedom, and on inflation.

It was an avowed purpose of President Kennedy — who grasped the subtle and difficult technical problems facing the economy better than perhaps any other President before him — to encourage those who would discuss the vital economic issues of today to forget the clichés of the past and to rise above ideological preconceptions so that informed dialogue might take place. Mr. Stern's article should make this task a little less painful for many.

WALTER W. HELLER
*Chairman, Council of Economic Advisers
Washington, D. C.*

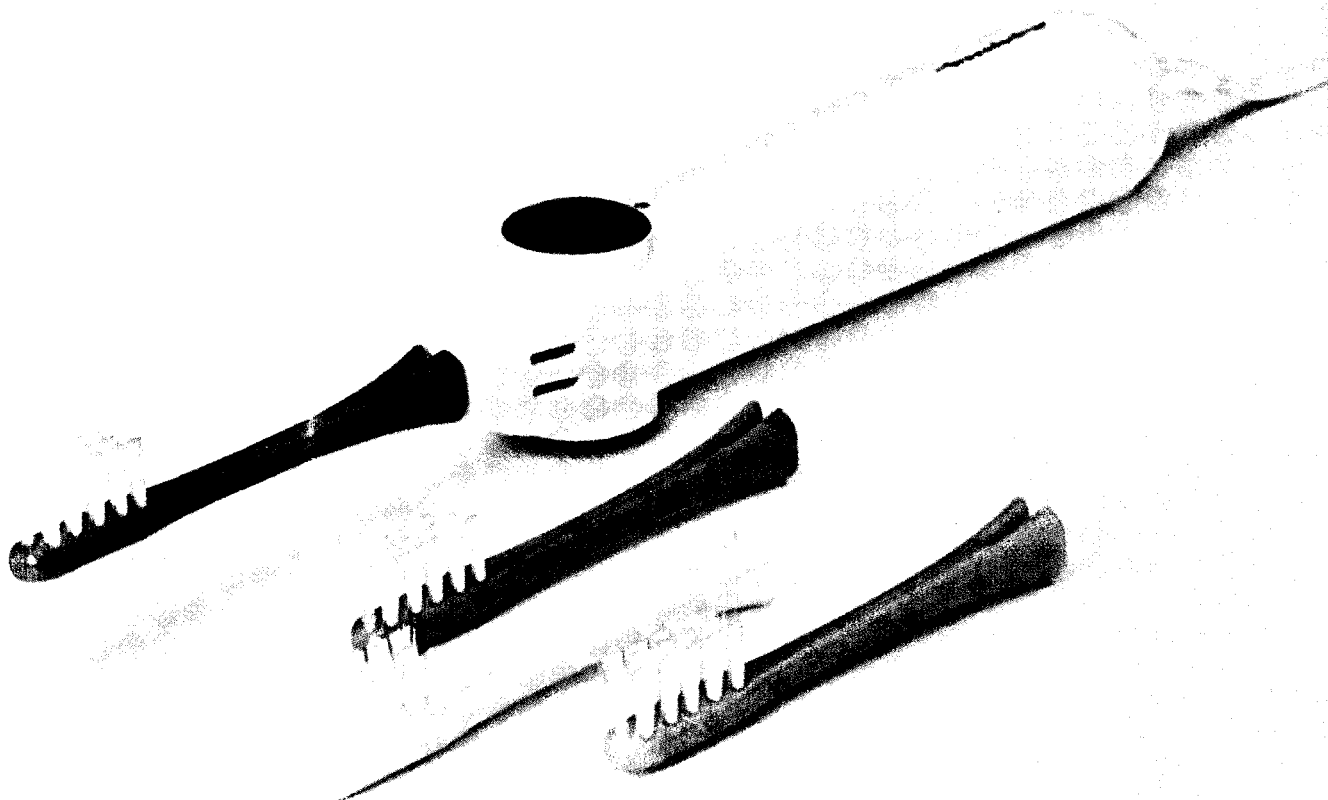
Singapore

SIR:

This is a small point. The *Atlantic* Report in the February issue starts off with "Singapore, the world's fifth largest port. . . ." Do all the other readers of the *Atlantic* know the other four? Obviously this is an important point or it wouldn't have been mentioned. Quick, which ports are they?

BOYNTON S. KAISER
Stanford, Calif.

Our correspondent lists New York, Rotterdam, London, Hamburg as the four ports larger than Singapore. The question is whether the dimension of a port is measured by tonnage of ships or of cargoes, and many authorities differ on this account. —THE EDITOR



Why everybody and his brother is trying to make an electric toothbrush

(and why they still can't beat Broxodent®, the one from Squibb)

Back in 1960, thousands of people started brushing their teeth in an entirely new way. The Squibb Division of Olin had just introduced Broxodent, the first automatic toothbrush.

They ran their tongues over their teeth and agreed: here at last was a way to get teeth thoroughly clean, gums completely refreshed. Thousands more have switched to Broxodent brushing over the years.

Now everybody's making automatic toothbrushes. Shaver manufacturers. Mixer manu-

facturers. Here's why we think Broxodent is still the best of the bunch:

1. There are no batteries to weaken or conk out. You get full power every time you plug it in.
2. The Broxodent handle is waterproof.
3. The action is up-and-down, up-and-down.
4. It's thorough, but it's gentle. The speed is controlled to 120 strokes per second.
5. Every part was designed for automatic toothbrushing and nothing but. Motor. Bristles. Brush head.

6. The tiny head, with its concentration of over 1500 bristles, was designed to get around easily and dislodge even the tiniest food particles. (It's good for tiny mouths, too.)

7. Broxodent was tested in dental clinics for two years before Squibb would let you have it. And Squibb never stops testing.

When you switch to automatic brushing, remember two things.

It's our business.

It's your teeth.

Olin

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U.S.A. REVISITED

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

An American novelist who is most at home in Tidewater, Virginia, JOHN DOS PASSOS, who had served as an ambulance driver in the First World War made his initial bid with his war novel, THREE SOLDIERS. MANHATTAN TRANSFER, his novel of New York, was the most original of any published in the 1920s, and with his big trilogy, U.S.A., he established his reputation as a close observer of contemporary society with a passion for detail and a sympathy for the underdog. Recently he has been taking a new look at our country, and these are his findings.

Turnpike

Out of the Jersey truckfarms, the cornfields, the green slopes golden with Guernseys; cowbarns sporting a silo the way a church sports a steeple; bright watertanks, one a huge ball rolling through treetops; the toycolored plants of new industries . . .

SCENICRUISER FOR ECONOMY
Go Greyhound

. . . the sixlane highway
that arched the reedy rivers and skirted the fields
of red clover,
now in whine of windfriction, hiss of tires, valve-
chatter, grumble of diesels, drone of exhausts,
plunges under a rampaging bridge,
sixlane under sixlane.

HORSE TRANSPORTATION

To the right a square brick mansion with
curved stone pediments, capped by a glassedin
cupola,
(uncompromising as a tintype of General
Ulysses S Grant, posed on a porch with his family,
all in their stiff Sunday best),
stands up and is gone,
vanished like the haze of croplands bucolic
with summer some long dead landowner viewed
with pleasure from his cupola.

CITIES SERVICE

The turnpike speeds out of yesterday, mud-
guard to mudguard through sulphuric gusts into
tomorrow's horizon:

intertwined tubing that curves round aluminum
bottleshapes, distillators, retorts: a plumber's night-
mare! Steel pylons supporting hightension power-
lines stalk like H. G. Wells' Martians across the
industrial plain.

DRIVE SLOW ACCIDENT AHEAD

This was three nights ago. You can still see where
the shoulder's gouged. The night had been misty
and after midnight the turnpike troopers set the
signs putting the speedlimit at thirtyfive instead
of sixty. As the fog thickened in the predawn chill,
smoke from a smoldering dump reduced visibility
to zero.

This is the time when the turnpike roars with
produce trucks charging into town to make the early
market.

The driver of the first tractortrailer to get into
trouble told police afterwards he had already
slowed down to thirtyfive when he saw a sign warn-
ing of fog ahead. Suddenly he found he couldn't
see anything and stepped on his brakes and immedi-
ately another tractortrailer, driven by a young
man from North Carolina, struck him in the rear.
The impact pushed the first tractortrailer about

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seventyfive feet up the road into a car driven by a New Jersey man.

That car ended up safe in the ditch but the two tractortrailers jackknifed across the traffic lanes. Before anybody could lift a hand ten more tractor-trailers and two cars had plowed into the wreckage. Five drivers were killed outright. One died on the way to the hospital and seven men were more or less seriously injured.

The last man to pile up, a man named Gautier from Port Huron, Michigan, who was bringing in a truckload of Great Lakes fish, told a reporter in the hospital he never saw the wreckage before he hit it. All he saw was a fogbank and the brakelights of the truck ahead, and then he crashed. He was lucky to get out of it with minor cuts about the head and hands and was released after treatment. The desk sergeant said it was the worst he'd ever seen. "No cars overturned but the trailers all split open. One was completely buried under wreckage."

The troopers sealed off the turnpike and deflected the traffic to route 1. Ambulance and rescue squads came in from Elizabeth. It took a fleet of wrecking trucks, bulldozers, a moveable crane and a train of flatcars to clear away enough wreckage so that they could remove the dead. It was twelve hours before the turnpike was completely reopened for traffic.

KEEP AWAKE

"Thank you for your patience" on a red ground.

Now there are trucks on every lane:

Suburban Propane

Mason and Dixon

Liquid Sugar

Dog Food

U-Haul

Continental Truckers

Flammable

Red Star Express

Pigeon Feeds

Caution Airbrakes: The left arrow points "Home and Fireside"; the right arrow points "Kingdom Come."

Airport. Beyond a row of fatbellied yellow old planes of the Air Reserve a control tower glistens festive in the sun. Across the road wharfbuildings, masts, derricks, dance of light on waterways between the straight prows of oceangoing ships.

SERVICE AREA

Then smells of the Jersey salt meadows: sulphur, varnish, a whiff of dead apples, smoldering rags and paper ash, moldy bologny drenched in bay rum, ether . . . obsolete crisco and the strangling stench of burned tires. One good swift reek of a pigpen and always

exhausts, petroleum essences and, like death immediate and undetectable, carbon monoxide.

Last Gasoline.

Through the afternoon haze, beyond the humdrum heights of Weehawken the buildings of Manhattan rise sunflecked in mirage. Empire State.

The sun through girderwork stipples the converging lanes of cars that clog an artery cut through the upthrust rock.

Brakes squeak, tires squeal. Pandemonium pours spiraling downward —

(breathless a lithograph: the old Erie depot, docks and the khakicolored Hudson; seaport smells, tarry ropes, gulls screaming, steamboat whistles, tugs bleating, barges: the North River of my boyhood).

Immediately the traffic is sucked underground into the tranquil routine of the Lincoln Tunnel, interminable as officework, tiled like the bathrooms advertized by roadside motels . . . The even measured lighting fades in harsh sunlight.

Cops.

It's New York.

Hall of Fame

Headlines are another sort of death. It was hard not to be reminded of the mortician's train of funeral cars as the somber limousines crawled past the portal of the fiftystory hostelry so discretely discharging — black tie and the girls in glory — the invited guests who in some past incarnation had been the subjects of coverstories in this weekly magazine of national — nay international — circulation.

"I saw your picture in the paper."

Impeccably gladhanded the guests throng room after salmontinted room where waiters, who left their own faces behind in the pantry, deftly circulate cocktail trays. The aroma of luxury. Every alcoholic exhalation: gin, vermouth and zest of lemon, warmsweet of bourbon, smoky reek of scotch, all buoyed on rafts of toasted cheese, caviar canapes, fat gooseliver, anchovies, olives . . .

Camera men abound. The camera men neither eat nor drink. Tirelessly they snap famous faces, twisting in and out between eminent waistcoats, squirming with dervish whirls under brassiered bosoms, converge on politicians whose eyes roll come hither at the nearest lens.

The photographers are mad for angles. They crouch behind their cocked cameras, shoot up, shoot down, back off on all fours. They teeter on stepladders, they balance on mantels, they crawl up the walls.

The public image is the photograph.

A dozen cameras pin down each front page phiz. Lens stares into lens. Say cheese. Flashlight blanks out flashlight, making eyes blink behind the glare on glasses, picking out a swollen ear, shiny pores on a nose, creases in a woman's neck, or the peevish wrinkle at the corner of a mouth smiling that public smile.

In the flicker and flare, face stares into face. There's a phrase that freezes unspoken on every tongue: "By God I thought you were dead."

Can it be that the Arabs are right and the dour puebloodwellers of our own Southwest, when they say the camera takes something away that can never be recovered, skins some private value off the soul?

The tactful greeters, the girls sorting indexcards at flowerscented tables, have managed, through their intricate engineering of mass hospitality, to find chairs for this multitude, placecards. Now we are grouped at tables in the grand ballroom that rises tier upon gilded tier into a dim empyrean.

Posycolorred ladies and their white-fronted escorts throng every box. The dancefloor is all tables. While spotlights cut satin swaths through the smoke-blue air, trays glitter as nimbly the waiters pass brook trout in aspic, some marvel of soup, rare roast beef veiled in sauce, pour just the right line . . . Nebuchadnezzar never feasted so the day he spelled his doom off the Babylonian wall.

We must listen too. Public address. These tidings are all glad. Keep it light. Informal. Let's not get stuffy. Penguin figures talk and teeter behind the distant mike, extolling, explaining, wise-cracking why and how

each of these poor humans:

bundles of nerves, hearts resolutely pumping blood, anguished tubs of guts, congeries of interacting braincells, suffering nocturnal despair, rejoicing in inexplicable morning aspirations, became.

out of all the infinite possibilities of human kind,
Material for a Cover Story.

Palms sting from clapping. On a screen above the stage the enormous simulacrum shines while a tiny black and white figure

collared by an inquisitive spot

pops up to bumble and bow behind his table.

That simp on the screen can't be me. Where? When? A case of mistaken identity. No never. Least of all in a photograph redrawn and tinted by the art department. Maybe some inkling of a former self now long since scrapped. It is today's self that lives. The dead selves linger on as photographs.

"Wouldn't it be funny," I ask my neighbors, "if it turned out that we were really all dead, and this Hall of Fame was an ingenious Hell?"

Nobody seems the least amused by the suggestion.

The Greeks might have thought so. For the Greeks the spirits of the dead were simulacra, very like a photograph, bereft of blood and brain and nerve. Those ghosts, that Odysseus, at another famous banquet in the royal hall of the rich Phaeacians, told Alcinous about, —

who crowded so fearfully around him when he cut the ram's throat on Ocean's shore that he had to draw his sword to cow them, —

were mere images of men, antique celebrities crowding out of Erebus to drink of the live blood. Achilles hissed he'd rather be a slave, a poor man's slave on earth, than king of all the celebrated dead. When Odysseus' own mother's ghost rose up before the pool of blood he tried to take her in his arms, but like smoke she drifted through his fingers: the image has no life.

The party lasted till long after midnight. Then we all went home to search out our pictures in the morning paper.

A Family Tragedy

The breeze drops with the sun. There's a hush. Standing with your legs apart to cast from one of the rock ribs of the island's shore, your feet tread the grooves the ice left in the granite. This time of day the colors run. Greens from emerald to olive-brown seep out from under the clustered spires of sprucewoods into the lake's sheen. The open reaches are still blue from the sky, and rosy buff and white from clouds reflected. As your lure comes twinkling towards you through the darkclear water the ripples catch a hundred hues.

The air is steeped in redolence of spruce and fir and the mossy loamsmells of untrodden woods. There's silence now. Not an outboard. Not a plane. In the hush you feel the quiet of ten thousand silent years since the last glacier melted back into the Arctic north and left this immensity of pools and watercourses for the forest to take over.

Silence. Except for the lapping of tiny waves and the sudden idiot titter of a loon. It's startling at first. The lake is full of loons.

It was Jim Knox who taught us to feel at home with the loons. Jim came from up north in the Canadian plains but he'd lived on this lake from a boy. Summers he guided and took out fishing parties. Winters he went in the woods for the lumbering. The lake was his life. His pleasure in it was

catching. He had a special feeling for the loons on the lake.

He told us how they'd come back soon after the ice broke up and lay their eggs and raise their brood. Both birds look after the young loonlets. Their enemy is the big pike, walleyes, northerns, that will come up from under and swallow a baby loon or a duckling at one gulp. When the brood is grown Jim says for the rest of the summer the loons just play. They'll dive and sport and swim in circles; sometimes it's like a kind of tag. Maybe that laugh really is when something strikes them funny. At night the loon makes a different sound. That sound at night we thought was owls was a loon crying. "They'll cry all night, night after night if they've lost a wee one."

The last time we saw Jim he went into town before supper in the skiff we used for trolling. We'd beached the houseboat cosily in a cove of the big bay that skirted the Indian reservation, not too far from the railroad bridge. He took along the frozen chickens we never got to eat because we caught so much fish. They'd make supper for him and his wife. He grinned happily when he said it. He was a man who enjoyed his victuals. He was going to bring us some lures and leaders and a bucket of minnows. He'd be back early for a last day's fishing.

In the morning we swam at sunup. Practiced casting but there were no fish in the cove. We couldn't imagine what had become of Jim Knox. We roamed in the rocky woods where we thought we found some trace of the passing of a bear. Still no sign of Jim.

At last, when the sun was already high the skiff came shooting out of the sun's sheen on the lake. Instead of Jim's rosy Scottish face there was a dark face above the outboard.

He was Fergus, he said quietly as he tied the boat alongside. He said his last name, an Indian name, but he said it so low we couldn't catch it. He'd come instead. When we asked what had happened to Jim he looked grave but all he would say was "A family tragedy."

Fergus was probably around twenty but the grave air seemed habitual. He may have had a little white blood but he looked like a fullblooded Indian, not the sort of man you asked questions. That didn't mean he wasn't friendly. He was just not talkative. The few English words he used were well chosen and carefully pronounced. We guessed he must at least have finished highschool. Something about him made us think he read books.

Fergus was knowledgeable about many things. He confirmed our hunch that some birds we'd been trying to imagine were halfgrown loons, were really grebes. He knew the European cormorant.

But when we decided to take the skiff out for some trolling his heart wasn't in it. He kept getting us

tangled in the weeds. Fishing wasn't Fergus's mea-

Jim Knox, now, loved fishing. That was why I was such an excellent guide. He remembered every fish he ever caught, how the water looked, what time of day it was, what the weather was like. He knew where the northerns lay in the deeps under the steep rocks and how to steer the skiff round the fringes of the weeds to lure the big bass out to strike without tangling up the tackle. He'd grin all over when he scooped one up with the net. If he didn't find fish in one spot he'd find them in another.

He was a good cook too. He liked to eat well. He described dishes he had at home. He and his wife loved wild rice. He was a domestic sort of man in a backwoods way. Men who live a lot in the wilds have to know housekeeping.

Fish are so plentiful in these lakes nobody thinks of cleaning and scaling them the way we do at home. Jim would just cut a big fillet off each side with a sharp knife and throw the skeleton away. He liked to fry the fish in lard in a castiron skillet. He dipped the fillets in batter and cornflake crumbs and fried them a delicate brown. He laughed about the iron skillet. His wife had never seen an iron skillet before they were married. She came from away, from a place way south of here. Everything had been strange to her in this northwoods country. He guessed she'd get used to it in time.

Some of the best fishing was near a lumber camp where there was a sawmill in the woods. Jim and the man who ran the sawmill had married sisters. Jim often worked for him in the woods in winter. Jim had built himself a cabin there. When we went ashore Jim showed us a long trailerlike job, neatly carpentered. He was proud of his cabin. He pointed out how tight it was against the weather.

It was built that way so that you could move it on skids through the snow. All you needed to do was tow it with a pickup truck. Even the mess shack could be moved that way. This fall Jim's brother-in-law was planning to shift the whole camp up into a fresh stand of timber. But Jim said what he thought he'd do with his cabin when the ice was firm was haul it down the lake into town. Twenty miles — what's that? Winter was when transportation was really easy on the lake. Why you could almost tow it with a snow toboggan.

He showed us his snow toboggan propelled by small caterpillar treads. Hardly burned any more gas than a motorcycle, he said. In winter you could go anywhere on a snow toboggan. Winter on this lake was the big time for commercial fishing with nets under the ice. People who'd never lived in the northwoods couldn't guess how fine it was on the lake in winter.

Jim talked quite a lot about how he was going to move his cabin into town and weatherboard it for more insulation and join it onto his house. Hi.

wife said she felt cramped there. He showed even white teeth in a grin. Maybe one of these days they'd need more room for a family.

The last afternoon we had terrific fishing, trolling round the rocky point of an island. The rocks were white with the droppings of the gulls.

The lake abounded in gulls and terns, and on one outcropping we'd passed a row of gaunt black cormorants, with their wings stretched out in the sun. "Enough to scare yous," Jim said. "I look like something prehistoric don't they?"

Those northerns rose to the bait at a certain spot on every turn. We'd run out of minnows and were fishing with lures. We hauled in a beautiful small-mouthed bass. We always threw back the pretty little yellow perch. It got so that we had to throw the big northerns back too, because we already had more than we could eat for supper, and we'd run out of ice.

Jim was in high spirits. Every time we passed a small reedy inlet we caught a glimpse of a mallard duck with a flock of ducklings. He kept pointing out how she'd swim out from the shore each time the boat passed to hustle her ducklings back behind the reeds. He was delighted with the way that mallard cared for her ducklings. "Now ain't she the careful mother?"

When the time came to give up the houseboat back at the float on the edge of town the man who handled the rentals produced an envelope with the money we'd given Jim Knox to buy the minnows.

"What happened?"

"The poor guy." The man was so shaken up he could hardly talk. "The poor guy," he kept saying. "He comes home that night and finds his house door locked. Both doors locked. He breaks a window and goes in and finds his wife lying on the bed with her wrists slashed. The blood was already dry on the floor and the bedclothes. She did it herself. She'd been dead for three days."

Holiday Inn

VACANCY

Weary of the motor's purr, speed buzzing in the ears, the traffic's challenge, the slither on asphalt of rubber, the landscape's green flicker unrolling along roadsides, the slide past of billboards, the trees pirouetting, the glimpses of rivers, lakes, revolving hills, never quite thoroughly pictured because your eye's on the highway;

by the time the sun — August is the touring month, the family month — the dogday sun sultry in decline, that glares so hot off brightwork and sheening paint, is three quarters down the sky,

the vacationers are ready to turn in

to the nearest motel: stationwagons packed with

camping equipment and little children's heads, convertibles, twodoors, fourdoors, Volkswagen buses, hunched trailers in a dozen shapes (Man like the Snail can drag his house with him wherever he goes), pickups mounted with bunks and a gas stove, the old gypsy wagon motorized and enamelled a delicate blue. There's a pet dog in every other car: even horses ride, a Chrysler with a brace of scotties on the back seat and a horsepullman in tow turns in right now.

Community housing. The motel's a latterday pueblo, a pueblo for transients, built, instead of adobe, of stuccoed cinderblock and glass. The travelling public — Dad and Mom and Aunt Susie and the kids — pack themselves into identical cubicles, only these are draped and airconditioned and furnished with wallto wall carpets and tiled baths. The men rush for the icecube machines — there's a bottle of bourbon in the travelling bag. The children raid the cold drink dispensers. Already, in sportshirts and madras shorts, the barelegged tourists exhibit, as they line up for the cafeteria, an assortment of knock knees and bandy legs, seats so tight they'll surely split. Why do the broadestbottomed women sport the startlingest designs? Purple and green petunias. The baboon effect: Miss Mandril 1963! Bobbypins and serried curlers have reached the distinction of a formal hairdo, like the shockheads of old time Hottentots. The teenage children, whose legs are more often brown and shapely, favor tornoff jeans. A lot go barefoot. Only the old people still dress like citizens.

Other families smelling of sunburn oil and insect repellent straggle towards the swimming pool. A swim, even in chlorinated water asquirm with kids, delightfully strips away fatigue.

We are all hung with cameras. Maybe it's not quite too late for kodachrome or to use up the few last feet of movie reel on Sister in a red bathingsuit poised on the springboard to dive, or Junior standing on his head: "Now everybody watch this."

NO VACANCY

Every cubicle is full.

Poocho is fed and bedded in the car.

The kids have been treated for sunburn and poison ivy, bandaids applied where needed, and tucked away. Their sleep's a little restless in anticipation of tomorrow.

Thoughtfully Dad and Mom put fresh rolls in their cameras. A wonderful day but the pleasure's too soon gone.

The way the children looked lined up against the balustrade in front of the great curl of water that hangs glassgreen over Niagara's thunderous fall before it's lost in the mist of the gorge, the twins up topside on the blockhouse of the old reconstructed

fort, the whole gang grinning as they bite into Mom's sandwiches at the roadside table, or the littlest peering quaintly down into the clear spring behind the picnic ground. The hours go fast. None of us will ever be quite this way again.

Images of the fleeting world.

The sunny moment's fled, the pictures of a wonderful day have faded from the retina, the loved voice no longer sounds in the ear. Who can recapture the fragrance of swamp magnolia? Tomorrow's here before we had a chance to taste today, and death waits to rub it all out at the end of the road.

The snapshot stays. Click. The camera will peel a casual thin scrim of immortality off the fading scene. That's why we spend so much on film and that's why

Mr. George Eastman, who slung all these cameras round everybody's neck and used to live in a big old stone house among marvelous flowergardens in the handsomest broad elmshaded street of Rochester New York,

made such an incredible amount of money.

The Kodak Man

George Eastman was born in 1854 in Waterbury, in one of those white frame houses, with a flavor of the classical revival about the porch, that give such elegance to the towns and villages of upstate New York.

His people were not well off but they were proud of their first settler stock. The father, George Washington Eastman, taught the lost art of penmanship. There were two girls but George was the only boy.

The year the Civil War broke out, when George was six, the family moved to Rochester. Mr. Eastman hoped to make a better living by setting up what was certainly one of the first commercial colleges. Besides the fine Spencerian pen, he taught his students double entry bookkeeping, the writing of business letters and the rudiments of office management. They were hardly settled in Rochester before Mr. Eastman died. The family had hard sledding. Mrs. Eastman took in boarders. Young George helped out by cutting walnut brackets for bookcases with a scrollsaw. At fourteen he had to go to work as an office boy. Whatever he could earn was sorely needed to make ends meet. He worked for an insurance firm. He was a conscientious lad. When at twenty he secured a position as bookkeeper with the Rochester Savings Bank, the family and friends thought his career was made; —

but George had a hobby. He was an amateur photographer. He improvised a dark room. He developed his own plates. His equipment didn't satisfy him. He coated his own plates. It took too long by hand. By the time he was twentyfive he had

worked out a mechanical process for coating dry plates. He put through a patent, and managed to interest a local promoter, who ran a plant for the manufacture of wagoner's whips, in the factory production of photographic plates on a large scale.

George Eastman resigned from the bank. From that day on he hardly left his factory. He watched every process with an anxious eye. His equipment never satisfied him. Everything had to be improved. He experimented early and late. Trial and error. Many a night he slept in a hammock slung in a corner of his workshop.

In 1884 he patented a paperbacked film you could roll. He never forgot he was an amateur photographer. He wanted a product cheap and practical enough for everybody to use. He drove himself tirelessly.

He hired chemists. He drove them as hard as he drove himself. "The technical men," he wrote in an instruction manual, "must make a record to hold their jobs. If they do not they are no better than uneducated men: in fact not as good, because an educated man who is not efficient is a spoiled man."

In 1888 he marketed the first "Kodak," a fixed-focus box camera that took round pictures two and a half inches in diameter on a paperback roll of a hundred exposures. When you had exposed them all you mailed the box back to the factory for recharging. They developed the negatives and printed the pictures. "You press the button and we do the rest," was the salesman's slogan. He called it a kodak because that was what it sounded like when you clicked the shutter.

George Eastman's whole being was in his factories. Even after his company had several plants he personally supervised them all. He had no time for any life of his own. He remained a wifeless childless man. The kodak caught on so fast that when the company went through one of its periodic reorganizations in 1889 it was capitalized at a million dollars. Competitors he bought up or priced out of the market. By now the kodak was a folding camera equipped with a roll of transparent film you could load in daylight. It was Eastman's film that Edison used in his early experiments with the kineoscope that foreshadowed motion pictures.

By the turn of the century the Eastman Kodak Company was capitalized at thirty five million dollars and had plants in Rochester; in Kingsport, Tennessee; in Harrow, England, and Vincennes, France; in Germany and Hungary and Australia, and agencies and subsidiaries in every city in the world. After twenty five years of unrelenting work George Eastman found himself one of the richest men in America. He'd been too busy to know exactly how it happened.

All the paternal feelings he might have lavished

n a family and children were spent on his company and on his home city of Rochester.

Childless, he had a pathetic concern for children and young people. He endowed Rochester University with thirty five million dollars for a medical department and a music school and a women's college and a theatre. He gave twenty millions to M.I.T. He financed a dental clinic in Rochester where school children could have their teeth attended to free, and tonsil and adenoid operations, and where hare lips and cleft palates could be remedied. When he saw what bad teeth English children had he started a dental dispensary in London.

His Eastman Kodak Company was the largest producer of photographic material in the world. Already known as one of the world's great philanthropists,

George Eastman remained a lonely unapproachable man.

He dreaded the public eye. Whenever possible he made his donations anonymous. He almost never talked to reporters. The master of mass photography rarely let his own photograph be taken. In the great age of public millionaires he was the least known of them all.

When war broke out in Europe he was concerned about the children left homeless and orphans. He spent weeks at a time at a sort of home orphanage he set up in the South of France which he called le hateau des Enfants. A spare white-haired man in steelrimmed spectacles, he would stand embarrassedly by watching the children play. The children hardly knew who he was.

At seventyone he retired as president of the company but continued as chairman of the board on the lookout for what he called "interesting new developments."

Even so time sometimes hung heavy. He had no family. He'd reached the age when a man's best friends are dying all around. He'd treasured his friends.

At seventytwo he got up a party to hunt big game in Africa. "With gun and camera." They joined the Martin Johnsons, who were the famous wild animal photographers of the time, and spent four months driving in trucks and touring cars around the great plains shooting lions and buffalo, rhinoceros and cheetah, impala and gazelle. He was still a pretty good shot and a tolerable camp cook. Camping out in wild country was one of his pleasures. In camp even on the African wildt he set up a private little kitchen of his own where he could turn out mince pies and ostrichegg omelets for his party.

As the trip neared its end he wrote home to his secretary: "We have travelled four thousand miles with motor car, camel and porter safaris without serious mishap or even discomfort . . . Whether anybody is justified in killing a lot of wild animals

(mostly harmless) just for the pleasure of taking home so-called 'trophies' to show his friends and bragging (inferentially at least) of his prowess as a hunter, is of course a matter that is open to the opinions of the onlookers, but from whatever viewpoint it is looked at, from that of the sportsman or that of the sentimentalist, the fact remains that the adventure is now over, and this adventurer with his mind filled with memories of many new things he has seen and experienced, now at the end, as always, is turning his face eagerly homeward, to a place where there is an abundance of pure water, where the great majority of the inhabitants are not hopelessly and unspeakably filthy, where the mosquitos are not allowed to spread disease, where the roads are smooth and the streets clean, where the four seasons follow each other in glorious sequence, where there is music, art and science, and boundless scope and unlimited opportunity for the development of all that is admirable in man, and above all where he hopes to enjoy the priceless privilege of a few more years of contact with the friends whom he has gathered about him during the course of a long, interesting and eventful life."

Old age hung heavy on his hands. He was a very solitary man.

Six years later, at his home in Rochester, when at the age of seventyeight he decided he had lived long enough, he prepared a short note before he killed himself, written in his firm regular hand: "To my friends: my work is done. Why wait?"

Wild Life in the Hills

After the long straight swoop across the pancake-flat prairies, hour after hour of harvested land streaked with yellow wheatstubble to the horizon, it's exciting to see hills ahead, dark hills under clouds against the west. For dwellers in the flatlands the hills are a tourist attraction. But on what a scale. The advertisers have gone mad. There's a sign on every fencepost. Billboards zigzag along the highway:

Marvels Ahead
Genuine Prairie Dog City
DOGTOWN RANCH STORE
They Are Alive
Show children wild prairie dogs
REPTILE GARDENS
free ice free water
Born Lucky See Free Zoo
THINK TALL
Chuck Wagon Quartette
See the Thunder Mine
LOST INJUN MAKE RESERVATION
SIOUX MOTEL

Now the plains heave up into buffcolored slopes.

Railroad lines converge. Watertanks glint above the distant checkboard of towns. Grain elevators ride the hills the way cathedrals do in Spain.

THE GATEWAY TO THE BLACK HILLS

In Rapid City the traffic is bumper to bumper. It's a shock after days of empty country under the spacious prairie sky. Camp trailers throng the road to Mt. Rushmore.

DIZZYLAND

Where Weight Turns Upside Down

Instructive Educational Exciting

Alligators Crocodiles Iguanas Giant Lizards

Miss This Show and You'll be Sorry the Rest
of Your Life

THE GRAVITY SPOT

Wild Animal Cubs

Snakes

Inside the national park every parking lot is packed. Tents rub elbows with tents under the great black pines in every allotted campsite. Lakes are black with boats. The green upland meadows are dotted with hikers. The Black Hills are as crowded as Central Park on a fine Sunday.

The narrow road through the hills to Mount Rushmore turns out unbelievably winding. Can all these loops be necessary? The cars advance by inches bumper to bumper past marvelous outlooks through tall groves of pine poised above the cloud-shadows that travel across the rusty plain.

At last they come into view, the enormous faces carved at such expense out of a cliff upthrust into the sky. The parking places are all full. Every viewpoint is dense with craning heads, brandished cameras, fieldglasses, pointing hands, tots held up so that they can see above the crowd. But it's not sculpture. Somehow the rockhewn faces look flat like old photographs badly reproduced on newsprint.

George Washington hasn't enough chin. He looks more like Susan B. Anthony. Teddy Roosevelt has lost his glasses. Poor Jefferson has the air of a female impersonator. Abe Lincoln at least has a profile. Sidewhiskers give his face some shape.

They don't look big at all way up there on that enormous cliff, under the vast sky and a threatening thunderstorm. "They'll stand out more at night," whispers someone hopefully. "The spotlights set them off."

Won't do us any good. By night we'll be a hundred miles to the west, out in the empty drylands of Wyoming.

The National Park Service must be proud of that road. It's a whimsical road. The touring cars are squeezed along it by the press of traffic like toothpaste out of a tube. It winds up and down the steep mountainside, makes figure eights and switchbacks

and actually ties itself in knots. At the sharp curves underloops pass beneath ingenious bridges stoutly built of the great unpeeled trunks of the black pines of these mountains. There are tunnels through the cliff.

The final tunnel is most ingeniously contrived so that we get a last look at the effigies of The Four Great Americans framed in rock. They flicker in the distant sunlight as unsubstantial as faces painted on balloons. They have a dim forgotten look. Coming out of the tunnel there is a curve. The four spook faces slip out of sight behind a magnificent great stand of black pine. The rain pours.

We breast a final hill and wind down into sunlight again in a less crowded valley where every blade of grass glistens from the shower. The lodge we just passed was where Calvin Coolidge used to come on his vacations from the presidency. There's a lake and crowds of campers beside a hundred parked trailers.

The traffic is held up again. What can be wrong? The people on the incoming lane have a look of blank wonder on their faces. Incredulous wonder. It can't be an accident. They look pleased. Our lane's completely stalled.

We climb out of the car. "Goats," says someone in the car ahead. "Goats nothing," says a young man in a blue sedan with a Connecticut license, "they are bighorn sheep . . . there is nothing else they could be."

His wife reaches out a triscuit to a tall slender darkhoofed creature. The long dark muzzle munches. The eyes are dark, fringed with lashes, liquid as brooks.

There is this ewe and a lamb, and up on the slope, a big old ram with spiralled-back horns.

"They haven't any right to be so tame . . . They are the shyest animal that lives."

The ewe pokes her head into another car and backs off munching. The lamb seems shyer. Somebody hopefully produces a pretzel. The ram stands on the steep flank of the cutting a few feet above the two lanes of cars. His hoofs are firmly planted in the shale. Every camera whips out of its case. The mountain sheep hold their ground while shutters click all about them.

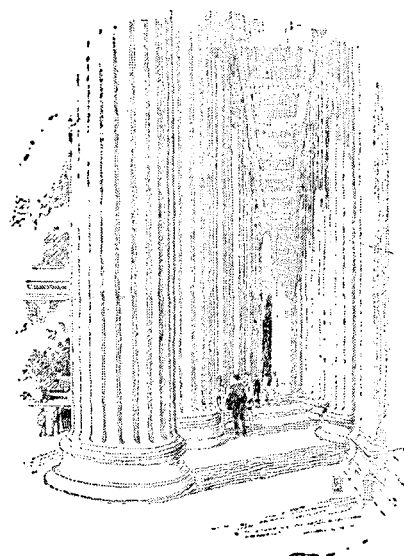
"*Ovis canadensis*," insists the young man from Connecticut. His voice is shaky with excitement.

People begin to think of the mileage before them, the stalled cars behind. Cameras are shoved back into cases. Motorists climb back into their cars. Everybody drives very carefully as the two lanes of traffic start moving again.

The ewe and the lamb hold their ground, pushing their muzzles towards the passing cars for another cracker, while the ram looks on, for all the world like an old gypsy who's sent his women off to beg, from his post above the road.

MUST THE COLLEGES POLICE SEX?

by John T. Rule



A graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, JOHN T. RULE was Dean of Students at M.I.T. from 1956 to 1961. He is now engaged in a study of the nature of the interactions between students and universities, and for twelve years has been educational consultant to the Committee on the College Student of the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry.

A GROWING number of college students do not consider premarital sexual intercourse immoral. On the contrary, they view it or claim to, not only as a quite natural expression of affection but as a valuable experience in personal growth. An examination of the source and the character of this belief is central to an understanding of the current controversy over visiting regulations in college dormitories. The arguments for and against greater permissiveness take many forms — a discussion of the right to freedom and privacy on the part of students, and of the duty to prevent immorality, limit temptation, and protect the college's reputation on the part of administrators. Nevertheless, the psychic, moral, and physical consequences of intercourse are the real issue.

The sources of student belief lie in the altered structure of our society and, more deeply, in a shift of society's mode of judgment away from moral codes based in religion toward those based in individual psychological consequences. Inevitably this attention to consequences has been transmitted to students long before they are of college age. For many young people it has brought decisions about sex into the area of what seems right to them. This deepest of all emotional experiences has too often become a matter of intellectual analysis by the immature, to be examined and experimented with in order that they may form their own conclusions. Some of the results are individually

disastrous, but some may be good. We are far from being wise enough to assess the ultimate gains and losses.

The forces leading to current student beliefs must be examined before the college problem can be understood. They cannot be brushed aside with panaceas, and no easy answers are available.

As everyone knows, our society has reacted to the rigidity of the Puritan ethics. The disparity between the expressed beliefs and the observed actions of many parents has not passed unnoticed by their children of college age. Unless action is consonant with belief, the result is hypocrisy in the eyes of young people. They learn by example, not by being told. In spite of all condemnation of modern college youth, one of its strongest characteristics is its endeavor to make its beliefs consistent with its actions. Although in emotional areas such as sex the effort to rationalize may seem only to justify gratification, unless youth can be made to see the fallacy in the rationalization, nothing will be gained.

The availability and the increased efficiency of birth control methods have generally removed from intercourse the traditional fear of pregnancy. It is very difficult to convince the sexually eager that an act is immoral when the damaging results are limited to the psychological impact on the willing participants. Nor is it persuasive to point out to them the large number of illegitimate pregnancies

Sketch, Colonnade of Main Portico, by Birch Burdette Long, courtesy of the University Press, Cambridge.

which occur, for these can be ascribed to carelessness, which each couple is certain it can avoid.

In addition, it has been generally recognized that women have sexual impulses and needs akin to those of men; and, more important, women need conceal the fact far less than previously. They may approach the subject of sex more nearly on an equal footing with men. Also, though men may talk in terms of conquest, premarital sex relations often occur by mutual consent, without the subtle loss of respect that formerly befell the woman who yielded.

Relative equality has brought with it more open discussion between the sexes. Shocking as it may seem to elders — the shock is a source of amusement to many of the young — college girls today know the vocabulary of sex and are almost as likely as men are to discuss sex among themselves.

This approach to a single standard for young people has struck at the roots of the belief that premarital relations damage or degrade the woman, that once she stoops to folly all is lost. It can almost be said that with many college students, sex relations have become an aesthetic matter, offensive or not offensive on the sole basis of the particular relationship between the two individuals involved. The general rationalization, if that is what it is, is that sexual relations are aesthetically acceptable if the two involved are “in love.” The definition of that much abused phrase can quite sincerely be stretched to cover the most casual of attractions.

Another oblique way of viewing sex relations, rationalistic in nature but insidiously appealing to the tempted but frightened, is that sex is “loads of fun but not very important.” Such a viewpoint allows indulgence at the holding-hands level of conscious emotional involvement; the deeper disturbances are relegated to the unconscious.

All this is not to say that the question of maintenance of virginity is not one of intense importance to most young women, for it is. Its emotional content, its deep moral roots, make it a major problem in the midst of the concurrent search for personal identity. The difficulties of clear and objective evaluation under the pressure of growing desires and male insistence, coupled with the normal fear of inability to cope with oneself once desire has overcome conscience, make facing the question for many young women a crisis they long to escape. When any inherent instability is present, irreparable personality disturbances frequently result through sheer inability to resolve the problem. On the other hand, many yield their virginity with few observable ill effects and, in retrospect, believe the decision to have been a good one. Sadly, a decision not to yield must be made again and again, while to yield is irretrievable.

Society traditionally has sought to solve the

problem through moral taboo until young women have reached the sanctioned port of marriage. The reason most frequently given by colleges for not allowing a member of one sex to visit in the room of a member of the other is that many young people are incapable of handling the emotional stress such visiting may entail or of resisting the temptations that may arise. It is wiser and safer to avoid the risks. This is still the refuge and the comfort of those women who wish to bring their virginity to the marriage bed.

MANY adolescents consciously seek critical life experiences that they believe will test out and confirm their adulthood. The college years are a period of reaching for sexual maturity, for a personal identity which includes sexuality. In general, this is a period of advance and retreat, of tentative testing forays and frightened escape. Some seek security by trying to establish a permanent relationship. Going steady appeals for this reason. Intercourse appeals because it seems to be an instrument for achieving the haven of permanence.

For some students, too much freedom leads to indulgence; for others who doubt their capacity for control, it can lead to complete retreat as the only means to protect themselves from unknown consequences. For still others, a prolonging of more juvenile outlooks serves as a protection against more intimate relations. Panty raids are a juvenile sex outlet.

Probably the most useful protective device which permits exploration but allows it to be cut off when it becomes too frightening is that of transforming the emotion into a subject of conversation — in effect, into an idea. Ideas can be talked about, and the process of talking out, of extended discussion of sex problems, serves as a vicarious mode of gaining a pseudoexperience without physical commitment.

The achievement of sexual maturity is an intensely individual problem. Colleges that approach the subject with understanding and a desire to help their students must consider the consequences of every action on the development of the individual. The behavioral sciences have already brought us many profound insights into the structure of personality. At present in colleges we are in an amorphous period in which new approaches to student problems based on these insights are being tested and refined. Eventually, no doubt, a new equilibrium will be reached, a new ethic achieved.

Since the war, counseling services rooted in psychological training based on an understanding of the adolescent have become quite common in private secondary schools and public high schools. Generally, sexual transgressions are treated as

educational problems in character development, and punishment is used more as an educational tool than as a deterrent. More and more, headmasters and high school principals are coming to agree with this point of view.

In colleges psychological counseling and psychiatric services have grown even faster than in high schools. Inevitably the focus of attention has turned to the dynamics of the individual. Quite naturally, this has led to the elimination of clearly defined restrictions. Though on the surface such changes may seem pure permissiveness, the underlying cause is an expansion on the part of college administrators of their educational functions.

Where it is believed that education begins and ends in the classroom, the easiest procedure in handling nonclassroom conduct on the residential campus is to institute strict regulations for dormitory and fraternity living which are purely preventive in nature and which protect the college from external criticism. Such regulations in their extreme form generally forbid the presence of one sex in any living unit of the other except "on the first floor" and in strictly controlled and chaperoned groups. Through the summary dismissal of transgressors, the institution can avoid external criticism. Such procedure also avoids the time-consuming treatment of individual psychological problems and the cost of employing trained personnel. Where dismissal is not resorted to, the university still can avoid criticism by dealing with individual cases off the record from the comfortable position of possibly showing leniency "in this instance."

Almost all state universities operate this way. The pressures from alumni, legislators, and the vocal voting public to preserve an acceptable moral posture are far too great to be resisted. Counselors, psychologists, and psychiatrists in these universities are constantly torn between their acute awareness of the emotional problems of specific students in trouble, who need help in their struggle to attain sexual maturity and sexual adulthood, and the necessity to meet administrative policy by expelling all transgressors on the naïve assumption that this will preserve a high standard of morality.

Hours at which women's dormitories will be locked and unlocked, hours when students must be in the building, sign-in and sign-out rules, and elaborate and cumulative systems of punishment for lateness and every variety of violation are quite common in state universities. At one Southern college, dating is defined as being in the company of a boy (sic) for more than fifteen minutes. The number of permissible dates for co-eds and the times and places at which they may occur are also detailed. Dating in parked cars is not permitted.

At a Southwestern university on the outskirts of a city, a girl who wishes to visit the home of her

parents in the city on weekends must have their consent on file with the dean, and must fill out a form postcard on each such weekend stating the hour of her departure from campus and, later, the hour of her return. Both she and the head resident sign the card, and the resident mails it to the parents. This university also requires women students to sign out for evening events on campus and stipulates that they must be in their dormitories fifteen minutes after the close of the events.

Such rules may be rigidly enforced, with punishment spelled out in advance; or a *pro forma* enforcement system may exist, with little effort made to detect violations. Administration of such rules may be in the hands of student government, which either is strictly under the control of the dean or has a reasonable degree of autonomy. The reality behind the rules in any given university can only be determined by a campus visit including interviews with students. The practices going on behind the public shell of published rules may differ radically from such rules.

A great majority of American universities and colleges fit this pattern. It is the norm. They officially exhibit the viewpoint that the problem of sex on the campus is simply one of control. Students are good or bad, moral or immoral, but all must be treated as too immature to have good judgment. A college first prevents by limiting opportunity, then weeds out the bad to protect the good. The facade of the rules and the apparatus of punishment make the university and its counselors of students authoritarian figures not to be confided in or, for that matter, trusted.

Under such a system the naïve and immature eighteen-year-old freshman desperately needing to talk out his problems about sex is limited to "consultation by appointment" or to student bull sessions, where he is restricted by the narrow horizons of his peers who are struggling with the same problems. He generally comes to conform to the mores and beliefs of the student body, existing in a vacuum of secrecy protected from any adult wisdom by the obvious disparity between the university's public posture and the student's awareness of the local reality. It is the failure of the college to carry on a constant, intelligent, constructive debate with students, the failure to listen with calmness rather than outrage to the young defenders of sexual privilege, that causes students to revolt.

SOME American colleges have developed the philosophy that their educational opportunities and responsibilities are not confined to the classroom: the college is a community whose every impact on the student is a component of his education. The

classrooms furnish the specifics; other phases of campus life, the generalities. All integrate into the total experience which constitutes a college education. It is in the nonacademic phases of college life that character and personality, integrity and morality are strengthened or weakened.

The development of cultural programs, the growth of student unions, the ever-increasing attention to the building and administering of dormitories, the establishment of houses with housemasters and tutors, and especially the healthy growth of professional counseling services are all manifestations of the belief that the totality of the college community is involved in education.

This philosophy is being explored most vigorously in private institutions, especially those in the East, including the Ivy League. These are the colleges and universities that have liberalized their dormitory rules and permitted a couple to be alone in the room of either the boy or girl at specified times. In a survey conducted last winter of thirty-seven colleges and universities, either coeducational or men-only, seven of the nineteen private colleges, none of the eighteen public ones, gave such permission in varying degrees.

In the classroom a student is little more than a face and a name. Outside the classroom he is a complex, growing, unique human being, posing an infinite number of problems to those who would understand him. Once the college actively subscribes to the philosophy of total education, it must take into account, in addition to the overall intent of its rules and regulations, their effects on the development of each individual student.

In doing this the college creates for itself a dilemma from which it can never thereafter escape. Society must be restrictive, and the college is educating the student to be a member of society. But the young, sentient human being learns genuinely to accept social restrictions chiefly through revolt, personal experimentation, and the long, long process of talking it out through the controlled, mutually respectful, argumentative discourse that can and should occur between college authorities and their student bodies.

The recognition of individual uniqueness also leads the college to perceive that treating students as too immature to handle responsibility or to be trusted in adult emotional realms, especially that of sex, keeps the door of communication closed and denies the college any meaningful participation in the lives of its students.

To be truly effective, the college must make the assumption that its students are mature, and then deal with their lapses into immaturity in mature ways. It must grant its students the privileges that responsible adults enjoy and be willing to endure

student protests when the offenders are punished.

A student should never be punished for what he might do but only for what he has done. Punishment in advance is unjust to the innocent and quite clearly states that he is not to be trusted. Subscription to this seemingly simple principle is the core of the controversy over parietal rules. To deny a student the "right" to have a girl in his room is to punish him for what he might do with her. To deny him the "right" to have a party in his room is to punish him in advance for fear that the party might get out of hand.

To punish all to prevent the transgressions of the few is, on the face of it, unjust. At most the college can, by legislation, limit opportunities for immorality. Such limitation is at heart police action, not educational action. Limiting immorality is not teaching morality. Though it is a much more difficult policy to follow, severity toward those who abuse a privilege is far better than denying everyone the privilege. The college that is willing to accept the headaches such a policy inevitably entails is then in a position to define by its specific disciplinary actions what it considers to be abuse.

Society is based on consensus. The members of a large and established society such as ours accept, through education, consensuses they did not help form. Social relations, sexual conduct, and communal courtesy are all matters of consensus. It is such consensuses of the larger society that the college must help the student accept. The college student is at the age of revolt. He is at the peak of his egocentricity and the arrogance of his youth. He should to some degree cross swords with social conventions, defy them, attempt to alter them, test their validity for himself in order that he may eventually subscribe to them willingly.

The area of disagreement about sex between the central position of responsible students and the college authorities is, underneath all the controversy, never very great. Incidents which require college disciplinary action in general involve violations of consensuses that most students would agree to. Each such incident as it is treated individually becomes an instrument for exchange of ideas and evaluation of standards. However acrimonious the debates may become, they will, if pursued with honesty and goodwill, promote understanding and respect between the college and its students.

More important, this is the only approach that encourages students to view adults as human beings, and it takes human beings to persuade students to expose their doubts about their own adult status to adult influence. The achievement of frank discourse between a college and its students is an essential prerequisite to the fulfillment of the college's broader educational aims.

THE TRIAL

A STORY BY JESSE HILL FORD

A Southern writer whose short stories first appeared in these pages, and whose first novel, MOUNTAINS OF GILGAD, appeared under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint, JESSE HILL FORD lives in Humboldt, Tennessee. Now at work on his second novel, Mr. Ford manages to recapture in his dialogue and wry comments some of the essential flavor of the small Southern community.

THE Mayor crosses the street to Alf's Service Station at two o'clock, and while he is having a few drinks of Early Times from the half-pint Alf opens for him free because he is the Mayor and Alf is the Bootlegger, a courtesy extended, in other words, between city officials, as it were (the Mayor joking and carrying on about the nigger trial he's about to hear in a few minutes), he, His Honor the Mayor, happens to notice that the American flag has not been raised on the flagpole on the City Hall roof, and he has Alf phone across to the police station and ask somebody to raise the goddamn flag.

Alf and the Mayor are watching when Willy Joe Worth, ordinarily on the night shift but working days too now, double-timing some to keep an eye on the nigger demonstrations, shoulders his way through the little crowd of blacks already gathered in front of the police station in hopes that the trial will be held in open court so they can hear it. Willy Joe goes up the City Hall steps and inside the building. In a minute the Mayor and Alf see him appear on the roof. The first try, Willy Joe gets the flag on upside down, and he has already raised it and Alf is already phoning the clerk's office in City Hall to have Miss Rosa catch Willy Joe on his way down and tell him he's got the flag upside down when somebody hollers from the sidewalk and gets Willy Joe's attention.

The flag comes back down. Willy Joe switches it right side up and hoists it again, this time not

quite all the way to the top of the pole. The lines are fouled up some way. He fiddles with them a minute, can't get the flag raised any higher, gives it up, and leaves it like it is.

Already the crowd of niggers in front of the police station is larger when Willy Joe Worth comes back down the front steps of City Hall and goes next door into the police station, a new building with glass across the front like a department store or a restaurant, so you can see the desk and the police and the others waiting around inside for the trial to start.

Alf opens another Coke. The Mayor has run out of chaser. "I don't know if I should phone the highway patrol or not," the Mayor says. He has a round red sunburned face and fat cheeks, like a tomato. "Just in case they get smart-alecky. Would you say it's a hundred of them over there now?"

"Fifty maybe," Alf says. "Or even less than that. You take niggers always seem more than what they are." Alf works halfheartedly on the black half-moons under his fingernails, using the little blade of his pocket knife. "Anything black looks bigger than what it is."

The Mayor nods, not halfway listening, feeling better now, feeling warmer inside himself and like he is maybe two people — himself, the Mayor, and another man calmly taking it all in and not himself involved. Everything gets clearer. The Mayor begins to see everything in depth instead of

flat, like he was seeing it before. He hands Alf the empty half-pint, and Alf motions to his nigger, Washington, who takes the half-pint from Alf and slips it in his pants pocket and goes slowly out the front door of the station and on around behind the building, where he will break the empty in the vacant lot — mainly just several acres of broken half-pints, weeds, and a few empty oilcans.

Washington is back in a minute. He leans against the counter again in his usual place, beside where the kerosine heater stands in the winter, next to the flashlight batteries and the cans of household oil and lighter fluid. He's always there, like a piece of furniture, and he never says anything. He is one nigger who never smiles, never frowns, just goes about his work, which is the way Alf likes him to be — seen and not heard.

Thus, the Mayor's eyes can pass over Washington without really seeing him, which is the way the Mayor likes him to be — there, but not something you have to notice. Washington is like the face on a dollar bill or a sign you don't have to read, you've seen it so much.

"Well, I guess I better get over there," the Mayor says.

"Give them bastards hell," Alf says.

"Don't worry," says the Mayor. He turns on his automatic smile and crosses over to the police station.

THE little crowd of niggers doesn't quite make way for him to pass. The Mayor stops before them, nods and smiles. He doesn't see a single black face he recognizes.

"They having the trial in open court upstairs, please, sir?" says one.

"That's up to the city attorney, Oman Hedgepath," the Mayor says.

"We axed him, and *he* said it was up to you."

The Mayor takes a deep breath and smiles. "Now, what we got here is just a hearing, not a regular trial. See what I mean? So it's gonna be in the little conference room. That's how it's gonna be. It isn't room for spectators. I mean, that's how it is, on that." The Mayor smiles. "Fair to both sides, that's the way it's gonna be, if you'll just excuse me." The Mayor clears his throat.

Sullenly they step aside, and the Mayor enters the police station. Once inside he looks back. The crowd is still there. "Wanna move 'em from out in front?" a policeman asks.

"Let 'em be," the Mayor says. "Just interested in the outcome of the hearing, that's all. We ready?"

He walks back to the little conference room where the police sometimes question prisoners, a nice windowless room with mahogany-veneer paneled walls, fluorescent lights, and a neat green-carpeted

floor. Cardboard boxes of recovered stolen merchandise line the floor along one wall, so the Mayor must step carefully to get to his place at the head of the conference table. Oman Hedgepath and the nigger lawyer are already seated. The Mayor sits down. Everybody has a green armchair, same color as the carpet, very comfortable and modern. Willy Joe Worth comes in smiling and shuts the door and takes a chair next to the wall on the Mayor's right. Willy Joe winks. The Mayor smiles. Down straight in front of him, beyond the end of the conference table, are the four defendants side by side in conference chairs against the wall — two girls and a boy and the ringleader, the Reverend Goodman.

The chief of police opens the door and comes in, followed by three more officers.

Oman Hedgepath, the city attorney, clears his throat and stands. "I believe we're ready, Mr. Mayor, Your Honor. The defendants are Lonnie Shepherd, eighteen; the Reverend Seale Goodman, forty-one; and Misses Caroline Tucker and Beatrice McCaslin, both eighteen. I believe these warrants so identify them. I will swear in now as witnesses the arresting officers, all at once." Oman Hedgepath looks down at the Beale Street lawyer. "Is that all right with counsel for the defense?" Beale Street says "Yes." The Mayor thinks "Yes, sir" would sound a lot nicer. Willy Joe Worth goes around the table to stand with the chief and the other officers to be sworn in. They are all neat in their short-sleeved blue shirts and darker-blue worsted trousers, each wearing a .38 special pistol holstered at his side, a blackjack in his right hip pocket, hat held in his right hand, all heads crew-cut and all swearing to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. They sit down then, and Oman Hedgepath asks the chief of police if he has been chief of police since October 1, 1957, if he is thirty-seven years old and a Somerton resident, and if his name is George Jenkins Fly. The chief says yes, he is all of that.

"Would you then tell the court what happened Saturday a week ago," says Oman Hedgepath.

"Yes, *sir*," says Chief of Police George Jenkins Fly, very muscular and blond, speaking in his high husky voice like a football player being interviewed on the radio, being in fact a former Somerton High School fullback, saying: "Twenty-six niggers paraded up and down Main Street carrying signs and hadn't no permit to parade. I seen 'em the second time they come past City Hall, and we went out and told them they was arrested for parading without a permit. Among 'em was those four yonder, Mr. Reverend Goodman, Miss Tucker, Miss McCaslin, and Lonnie Shepherd."

"Thank you, Chief," says Oman Hedgepath. "How many in all?"

"Twenty-six niggers," Chief Fly says.

The Beale Street lawyer sticks up his hand without raising his eyes from some papers he has spread on the table in front of him beside his briefcase. "I prefer *knee-growes*, if the court please. Do you mean *knee-growes*, Chief?"

"That's what he said, didn't he? Niggers?" the Mayor asks.

Beale Street is making a note with a sharp yellow pencil. "I will not *quibble* over the pronunciation of the word," he says, "but —"

"Chief is employing the old pronunciation," says Oman Hedgepath, "historically valid and correct. I believe learned counsel for the defense will find that 'nigger' is British, English. I could refer him to several examples from history and literature should he wish it."

Beale Street raises his pencil. "It reminds us, however, of, and connotes unhappy conditions under, slavery — that particular pronunciation. But I've said we will not quibble."

"Well, *knee-grow* reminds me of certain Scandinavian sociologists and others who have assumed an authority and published inaccuracies concerning racial matters which I find not only distasteful but provocative as well. However, I will not quibble. Your witness," Oman Hedgepath sits down and takes off his glasses.

Beale Street stands up and slips his glasses on and looks now and then at his notes made with the sharp yellow pencil. "Now, Chief, they were parading — anything boisterous?" The ordinance is so new it is still a foldout piece of paper cellophane taped into the city ordinance book. Beale Street holds the foldout with his left hand and looks down at it. "Any loud noise or anything?"

"Now, sir," says Chief Fly, when Beale Street looks at him.

"That's all," says Beale Street. "I would like now —"

Oman Hedgepath stands and slips on his glasses. "I'll just make an opening statement if I may, Your Honor, and say that clearly the ordinance was violated. They were parading, and they did not have a permit."

"I'll plead now," says Beale Street.

"OK," says the Mayor. "You plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

"The law, the ordinance is there in the book. Defense counsel has read it," Oman Hedgepath says.

"I have a statement," says Beale Street.

"Go ahead," the Mayor says. "Somebody gimme a cigarette —"

Beale Street puts his hand over his heart: "Since slavery times we have had certain problems come down to us. There is great unrest all over America today on account of minorities wanting their free-

dom. In the paper I see where the Russians and the United States are going to sign an A-bomb treaty. That's what we need. Talk over the table. Not war. Here in this case these people were expressing themselves — what's in their hearts — by marching, demonstrations. That's all. Not bothering anybody. Just marching. This is the first time they have been arrested."

"But they've marched several times before without a permit," Oman Hedgepath butts in, "haven't they, Chief?"

"At least six times, or maybe seven," says Chief Fly.

"Yes," Beale Street continues, his hand still over his heart. "But you try the bootlegger for the half-pint you catch on him, not for all he's sold. So this time it is justice to try just this instance. Leniency is in order today in the name of restraint and justice. Our trouble has been that the two races have not talked to each other in the South. Now it is getting better. Now we are at least talking. Nobody is going to get all he wants, but at the same time, somebody's going to have to give up a little something. Talk has been about blood running in the gutters. I don't think that kind of thing is going to happen in Somerton. I been talking to different ones, and I don't think any blood is going to run over this thing. Yet this is a sign of the times, a sign of the unrest that is more violent in New York City than here, and I hope I am not one of those causing unrest. I hope I am one who speaks with the voice of peace and moderation. What these accused persons have done is —"

"How're they pleading? What was it again?" the Mayor says. Willy Worth puts an ashtray down at his elbow, and the Mayor uses it.

"Not guilty, Your Honor," says Beale Street.

"All right, get on with it," the Mayor says.

"Thank you. All they have done is get out and walk to express their feelings. They want freedom. Everybody wants freedom. They express it this way, and they have the right under the Fourteenth Amendment to gather and express themselves. I'm not saying the city of Somerton doesn't have the right to an ordinance against marching without a permit, but at the same time I am saying that if moderation is exercised and mercy is shown, maybe this whole thing will die down and go away, but if the law is applied in a harsh way, it may serve to aggravate a situation that is already a bad situation. I plea for a dismissal."

"You got anything else?" says the Mayor.

Oman Hedgepath stands up. "As city attorney I could not find a dismissal acceptable. A light fine, yes; dismissal, positively no. We have this ordinance on the books, and it is a clean, honest, wholesome ordinance. All it says is that in order to parade in Somerton you have to apply for and get a permit

from the Mayor's office, that's all. Now, these defendants knew about the ordinance, and they violated it coldly and deliberately six or seven times before they were finally arrested. They are charged just this one time, it is true, but let me say that there is a reason for this ordinance. The city of Somerton must operate with a limited police force — fifteen men to keep law and order, both day and night. We don't have the money to hire a beefed-up police force. So far we have kept law and order, and we are going to continue to keep law and order. But for the protection of both races, for darkies and white folk alike, we're going to have to have advance notification as to when a march will be made — the day, and the hour, and the line of march. Then we can protect these people. Otherwise, law and order cannot be kept. Somebody would get hurt. What we have here is a just charge against premeditated violators. Your Honor must make up his own mind, but I would not condone dismissal."

"OK, anything else?" The Mayor looks around at everyone. Willy Joe winks again. Nobody speaks. "All right," says the Mayor. "The law says I can fine you fifty dollars and give you thirty days. I'm going to take off the jail sentence and leave on the fine. I fine you, each one, fifty dollars and costs, and, by God, don't let me hear of any of you marching again."

Beale Street has looked down at his lap, that way he has of looking down and holding his hand to the breast of his blue suit, maybe not holding it over his heart so much as drying off his sweating palms. The Mayor decides against making a long speech.

"If everybody understands what I've said, then court's adjourned."

The defendants, the police, the attorneys all stand up and begin to move out of the room.

"We'll appeal," the Memphis lawyer says, so the Mayor can hear him.

"Why don't you do it right now, then? Next door in City Hall. I'll show you where," Oman Hedgepath says. "You'll have to file a separate appeal bond in the General Sessions Court office."

"May as well do it now, then," says the nigger lawyer.

The Mayor walks out of the room and right away sees how the crowd outside has swelled, all of them looking in the windows instead of being at home and minding their own business or working at jobs like honest folks. He opens the door and looks at their black foreheads, nothing else. He steps out, and the crowd moves a little on the sidewalk.

"It all over," says a nigger voice.

"Light fines, that's all. Just light fines, if you see what I mean," the Mayor says. "Now, if you'll excuse me." They make way, and he crosses Main Street to Alf's and ducks inside the station and sits

down on Alf's sofa, made out of an automobile front seat with iron-pipe legs welded to it. Alf opens another Early Times and another Coke, and Alf and the Mayor both sit quietly and watch the nigger lawyer come out of the police station and wave to the crowd. The crowd falls back, and they wave at him like a mob waving at a baseball player. Then Oman Hedgepath is beside the nigger lawyer and going with him up the steps into City Hall.

"Don't it make you want to vomit? Look yonder," says Alf. "Oman's *talking* to him."

"Sure," says the Mayor. "But he'd find the General Sessions Court office anyway and file his appeal. Oman ain't doing nothing but only walking along to see what he's up to — to watch him in case he makes a mistake. Hell, it ain't no way to keep the black bastard from finding the office, Alf."

"Yeah, but it makes me want to vomit. Looks like you could arrest him for trespassing where he ain't wanted or shoot him or something."

"That's just the trouble," the Mayor says. "Nothing's legal anymore. Nothing you wanna name's legal. It's all for the nigger and getting worse ever day that goes by. If they don't hurry up and impeach Earl Warren, I don't know what this goddamn country's coming to, Alf."

The Mayor feels the heat begin to ease off from what it was when he first stepped out of the air-conditioned police station and crossed over to Alf's the second time. The whiskey and Coke stops him from sweating so much. After a minute he phones his office and tells them they know where they can find him if they need him, which of course he knows they won't; anyway, it's a courtesy on his part, letting folks know where they can find him, just in case.

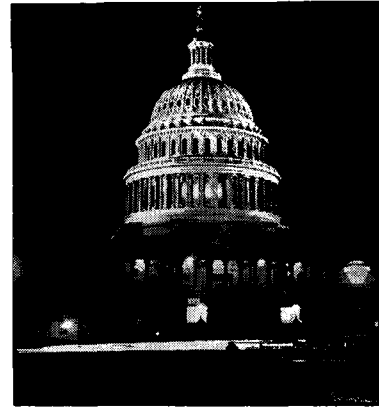
Then the regular bunch of cronies starts drifting into Alf's, and pretty soon it keeps Washington busy just quietly taking the empty bottles out back and busting them. The Mayor tells about the trial over and over again. Each telling gets funnier and better.

"By God, I told the son of a bitch," says the Mayor. "I says, by God, I don't care if you've got a hundred goddamn law degrees, you ain't walking into this court and telling me how to run it. By God, you're just a nigger to me, and, by God, don't you forget it!"

"Cleaned his plow, did you?"

"By God, lemme tell you, I lowered the blade," says the Mayor. "Another smart word out of that black lawyer somebitch and I'd of had him altered — and, by God, he knew it!"

And even if it's a lie and more than half of them know it is, anyway, it's what they all enjoy hearing more than anything else. Each time the Mayor tells it, they all feel a little better and a little braver.



NINE MEN WHO CONTROL CONGRESS

BY CHALMERS M. ROBERTS

A graduate of Amherst, CHALMERS M. ROBERTS has been a journalist for more than thirty years and is now chief of the national news bureau of the Washington POST. From his vantage point in the nation's capital, he has followed the workings of Congress and of the coalition which has on many occasions blocked effective legislation.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago, Franklin D. Roosevelt, at the height of his political power after his unprecedented as-Maine-goes-so-goes-Vermont re-election in 1936, launched what came to be known as the Supreme Court "packing" plan. The objects of his wrath were the "nine old men" who, he charged, were rejecting the twentieth century and insisting on a horse-and-buggy approach to the problems of the Great Depression.

With the next congressional election the huge New Deal majorities began to melt. And there was formed in Congress the beginning of a coalition composed of conservative Democrats, mostly Southerners, and of the bulk of the Republicans. Together they gained working control, a control they have largely exercised in the subsequent past quarter century. The coalition has not always prevailed. Each President, by and large, has had his way in foreign policy. But while some new social legislation has been passed and some old measures have been improved, the coalition has blunted legislation on domestic economic issues more often than not.

It was this coalition that Harry Truman fought when he castigated the 80th Congress; it was this coalition which found acceptable the domestic lull of the Eisenhower years; it was this coalition which balked John F. Kennedy; and it is this coalition with which Lyndon B. Johnson is struggling in this election year.

A President, and the Vice President elected with him, alone have a national constituency. They alone must balance the interests of city and suburb, of farm and small town, of white and Negro, of rich and poor, of the special pleaders and the public interest. By contrast, the members of the Senate and the House, elected from smaller and generally far more specialized constituencies, inevitably reflect local or special interests. In time of great crisis they too, like the President, are moved by overriding national interest. But that is the exception. More often we see a President pushing and prodding to win congressional approval of what he considers to be in the national interest.

Perhaps the unseemly scene in the House of Representatives at 5 A.M. last December 21 epitomizes this situation. A new President, then less than a month in office, was defeated on an important issue, this time on a matter of foreign policy involving his right to permit or deny sales of wheat to the Soviet Union. The winner was the coalition. In the end Johnson won a reversal, but not without stirring new animosities and producing new outcries for reform of Congress. That Saturday morning, as dawn broke over the Capitol, a coalition of 26 Democrats, mostly Southerners, and 115 Republicans defeated the President's backers, 141 to 136. It took a determined White House effort to round up liberal Democratic absentees to overturn this defeat in a 7 A.M. House session just before Christmas.

Under the American system no member is pun-

ished for refusing to follow the leadership of the chief of his party, the President, or even for openly campaigning for his opponent. This, of course, is one of the results of the separation-of-powers doctrine so carefully embedded in our Constitution by the Founding Fathers. But it is a doctrine run wild, and there is no reason why those who bolt the party during a presidential campaign should not be punished by losing their seniority in Congress.

But as it stands today, the mere fact that a President has numbers of fellow party members in Congress is in itself meaningless, with only rare exceptions. In the current case, a Democratic President and a Congress two thirds of whose members also are Democrats often find themselves at odds. Whatever success Johnson has in the second session of the 88th Congress will attest to his skill in leadership and in congressional manipulation rather than to any sense of party loyalty or responsibility on the part of the Democratic members.

Central to the American problem today, as in the past quarter century, is what liberal Democratic Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania has called the Senate Establishment and, more broadly, the congressional Establishment. By this he means those senior members of the largely Southern Democratic-Republican coalition whose conservative views more often unite them than their party labels divide them.

And because a coalition's power, like that of any quasi-organized body, is relative to the ability of the men who run it and of those who oppose it, the problem was accentuated in 1961 with the death of Speaker Sam Rayburn and the elevation of Johnson from the Senate Majority leadership to the vice presidency. Both were hemmed in by the coalition, but each, on occasion, could break through. The men who succeeded them, Speaker John W. McCormack and Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, only nudge, and that most gently.

Hence it is fair to say that the increasing public dissatisfaction with Congress springs basically from the existence of the coalition but is accentuated by the independent power that weak leadership in House and Senate has given the committee chairmen. These men have become the equivalents of the Roman satraps, each the undisputed ruler of his own realm. There are exceptions, but not many.

The present Senate contains a majority of liberal members, or, at least, of moderates, and the House has close to a majority, counting members of both parties so inclined. But the committee system in neither house reflects this fact. As Clark has pointed out, the conservative senior members of the congressional Establishment have carefully packed the key committees, including the committees which handle appointment of members to legislative committees. This has been especially true of the money

committees, whose power of the purse may deny the political plums so vital to re-election of members if they are recalcitrant, just as these members deny funds to a President on a critical program. Seniority is followed, or on rare occasions ignored, by the entrenched seniors to further their own ends.

Congress in general follows the seniority system, whereby long service means promotion up the ladder to eventual chairmanships, because no acceptable substitute system has yet been devised. Thus what counts is not only ability but a combination of longevity and a secure political base from which to win continuing re-election. And the best way to keep on being re-elected is to come from a one-party state, such as those of the Old Confederacy.

This is why since March 4, 1933, the day Franklin D. Roosevelt took his first oath as President, Georgia has had only three senators and Virginia four (one of whom was a seat-warmer for less than five months), whereas the nation's two most populous states have had twice as many — eight each from California and New York. All the Virginians and Georgians have been Democrats, while four of California's eight and five of New York's eight have been Republicans. Today, three of the four Democrats from the two Southern states cited are chairmen of major Senate committees, whereas none of the four senators from the two biggest states has reached that eminence. New York, in fact, has had only five men on the Senate Appropriations Committee in all the history of Congress, and it has none today. One Californian, a Republican, ranks fifth of nine on the minority side of that committee.

If anyone were arbitrarily to list today's "nine old men" in Congress, old in the use of power, he would probably come up with seven Southerners, an Arizonan, and a Missourian. And he would find that four of the nine are in their eighties, a fifth in his seventies, two in their sixties, and two in their fifties. In this list are Senators Hayden of Arizona, eighty-six, Russell of Georgia, sixty-six, Byrd of Virginia, seventy-six, McClellan of Arkansas, sixty-eight, and Eastland of Mississippi, fifty-nine; and Representatives Vinson of Georgia, eighty, Cannon of Missouri, eighty-four, Smith of Virginia, eighty-one, and Mills of Arkansas, the youngest at fifty-four.

They alone do not rule Congress, but they do epitomize coalition rule. To give the list bipartisan coloration the names of Senator Dirksen from Illinois, sixty-eight, and Representative Charles Halleck of Indiana, sixty-three, the GOP leaders, should be added, for they are the chief Republican helpmates.

CONSIDER, first, the men who chair the two Appropriations committees, Hayden in the Senate and

Cannon in the House. The soft-spoken Hayden was Arizona's first House member when the state was admitted to the Union in 1912, and he has been in Congress ever since — in the Senate since March 4, 1927, during the Coolidge Administration. He has directed a flood of golden federal dollars into his state, and he always votes with the Southerners against restricting the filibuster rule.

Cannon, an irascible Missourian who long ago wrote many of the House rules, has been in Congress since March 4, 1923, when Warren Harding was in the White House. These two old men, eighty-six and eighty-four respectively, have fought and struggled over the rights of their respective bodies to initiate money measures. In 1962, they engaged in a historic battle over just where in the Capitol building should be held the conference meetings to iron out the differing figures approved by the two houses of Congress. The argument sprang from the fact that long ago the Senate acquiesced in a constitutional interpretation that only the House can originate money bills, something it has since regretted. Hayden led a foray to force the House to let half of such bills originate in the Senate, but Cannon resisted, and he won.

The row held up appropriations for months. Cannon based his determination on the constitutional clause which says that "all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives," but which says nothing about bills appropriating money thus raised. Behind the row is something else: Cannon's belief that the House alone is a firm guardian of the Treasury and that the Senate is a collection of wasteful spenders.

Cannon rules his own committee with an iron hand, sees to it that vacancies go to men whom he considers sound. It is beyond memory since a dissenter has written a minority report on a committee action; indeed, Cannon has a habit of announcing "unanimous" votes even though individual members sometimes get up enough courage to deny they were on his side regarding some particular spending item. The punishment for those who go off the reservation can be denial of money for a pet project.

The unprecedented delay last year in passing the normal departmental appropriation bills — the last of the twelve was sent to the White House on December 30, a half year late — was due in part to Cannon's belief that one effective way to hold back the "spenders" is to hold up their money bills. The practice, when a department has not received its appropriation by the beginning of the fiscal year on July 1, is for Congress to pass a "continuing resolution," which permits the department to go on spending in the new year at a rate no greater than in the previous year. This practice introduces all sorts of uncertainties. It inhibits the beginning of

any programs for fear that no new money, or not enough, will eventually be voted, and it clearly produces a degree of administrative havoc.

NUMBER TWO man on the Senate Appropriations Committee, and the man many believe really runs the committee, is perhaps the single most powerful member of the Senate, if not of the entire Congress: Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia. He is the leader of the Southern bloc and thus of the Democratic section of the ruling congressional coalition. A bachelor, whose hobby is baseball, Russell is second only to Hayden in Senate seniority, having arrived two months before FDR's first inauguration. Russell, now sixty-six, is chairman of the Armed Services Committee, and he has almost always favored giving the military what it wants. In addition, he is the chairman of a key subcommittee which handles the secret affairs of the Central Intelligence Agency, another post of great power.

No senator is more adept at using the rules of the Senate to advantage than is Russell, as his many tactics delaying civil rights have so often demonstrated. But he can use that ability to protect what he considers to be in the best interests of the armed services too. Last fall a number of younger liberal senators were stirred by the argument that the United States is piling up too many nuclear weapons, that it thus is creating an unnecessary "overkill" capability which also limits opportunities to make progress on arms control.

Russell warned the Pentagon that in the wake of the nuclear-test-ban treaty, then under Senate debate, a well-handled proposal to trim military expenditures by a sizable amount might roll up as many as thirty or more votes. As one who had joined in the Administration's cry against American euphoria over the treaty, Russell decided to defeat the anti-overkill measure before it could win support. So the instant the treaty roll call was completed after sixty-seven and one half hours of debate, he had the \$43.5 billion defense-budget bill called up for what turned out to be a mere five hours of debate. He knew this was psychologically the right moment to defeat a motion by Senator George McGovern, a South Dakota Democrat, to make a token cut in Pentagon funds. And he knew, too, that some of McGovern's few publicly recorded supporters had just left town for speechmaking. The result: a crushing 74 to 2 vote against even a token cut.

Russell can fend off or weaken major bills he opposes with the aid of the Senate rule which requires a two-thirds vote to shut off a filibuster. His tactic is to take a 100 percent negative stand, quietly to let it be known his troops are ready to

filibuster, actually to filibuster when he feels that is unavoidable, and in the end to accept what he cannot stop, and to do that in such a way as to preserve his troops for the next battle. The two civil rights measures which passed Congress in 1957 and 1960 went through all these phases and finally passed when Lyndon Johnson, then the Majority Leader, convinced Russell that he, Johnson, had the votes to run over him if he would not yield at a reasonable price. In each case Russell managed to tone down the bill, and thus he was able to claim at least a partial victory.

Time and the two-thirds rule are key elements in Russell's tactics. His best bet is to delay until the Senate is up against some sort of adjournment deadline or caught in the necessity of passing a money bill or some other measure which has a specific date as a deadline. Bargains then become possible. This year he doubtless has circled on his calendar July 13, the day the Republican National Convention opens in San Francisco.

Russell's tactics, and his mastery of the committee system in the Senate, generally force a civil-rights-minded Administration to get its bill past the House first. Here Russell's chief aide is Representative Howard W. Smith, the eighty-one-year-old Virginian who heads the Rules Committee. It is far more difficult to delay in the House than in the Senate, because only the Senate rules permit unlimited debate. But Smith, who has been in the House since March 4, 1931, and is now the seventh in seniority among 435 members, is also a master at both delay and forcing a compromise.

A standing practice of the "Judge," as he is called because of a minor judgeship he once held, is simply to disappear at critical moments. He usually turns up painting a barn on his Shenandoah Valley farm — and he has a convenient number of well-scattered barns. The House Rules Committee is not a legislative body — that is, it does not originate bills; rather it serves as the House's traffic cop. Its purpose is to schedule floor debate for the orderly consideration of bills approved by the various legislative committees, a necessary function in so large a body.

In many cases, the Rules Committee also serves the useful purpose of taking the heat in regard to measures which neither the President nor the House leaders want, but which have either a powerful lobby working for them or wide public support. Thus, under pressure a member will vote for a bill in a legislative committee while whispering to his friends on Rules to pigeonhole it and thereby prevent a floor vote. This may be a handy device for a member who wants to have it both ways; but it also inhibits many members from joining in efforts to trim the power of the Rules Committee on other counts.

For the most part, members of the Rules Committee come, as does Smith, from safe districts from which they are elected over and over again. Thus they are generally impervious to pressures, even presidential pressure. It took a massive effort, including the power of the late Speaker Rayburn, to enlarge the committee's size slightly at the outset of the Kennedy Administration in order to create a narrow pro-Administration majority on most measures. But this is a very uneasy majority; often the conservative Democrats, led by Smith and the man who sits next to him in line, Mississippi Dixiecrat William M. Colmer, a thirty-one-year veteran, combine with the conservative Republicans, led by the ranking GOP member, Representative Clarence J. Brown, a twenty-five-year veteran from Ohio.

Rules meets on no regular schedule but only at the call of the chairman, unless a majority can be rounded up to overturn him, generally an unlikely prospect. The Judge knows how to bend to the wind, but he does so only at the last possible moment. In regard to the current civil rights battle, last fall after the House Judiciary Committee, the legislative committee concerned, finally voted out a bill, he said that he had "no plans" to consider the measure despite the new President's urging. Then, as the pressure mounted, he said he would let his committee consider the bill "sometime" in January; eventually, after a House petition was filed to bypass his committee and 165 of the necessary 218 signatures had been obtained, he agreed to let the House vote by February 11.

Smith and other coalition members on Rules have opposed just about every measure authorizing spending that has come along the legislative pike, though appropriation bills do not have to run its gamut. Aid-to-education bills, for example, do. In 1960, Rules killed a general aid-to-education measure, though it already had passed both houses in differing forms. The Rules Committee blocked it by simply refusing permission to send it to conference. Under House rules, a measure must obtain unanimous consent on the floor before it can be sent to conference, or else it must win a "rule" from Rules.

The two other powerful House chairmen — Carl Vinson of Armed Services and Wilbur D. Mills of Ways and Means — are sometimes for, sometimes against, the President; not just the current President but any President. Both are more liberal than Smith or Cannon, but each reflects a Southern Democratic background, and each knows power and how to use it. A Chief Executive who does not treat them as the largely independent satraps they are does so at great peril.

Mills was a Rayburn protégé and seemed to be in line for the speakership until he signed the South-

ern manifesto condemning the Supreme Court's 1954 decision barring public school segregation. He is Mr. Taxes in the House because Ways and Means has the undisputed right to set or juggle the manifold tax rates and schedules of the federal government. A careful, often cautious man, now only fifty-four though already a twenty-five-year veteran, Mills never risks bringing a bill to the House floor until a nose count shows he has the votes necessary for passage. His power over taxes means that any President must come to terms with him. The tax-cut measure which passed the House last year under his expert guidance was compounded more to Mills's prescription than to that of the Kennedy Administration.

The Ways and Means Committee also serves as a sort of committee on committees for the Democratic majority in that its members make the assignments to the other legislative committees. In fact, the Speaker and his top assistants have a major hand in such selections, too, but this function of Ways and Means adds to Mills's power.

If Mills is Mr. Taxes in the House, Vinson is Mr. Military. Known affectionately as Uncle Carl, approvingly as the Swamp Fox, and with great respect as the Admiral, he is almost regal as he sits on the chairman's dais in his committee room surrounded by tiers of seats, the lowest ones occupied by junior members of his thirty-seven-member group. Vinson, who has served in the House longer than any man in history, first won his seat on November 3, 1914, during the Wilson Administration.

He once dismissed a rumor that he might be named Secretary of Defense by saying, "Shucks, I'd rather run the Pentagon from up here." He has a habit of putting the military brass in its place by such questions as, "What did you say your name was, Admiral?"

Vinson has usually backed the armed services in their requests for new weapons and more pay, tangling, on occasion, with the civilian Pentagon leaders. He once tried to get Congress to "direct" President Kennedy to spend money for the RS-70 bomber, which both the President and Defense Secretary McNamara opposed. In the end Vinson backed down, but it took a lot of doing to produce a verbal "compromise" and thus prevent a rupture in the vital relationship between the chairman and the Pentagon leadership. Vinson also has been constantly on the alert against any hint of executive efforts to move in the direction of a single military chief of staff.

During the Kennedy Administration, Vinson on key occasions helped round up some critical Southern votes on nondefense issues. No doubt President Johnson will be sorry when Vinson retires this fall after fifty years' service and is succeeded in the chairmanship by Representative L. Mendel Rivers,

a fire-eating Dixiecrat from Charleston, South Carolina, now in his twenty-fourth year in Congress. Rivers is an active lieutenant in the coalition leadership.

Smith, Mills, and Vinson all are masters of their own houses with rare exceptions; each rules his fief, and to each must come both the Speaker's and the Administration's emissaries, as though they were coming to negotiate with a foreign potentate.

Halleck, as the House Republican leader, who personally mirrors his flock's conservative views, knows how to work with each of the three and with others among the Democrats who rank high on their committees. The resulting coalition, essentially a union of conservative views on domestic economic issues, is sometimes broken, but for the most part it has effectively held this past quarter century.

IN THE Senate, three other powerful committee chairmen, all Southern Democrats, deserve consideration: Harry F. Byrd of Finance, John L. McClellan of Government Operations, and James O. Eastland of Judiciary. Each is to be reckoned with in his own right; each is a trooper in Dick Russell's band of determined Southerners; each is important in the coalition. Indeed, the powerful Southern senators form a sort of interlocking directorate on the key committees. Russell is next to Hayden on Appropriations, on which McClellan also serves. Byrd is two behind Russell on Armed Services, with Eastland's fellow Mississippian, John Stennis, in between them.

Byrd, the ruddy-faced apple grower from Virginia who is now seventy-six, arrived in the Senate the day FDR was first inaugurated. Russell is the floor leader of the Southern Democrats, but in a way Byrd is the spiritual leader. It was he who issued the cry for "massive resistance" to the Supreme Court's desegregation decision, and it is Byrd to whom the dissatisfied Southern electors like to give their presidential votes when they oppose the Democratic nominee. Virginia is ruled today by something called the "Byrd machine," though it has been thirty-four years since he was the Old Dominion's governor. Yet once he passed the word that he would not support Adlai Stevenson, and later John Kennedy, his Democratic followers knew they were free to vote, as they did, for Eisenhower and then Nixon, both of whom carried his state. His machine is far more efficient, through its courthouse crowd and its poll tax limitation on voters, both white and Negro, than most of the more infamous Northern big-city boss-run machines.

It was Byrd who refused even to consider joint hearings with Mills on the Kennedy tax-cut bill.

He would do nothing until the months-long, tortuous House course had been fully run. Then he embarked on his own lengthy and largely repetitious hearings, so that an entire year and more elapsed between the time President Kennedy first proposed the measure and the moment that it could even reach the Senate floor for consideration. He denied, of course, that he had either been filibustering the tax bill, which he opposed, or playing for time to create a logjam which would help Russell delay the civil rights measure. But he served both purposes admirably.

A fellow Southerner, Arkansas's J. William Fulbright, was so ungentlemanly as to vote with some Northern liberals in a vain effort to force a tax-bill speedup because, Fulbright told Byrd, his fellow Arkansan Mills favored it. At this, Byrd bitterly asked Fulbright how he would like it if his hand were forced in the Foreign Relations Committee, which Fulbright heads.

Byrd has voted against every welfare-state measure, beginning with Social Security and the Wagner labor act; he has opposed foreign aid, beginning with the Marshall Plan, but he has always been for big military spending, just as Russell has. At one point when Representative Smith was holding up civil rights and Byrd was delaying the tax cut, one of Virginia's few anti-Byrd newspapers, the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*, epitomized the result in this headline: "2 Bills, 2 Virginians, 2 Delays."

Eastland is the cigar-chewing arch-segregationist and Dixiecrat from Mississippi who caused a Senate stir with his remark during the 1960 civil rights battle. When another senator asked unanimous consent to put into the Congressional Record the Supreme Court's rulings in two voting cases, Eastland retorted: "I object. I don't want the Record cluttered up with such crap."

Any judicial appointment of a liberal or even of a moderate, whether he be Chief Justice Warren or anyone else, can expect to face both delay and inquisition from Eastland. One criticism in Washington of Attorney General Robert Kennedy has been that he let Eastland have a hand in naming some judges in the South, including Eastland's one-time college roommate, now District Judge Harold Cox of Mississippi. Cox on ascending the bench immediately proved to be a Southern thorn in the Justice Department's civil rights actions.

Eastland's boast during his 1954 re-election campaign was that he "saw to it that no anti-lynching, anti-poll tax, FEPC or anti-segregation legislation ever reached the Senate floor," and that is indeed true. Although he heads the Judiciary Committee, a body which should uphold the nation's judicial system, Eastland has said the South

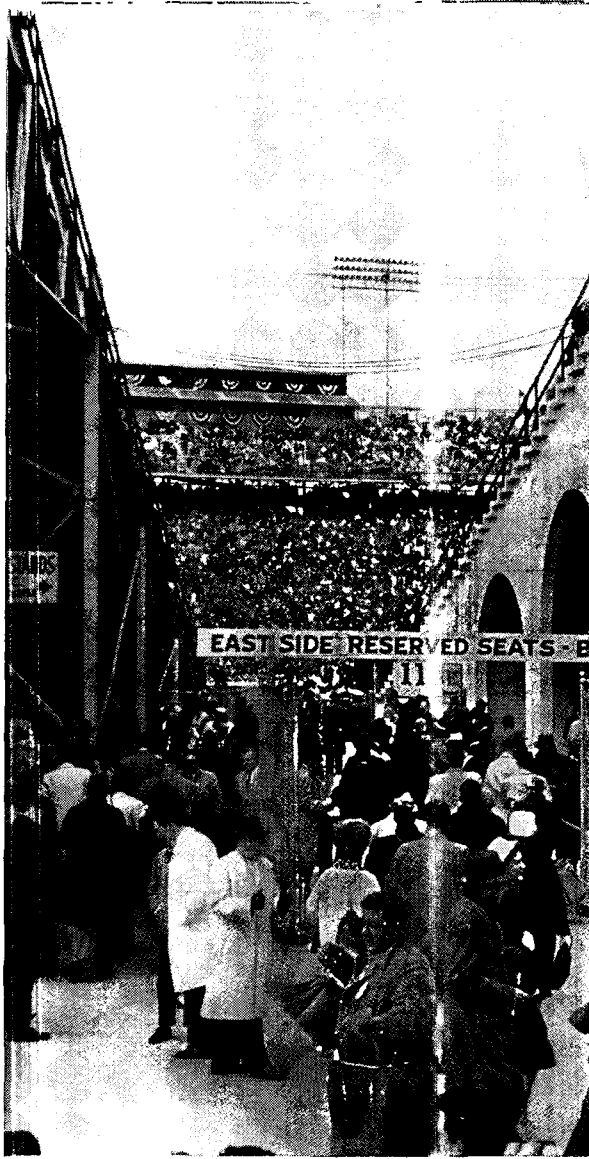
"will not abide by nor obey" the Supreme Court's desegregation rulings because they are "political" decisions. He praised Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett, in the Ole Miss rioting over the admission of the Negro James Meredith, as a man who was "protecting and preserving the Constitution."

Because no Senate majority has been able to get a civil rights bill out of Eastland's committee, the Senate has been forced to hold off consideration until the House has acted, then to intercept the House bill at the Senate door and send it directly to the Senate floor in order to bypass Eastland. This is a time-consuming process, which, coupled with Smith's delaying tactics in the House, plays into Russell's hands.

Senator McClellan's power arises from a number of factors: he is the eighth-ranking senator, he heads an important Appropriations subcommittee, and, above all, he is chairman of the Government Operations Committee, which more than any other Senate committee exercises that body's vast power to conduct public inquiries. This soft-spoken, ultra-conservative Arkansan has specialized in labor matters, and some of his hearings, such as those investigating the activities of James R. Hoffa and his Teamsters, have had a salutary effect, while others, such as those involving gangster Joseph Valachi, made the committee look like a circus ring. McClellan's hearings, for a long time run with the help of Robert Kennedy as the committee's counsel, did produce some reforms, but the committee's work often seemed more designed to shackle organized labor than to free it. And the lengthy Valachi hearings had the effect of creating a delay of more than a half year in passing the money bill for the State Department. McClellan was too busy wearing his investigative hat to conduct hearings under his Appropriations subcommittee hat.

If Congress is increasingly being held in ill repute by the public, the blame can be widely shared. But the focus of the blame must be on the Establishment run by the coalition. And in that inner group of powerful men are the committee chairmen and others discussed here. They are the men who have made the rules and who insist on keeping them, however archaic they may seem to most Americans, because they serve a purpose for the coalition.

The system of checks and balances is one of man's wisest political inventions. But it has run wild in the congressional system. There have been congressional revolts before against the tyranny of the minority, and there will, in time, be a revolt against the present tyranny. But until there is and until it is won, Congress will continue to be unable to do its part of the job in running a democracy.



Photograph by Irving Roberts.

Pitcher JIM BROSNAN has spent seventeen years in organized baseball, where he has been a relief pitcher for four major-league teams. During his long hours in bullpens he has had ample time to reflect on the curious nature of the baseball fan.

THE public, even the private, lives of major-league ballplayers are an open book. Writers dissect the players, biographers idolatry them, psychologists study them. They are cheered for winning, booed for losing; they are loved or hated in equal, and equally irrational, measure; they are objects of devotion, amusement, pity, scorn.

What, on the other hand, is a fan? Which one of them in his seat in the stand cheers, and why? Who boos? What, after all, is he doing up there, playing *his* game?

Charles Comiskey, a legendary baseball figure, first called clubhouse visitors "fanatics," and Ty Cobb called fans "bugs," a scurrilous slang synonym for "zealot" or "enthusiast." Cobb occasionally rushed into the grandstands to stamp his opinion on the face of the customer who criticized his play. Fans, thus subdued, lose some of their original character.

In the word world "extravagant fancy" pinches for "fantastic." A fantastic mental image is a substitute fantasy. Those persons who derive pleasure and pain, frustration and gratification, from vicarious participation in professional sports live, for such moments, in a world of their own. In pursuit of an unattainable happiness they create a fantasy world.

The professional baseball fan is an American cultural phenomenon. His fund of quotable statistics, his trove of memorable traditions, his collections of valueless mementos comprise a mine of guilt-edged insecurity. Although he can neither do nor teach, he regards himself as a player-coach.

The average baseball fan, according to surveys of one professional club, attends two or three games per season. His infrequent actual attendance does not preclude a wholehearted daily interest. Fostered by the promotional genius of Organized Baseball, interest in the game between May and October each year becomes a preoccupation with most Americans. Radio, television, newspapers and magazines, barroom and living-room conversations feed the fan's obsession with the intimate experiences of five hundred major-league athletes. No other sport exerts so much influence with so much trivia on persons who have so little personal involvement in the whole affair.

To the fierce, ardent, leather-lunged, professional fan, Baseball is life itself, a motive for breathing, the yeast that helps his spirit, as well as his gorge, rise.

FANS are made, not born. Interest in baseball starts in childhood and reaches its peak in puberty. Acquaintance with rules of play is a definite perquisite but not a prerequisite for being a fan. Everyone can talk about baseball, the fan assumes, because he *ought to know* something about the game.

The fan, whether or not he identifies with the players and thus vicariously participates in the game, is free to take pleasure in losing most of his inhibitions — to shout, wave his arms, jump up and down. He may criticize umpires, players, and even the hot-dog vendors without incurring responsibility for his emotional outburst. “Much of the discharge of energy and the sense of participation in baseball,” says Social Research, which has made a psychological study of the game, “is gained vocally.”

Baseball as a ritual has no deep and mystical meaning. It depends upon personalities to maintain the fanatic fervor of the fancy. Fans want the player to be not what he inherently is but what they think he ought to be. Even the moderately indifferent fan, according to Social Research, thinks that “the players owe it to their public to set good examples.” Ballplayers, as representatives of all baseball virtues, are considered to be healthy and vigorous humans, virile and skillful men, friendly and approachable fellows. They deserve idolatry, and whether they like it or not, they sometimes get it.

Ardent baseball fans come in two emotional sizes. The preternaturally optimistic fan assumes that any big-league ballplayer is a good, true, clean-living, home-loving American boy. The negative fan, subconsciously concerned that baseball is just a game, feels that major leaguers must be essentially immature adolescents, juvenile delinquents in social responsibility, and therefore proper objects of scornful criticism.

The Fan Club, a half-noteworthy institution, attests to the idealization practiced by active, positive fans. A major-league fan club is frequently formulated in the passionate thoughts of preteenage girls. Any ballplayer who has had two headline notices in a metropolitan newspaper can expect one request from a chubby-cheeked girl to start a fan club in his name. The zealous enthusiasm with which this jean-clad vestal virgin pursues her personal idolatry depends upon the player's reaction, which may run the gamut from indifference to embarrassment. It is a rare young athlete who sits comfortably on a pedestal.

In Wichita, Kansas, an organization calling itself the National Baseball Fan's Club suggests that the “distinguished individuals” who are members of the N.B.F.C. “play a conspicuous and active part in Baseball.” Activity apparently includes the wearing of emblems, the reading of rules and statistics, and the paying of five dollars for the privilege. The N.B.F.C. is two years old, and its commercial success would seem to be limited. The abstract “baseball” would not appear to have the appeal of the flesh-and-bone baseball player.

The most unusual, and without a doubt the jolliest, fan club of baseball history is devoted to an extinct organization, a team with no live ballplayers. The St. Louis Brown's Fan Club was created on the day the team disbanded.

Bill Veeck, the man who put the team out of business, once said: “I found out the Brown fans were a myth. You heard about 'em, but you never saw 'em.” As owner of the Browns, Veeck had searched river bottom and wheatland in and around St. Louis for customer-fans. Unfortunately for him they were in Chicago, where they paid the White Sox a nominal fee for bleacher tickets. There they cheered for the Browns, who epitomized the all-American underdog.

“They needed us,” says Bill Leonard, a charter member of the S.L.B.F.C. and a columnist for the *Chicago Tribune*. “They didn't have anything else.”

On the last weekend of the 1953 baseball season the S.L.B.F.C. traveled to St. Louis to see the final games played by the Browns.

“They lost,” wrote Leonard. “We were unsurprised and undaunted.”

Today the S.L.B.F.C. carries on its motto: “To perpetuate the proud name of the St. Louis Browns, file progress reports on the reincarnation of the Browns, drink toasts in nut-brown ale, and maintain jolly times.”

As fans, they're out of this world.

THE simplicity of motivation in the Inner Fan distinguishes him from the millions. His single-minded desire to seek absolute identification with the player demonstrates high purpose if not poverty of imagination. His inability to establish communication with the player causes elemental frustration. He quickly, naturally, assumes grandstand leadership of the jowly, unathletic loudmouths who cluster in bunches — sour gripes, yelling and cursing at men working.

Consider Off-side Smitty.

To the National League ballplayers who work in the northeast corner of Connie Mack Stadium in Philadelphia, the voice of the average fan belongs to

a man named Smith. Philadelphia bleacherites are a raucous breed, sensitive to player performances, their critical appreciation sounded from the bottom of their hearts.

The bass bawl of Off-side Smitty is particularly penetrating. An ex-soccer player who apparently could not control his enthusiasm in that sport either, Off-side Smitty has the face of a losing pugilist, an encyclopedic memory for player names and performances, and an attendance record of awesome breadth. Off-side never misses a game.

Smitty's persistence has the quality of desperate affability. His nagging, sometimes profane, judgments beg for an explanation, consideration, understanding.

"How can you be such a bum you bum!" he yells, saying to himself simultaneously, "How can you disappoint me who loves you and wants you to be good!"

Smitty occasionally gets a response from the player, a malicious rebound from a pride-thick hide that reacts only to Smitty's needle. Gracelessly, Smitty smarts under player-voiced needling. A tormentor tormented, he wilts in a cross fire of personal insults.

"Meet me outside after the game, you —!" he eventually yells. Then he exits during the seventh inning, unwilling or too old to stretch his acquaintanceship. Back he comes the next day, evincing his Fan's True Love. The harder he's hit, the harder he falls.

The Inner Fan projects the Ideal Ballplayer and begs every fumbling, fallible major leaguer to emulate that image.

Consider Dirty Louie.

The knowledgeable New York City baseball fan is the wisest of them all. He watches, he studies, he pursues the game like a philosopher seeking the truth. Disenchantment with any play or player can turn him into a crank. (Primitive baseball fans were called "cranks," whether they got wound up by baseball or not.)

Dirty Louie is a massive man, three hundred pounds of wisecracking fan. He would rather watch baseball than bathe. His creative and often funny critical comments would please his chosen audience — ballplayers who work at either New York stadium — if he had a cleaner delivery. (In the old Polo Grounds, Louie was once showered with packaged soap bars by a bullpen crew whose names were mud from then on, the way Louie told it.)

Rumor has it that Louie carries a large salami in one pocket of his dirty gray overcoat, the better to spice his vitriol. In a grandiloquent voice he spews kosher comment on fumbles, foul balls, and other futile efforts of what he calls bush leaguers. Any major leaguer who is not dead or in baseball's Hall of Fame is a busher to Louie.

Dirty Louie has no close followers among other fans. He is a lonesome prophet, hailing a redeemer who will swing like Babe Ruth, throw like Christy Mathewson, and run like Ty Cobb.

The Inner Fan wants the game played as he thinks it *should* be played. He will create players in his own image — a man making gods — to assure a good sport.

Consider Jack Barron.

In southern California the sun is hot and refreshments are often stimulants because water is scarce. On the dusty playground of his own imagination Jack Barron is revolutionizing baseball techniques. He has invented, so far, the Cosmic Swing and the Astro-Naut Pitch, two developments which will do for baseball what the White Queen did for logic. Barron has for years conducted a campaign for scientific progress, for an investigation of corporate ownership and slave labor in baseball, and for a place in the game for his son who, dutiful boy, believes in Daddy.

Many fans, experts with free advice, write to ballplayers during the season. They counsel pitchers, correct batting stances, offer tips on proper training and sermons on moral living. Jack Barron mimeographs pages of wisdom, reams of good counsel, and he has even published books to improve the game.

Barron would like to reorganize Organized Baseball, with the help of God, the Internal Revenue Service, and J. Edgar Hoover (who claims he's not interested). The moguls of O.B. tend to disregard True Fan Barron, who professes progress and illustrates his theme by teaching pros how to throw a ball and swing a bat.

"The Astro-Naut Pitch," says Coach Barron, "starts in the head. The pitcher thinks through his spinal cord down to his feet and up through his back. The spine is his axis and the back muscles have got to flip off the hip action. His gut is tight to his belt and flexed for ballast and free intake and deflation of air. When he makes a decision to unload, his back will flip out of the coil — like a pair of wrists off the hip action."

Most professionals can't see this pitch, though it literally seems fantastic.

The Cosmic Swing depends on a batter's ability to coil and uncoil gyroscopically into the backswing and out.

"Adjust your thinking so that the legs accept tension and rebound through the back. Pinch your buttocks and brace your hip off the backswing and allow your topside to idle circlewise for a good look. Your front foot will trigger a rinsing thrust from shoulder and back muscles and the shoulder blades. Your arms will rinse and orbit the bat like a cat's paw."

Duke Snider, a clean-living, home-loving, all-too

approachable big-league star, agreed publicly to try Barron's swinging theories. The Los Angeles Dodgers, unamused, sold Snider to the Mets, a unique baseball club that has many far-out fans of its own in faraway New York.

The Inner Fan spurns fealty to one team. He grudgingly responds to the plea: "Support your hometown Tigers!"

Loyalty to the Team is more directly applicable to undergraduate and alumni audiences. Organized Baseball businessmen do better when they sell Baseball as an institution and Baseball Players as personalities.

One Houston business executive was delighted when the Texas metropolis first obtained a big-league franchise. He bought a box-seat ticket, "because I'm a baseball fan and I wanted to prove that Houston could support the Colts." He attended most of the home games in more or less silent approval of an unexciting, losing team. During the second season his fancy turned to more basic fulfillment.

"I kept my mouth shut for one whole year. But now I've got to let myself go. If I didn't have the Colts' third baseman to yell at I don't know what I'd do." He seldom missed a game that season either.

PEN-IN-HAND baseball fans frequently express their personal regard for the professionals who give them pleasure. Along with thousands of letters from adolescents who wish to exchange flattery for autographed mementos come such sympathetic analyses of fan-observing fans:

Only maladjusted people yell and holler at the ballplayers on the field. Usually they are insolent persons anyway, or intoxicated, drunk, stoned, or cracked. Personally I never plan to boo or yell at ballplayers. That is *extremely rude!*

Or the quizzical note:

Maybe ballplayers don't expect respect from fans. That couldn't be possible! (Could it?)

Most fan mail is favorable and not always favor-requesting. Occasionally a male fan offers to help the struggling young athlete and promises at the same time to attend future efforts of the player if he will just pay attention:

I was thinking for a long time if I should do this then I thought no harm can come. What I was trying to tell is by bending the first finger at the knuckle and holding the ball throwing it as a fastball you will get a good sinker and the *slower* you throw it the *bigger* the sinker. Tell everybody to do this and the next time you are pitching I will be there to see that you are using this pitch.

The out-and-out negative correspondents reveal by their handwriting evidence of disturbed minds. Big letters, rambling script, disconnected sentences full of nonsense. My own favorite closing paragraphs from a decade of fan-mail collecting are these:

You were my favorite player last season. What's wrong with you this year. YOUR A BUM TIL YOU START WINNING!

(Signed) Your fan

And:

What's more you don't even know how to spell your own name!

(Signed) W. J. Bresnahan

It was inevitable, I suppose, that the fan's wish to be a ballplayer should find, as a correlation, an equal duty for the player to be the fan.

Times have changed, and the factors which created the world of the baseball fan may be losing significance. Self-reliance, the leitmotiv of the late-nineteenth-, early-twentieth-century American, is no longer the prime ethic of American culture. Now the emphasis is on standardization — of personal ambition, performance, and morality.

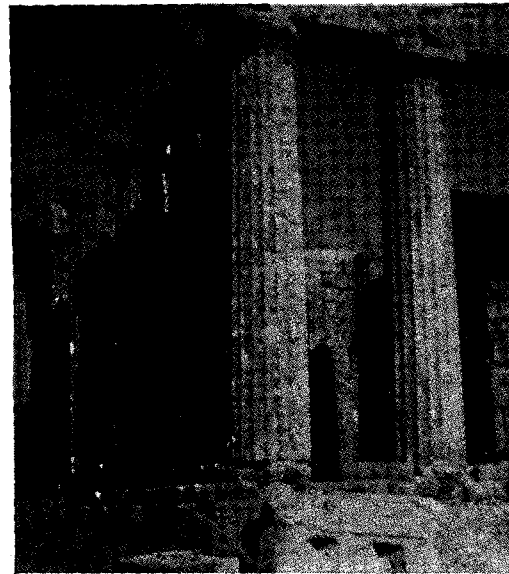
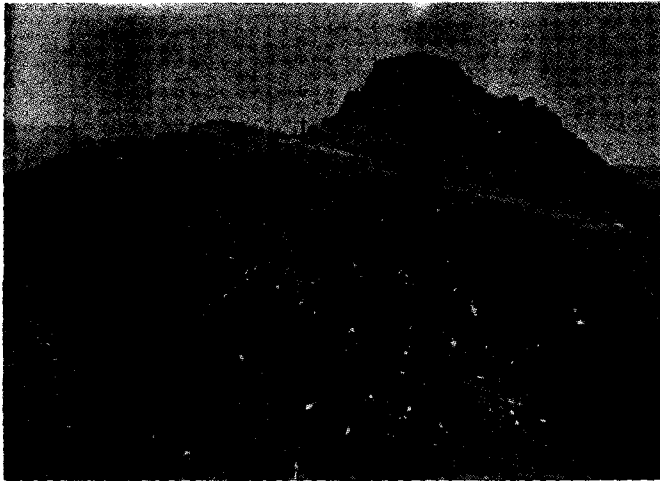
Baseball is unique among team sports in its glorification of the individual, his opportunity to excel being limited only by his willingness to cooperate in a lawfully delineated competition. As a spectacle, Baseball owes its popularity in great measure to the way it satisfies psychic needs. The spectator receives his wish fulfillment through identification with the player in action rather than through the action itself.

But the major-league ballplayer himself sometimes contributes to the desecration of his image as a special sort of folk hero. His public preoccupation with future security in the form of a valuable early-retirement pension makes him a mere transient idol. He prefers business contacts to the camaraderie of fans. Instead of endorsing Mother, the Flag, and Little Leaguers, he promotes merchandise on national television that makes him no more than equal to the average shaver, B.O. sufferer, or fungus-footed shoe clerk.

The world of baseball is fan-made. The fan's interest is sentimental in the sense that sentimentality is an emotion in excess of its cause. His interest is also coincidental, for baseball just happens to offer the best means to obtain a wishful end. The tensions of a changing world may reproduce new symptom formations. The neurotic compromise that the fan makes between his interest in Baseball and his inability to attain absolute pleasure from it could produce a regressive turn to other sports. Like football, that bloody game.

A Rough Map of Greece:

BASSAE



by Phoebe-Lou Adams

A member of the ATLANTIC's editorial staff, with a love for antiquity, PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS conducted a one-woman exploration of the Greek Islands and the mainland in the spring of the year. We published four of her papers in 1963, and this is the beginning of a new series.

I MET a traveler from an antique land who said, "We never got to Bassae, because the road was out. It seems they had a hard winter." They did, of course, but it is my recollection that the road to Bassae was none too firmly in even before the snow got at it.

Bassae is not a town but a lone Doric temple perched on a ridge about five miles up in the hills behind Andritsana, which is a town — the western metropolis, in fact, of the old province of Arcadia. The name Arcadia comes to us blurred by two thousand years of pastoral sentimentality and tends to conjure up visions of Daphnis in *point de Venise* cuffs, and Amaryllis sporting in the shade and gauze petticoats. Greek Arcadia is, and always was, a high, tough, craggy labyrinth of ridges in the central Peloponnese, so completely cut off from the sea that the Arcadians who fought at Troy had to be transported in ships lent by Agamemnon. Before romantic northern poets prettified the place, these highlands were the haunts of satyrs, monsters, evil spirits, bandits, and a notably belligerent and uncooperative citizenry. Satyrs and such are long gone, but the other Arcadian conditions have persisted into modern times despite the efforts of Romans, Byzantines, Franks, and Turks.

Pausanias, circling around Arcadia in the second century, recorded a great number of ruined sanctuaries and deserted towns, for the Arcadians kept changing sides in the various Greek wars, allying themselves now with Athens, now with Thebes, and once, in a small way, with their old enemies from Lacedaemon. Thanks to this feckless trimming, they usually wound up with the short end of the loot when peace set in. Their last great enterprise had been the establishment of the city of Megalopolis, as Pausanias tells it, "with the utmost enthusiasm amidst the highest hopes of the Greeks." The place was designed to be a consolidation of strength and a bastion against Sparta, and towns were emptied to populate it, and temples denuded to ornament the new city. Then Philip of Macedon came down from the north, flattening Arcadians and Spartans alike. By Pausanias' time, Megalopolis had "lost all its beauty and its old prosperity, being today for the most part in ruins. I am not in the least surprised," he goes on, indulging a taste for melancholy moralizing, "for Mycenae, the leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war, and Nineveh, where was the royal palace of the Assyrians, are utterly ruined and desolate. . . . At Babylon the sanctuary of Belus still is left, but of the Babylon that was the

greatest city of its time under the sun nothing remains but the wall."

Undeterred by dilapidation, Pausanias made his base in Megalopolis and methodically covered the surrounding country. His system was to start with a market town where several roads met, and work out along each route, describing points of interest by the way. When the road went dead or crossed a frontier, Pausanias returned to town and tried the next one. This star pattern makes his path hard to follow, and I will not argue with anyone who claims I do not know precisely where Pausanias went. He himself says plainly, however, that he went up to the town of Phigalia, "surrounded by mountains," on one of which "is a place called Bassae, and the temple of Apollo the Helper, which, including the roof, is of stone."

Pausanias had a high opinion of this temple, considering it the second finest in the entire Peloponnese (the finest was at Tegea) for the beauty of its stone and the harmony of its proportions. He explains that Apollo the Helper was so named because he had saved the Phigalians from the plague, for which they, in gratitude, had given the god a fine new temple. The architect was Ictinus, who "built for the Athenians what is called the Parthenon."

Bassae was built, then, in the time of Pericles, and when Pausanias (he must surely have ridden — no man could have come by cart without complaint) jogged by five hundred and fifty years later, it still stood intact. The statue of the god, though, had been carried away to adorn the new, already withering city of Megalopolis.

TIME passed, names changed, the old gods died, and Bassae was forgotten until the eighteenth century, when a French architect named Bocher, poking about in the vicinity of the modern town of Andritsana, came upon the battered gray skeleton of a temple. Although earthquakes and weather had twisted some of the columns, and parts of the stonework, with roof slabs and pieces of ornament, lay scattered in the grass, most of the building was quite obviously still there somewhere. Bocher must have been wild with excitement and delight, but it was an unlucky find. He rushed out to report his discovery, and when he came back for another look at it, he was murdered by bandits.

Bocher had been working on the island of Zante, off the northwest corner of the Peloponnese, and presumably he reached Andritsana by traveling southeast, through Olympia, which can still be done. I drove up from Megalopolis, more or less by Pausanias' route. I met no bandits, but in other respects I believe the road has changed very little since 1765.

Megalopolis, still carrying its grandiose name, is an ordinary Peloponnesian market town, a close-packed huddle of low white buildings and dusty streets, smacked across the main south highway. The road to Andritsana turned off to the northwest, crawled through a street market running heavily to boots and slippers, and quickly left town to become a single-lane gravel track. It was a good gravel track, level, devoid of large stones, and even graded here and there. The Greek electrical company, with a stubby green truck and a crew of fifteen or twenty men, was stringing wire alongside it. The men wore trousers and mustaches, plus an occasional hat. Their bare shoulders were sunburned to a dark, shimmering amber brown, and they looked extremely industrious, but all stopped work to wave cordially at the car. It was probably the only vehicle they'd seen in hours. Altogether, things seemed quite civilized, and I began to compose the speech I would make to the friends in Athens who had issued hideous warnings about the Bassae road.

"The trouble is," I was explaining over imaginary ouzo, "you go to the States and travel on superhighways because only a local knows how to get off them. Then you come home with the idea that Americans cannot endure any road except a superhighway. This road here is no worse than dozens of back roads at home" — except, I realized abruptly, that at home one has some idea of the lie of the land. At the moment, I was confronting a junction. One pale gravelly track went left and the other went right, and there was nothing to distinguish them except a sign naming a town that wasn't on the map.

While I considered this problem, a wild rattling and hooting arose behind me. It was the small, fat electrical truck with what appeared to be the entire wire crew, plus tools, festooned precariously upon it. The men roared in chorus, "Andritsana?", and when I shouted yes, they pointed as one to the left. I thanked them and drove on, and in the mirror saw the truck take the other road. It bounced off toward the unmapped town, rocking uphill in a cloud of silvery dust. I was sorry to see it go. The road ahead looked so empty.

It continued to be a good dirt road, however, rolling discreetly around the edges of empty pastures and cropped grainfields and following along the base of a line of hills with humped spines that suggested a pack of sleeping dinosaurs. The white gravel threw up so many formless, wavering flashes of light in the sun that the first pothole nearly took me by surprise.

Another kilometer, and potholes had become the normal way of life. The soft reptilian hills hardened and sprouted stony crests. A river appeared, and the road began to climb. It went up the side of the gorge in a series of zigzags designed for the con-

venience of horses. I was too busy with the wheel, the shift, and the horn to pay much attention to scenery, but trees seemed to be sliding away from the right window at an unlikely angle.

At the top of the climb, the road widened, and I pulled over and stopped, avoiding a small crevasse that had eaten its way into the outer edge of the terrace. There was no fence. There rarely is a fence in Greece, but invisible demons do not generally gnaw pieces out of the roadside.

The view from this place was magnificent. On one side of the road, the rock wall rose straight over my head, covered with clumps of flowers and small ferns and flickering with drops of water oozing from the cliff. Above the cut grew round-topped dark-green trees, and above them bold rock glittered against the sky. Ahead, the whole valley of the Alpheus widened like a great funnel, its sides dropping from light-struck crags to round green trees to the road to gray cliff to little terraced fields like paddies to larger open fields to the narrow fern-green ribbon of the river looped among gray trees the size of moss tufts. A white farmhouse, as big as a sugar cube, sat under a tree. There was not another building to be seen, not a person nor an animal. The roadside grass rasped in the breeze, and water from the cliff plunked gently on the gravel.

In that high, dustless air every leaf glittered with its own spark of sunlight. I stepped sideways to get a better view of the house below, which had behind it a round threshing floor covered with yellow straw, and created a terrible racket. A couple of quarts of dirt detached themselves from the edge of the road and went roaring and rattling on their way to the river. It seemed as though they must fall straight into the largest pool, but I did not wait for the splash.

Around the next turn I observed, with pleasure, that repairs were under way. A large machine and two trucks were parked alongside the precipice edge, and the road had been widened to accommodate two cars abreast. This condition lasted around two more turns, and then things sprang back to pot-holes and ruts, plus a succession of miniature streams that sprang out of the cliffside as though from little hydrants, bubbled prettily across the road, and fell glittering into the valley. These natural fountains, which account for the famous greenery of Arcadia, are delightful to look at, but they cut cracks in the road and also provided a fine skidding surface, for there was a high percentage of clay in the roadbed. On the valley side, the cracks tended to become gaps and even fissures, and I hugged the cliff with passion. The tracks of previous vehicles indicated that everybody, including the road crew, shared my belief that rocks falling from the cliff above were less likely than total collapse of the outer rim of the road.

The astute reader will realize that none of the road conditions I have described warrants a state of terror, but I was close to it nonetheless. The bad driving was merely a nuisance, preventing me from looking at the swirling kaleidoscope of trees, rock, valley, and fields, but the prospect of meeting another car was a steady torture. Damocles' sword on a frayed string could be no worse. As far as I could see, there simply was not room to pass another machine except at the official pull-overs. These appeared on every third lap or so, meaning that between the oases one crept blind around a spur of rock, discovered the road clear to the next spur, advanced at the highest possible speed, honked the horn, waited for a reply, and, on not getting one, crept cautiously around the turn and charged down the next stretch of empty single-lane road. What good all these precautions would accomplish if one found a car or, worse, a highway truck already entrenched on the road ahead, I did not know. Once met headlight to headlight, only two solutions would be available. Either somebody backed around a hairpin turn on the edge of outer space, or the cars passed on the spot, one scraping the rock and the other within inches of that moth-eaten verge, and each scratching the other's fenders. As the party on the outside of the road, I was not happy with the prospect.

So far, of course, I had met nobody. I had seen no vehicle except the wire truck, a dusty jeep parked by a fountain where there was plenty of room, and a bicycle-powered ice-cream van, which popped out of an invisible path on one side of the road and scooted down a mule track on the other. This state of things was too good to trust, and when I met a traffic problem at the top of a steep turn, I was relieved that it was no worse.

The problem was an old woman, swathed in black from the crown of her head to the heel of her one visible boot, riding sidesaddle on a long-legged, satin-skinned bay horse. The woman's face was weathered and wrinkled, but her eyes were large and beautiful and focused on the car with an expression of absolute horror. The horse viewed the machine with contemptuous unconcern. Evidently the animal was not car-shy, but the rider most certainly was.

I turned off the engine and waited while the old lady recovered her courage. The horse twitched its ears and wagged its rump, impatient of pointless delay, and was at last permitted to walk slowly past the alien dragon. The rider flicked a quick sideways glance at me, and the set of her shoulders said as plainly as words, "A woman driving that devilish contraption. Imagine. What can the world be coming to?"

The road got no better. To be fair, it got worse, what with fallen rock, frayed edges, small streams,

mudholes, and parked dump trucks, and the horse traffic increased. The horses of Arcadia are quite different from their kin down along the coast. They are handsome, long-boned creatures, groomed to a high gloss and dressed in severely elegant style, and they carry only one rider, also severely elegant. The coastwise horses are cheerful, chunky, cobby little things which plod briskly along covered with dust and a mixed cargo of farmers, children, tools, and baskets. I met or passed nine horses in the next few miles, and discovered that while neither animals, nor men, nor young women were bothered by the car, old ladies invariably panicked.

KARYTENA loomed up across the valley to the north, a clump of houses clinging to the top of a needle-sharp crag, with the castle of the de Bruyères rearing its battlements above the low tile roofs. The extent to which supposed crusaders infested Greece is demonstrated all across the Peloponnese, which these Franks called the Morea and held by militant squatter's rights for two centuries.

Somewhere beyond Karytena the road rolled into a nameless little place consisting of one house, one gas station, and a chunk of six-lane highway. This improbable pavement rose out of the dust some fifty yards to the right, crossed my cart path, and proceeded regally over a small rise about one hundred yards to the left. I stopped dead and gawked at it, torn between fear for my sanity (it must be hallucination) and the wild hope that all those trucks and rollers and graders I had passed at their Saturday repose had actually wrought a miracle from here into Andritsana.

A good-looking young man ambled out of the filling station, followed by a sleepy hound. He spoke English with assurance. "You're going to Andritsana?" I said I was and pointed hopefully toward the new macadam. "Is it possible?" He grinned ruefully and shook his head. "Not a chance. There it is — same old goat track. Andritsana." The hound wheezed and fell into a snooze. I thanked the man and drove on, and he shouted after me, "But we'll get it fixed yet." His voice bounced off the hills in a crackle of incoherent echoes.

The road briefly ran parallel to the macadam, up the same little slope and sharply around a clump of trees. There I stamped on the brake and sat looking down a very steep, short incline to the remains of a bridge. It began and ended as an old-fashioned arched stone structure with high side walls, narrow but negotiable. The middle of it, however, was missing and had been replaced with some kind of girders over which were laid railroad ties complete with rails. The rails had been set on

the outer edges of the ties and were, I gathered, intended to deter motorists from wandering through the gap where the bridge walls had fallen out. I had an unnecessarily good view of the gorge beneath this affair. It was hardly thirty feet wide, but deep enough to engulf the Empire State Building with all its top-hamper.

At the other end of the bridge, the road shot up another steep slope to a small plateau where a bevy of construction trucks roosted. They must have been driven across that bridge. If it would support large trucks, it would support a small car. Provided that I kept the thing inside the railroad tracks. I aimed the car at the opposite bank and was happily surprised when I reached it. Halfway across, I had remembered the straw and the camel.

The unspeakable bridge had one great merit. Since nothing but death could be worse, I worried no further about the road, and barged along singing, gazing at the view, and calculating that a fifty-foot drop into the nearest field would be quite comfortable. I caught up with a man on horseback and his friend on foot. The hiker wore a starched white shirt, a neat dark suit, a bowler hat, and shoes that still showed traces of a city shine. The two flagged me down and introduced themselves. Bowler hat was a schoolteacher in Tripolis, on his way to pay a weekend visit to his native village. Would I give him a lift? I could hardly refuse.

Conversation was not exactly easy, but I learned that the teacher worked hard for low pay and was walking thirty miles because the buses run to Andritsana twice a week and never on Saturdays. On Sunday night he would somehow get back down to Megalopolis and pick up a bus for Tripolis. The dream of his life was a motor scooter or, failing that, a post nearer home. He suddenly said, "Stop here, please," and I was baffled. We seemed to be nowhere. There was a footpath, it turned out, leading up a shallow gully toward the peak of the ridge. It looked like the end of the world, but somewhere on the other side of the rocky peak lurked three or four houses in a circle of narrow terraced fields. My passenger's mother had never in her life traveled farther than Megalopolis, and the village was naturally without electricity or telephone. But the road, I was told, would change things, "when they get it fixed." The teacher bowed elaborately, settled his incongruous hat firmly on his head, and strode off into the bush.

The road suddenly improved to a remarkable smoothness, and the next turn revealed Andritsana. It lay strung out along the side of the mountain, following the road. Several layers of buildings edged up the hillside, and a few more hung precariously on the slope below the road. All the red tile roofs overlapped each other like a clump of mushrooms on a tree. Above the town, the hills were thatched

with the usual dark-green globe-shaped trees. This Arcadian forest, which Pausanias credited with wild boars and tortoises of inordinate size, now looks as neat as a park. The trees are small, little higher than apple trees, and evenly spaced, although whether this is the result of reforestation or nature is problematical. Evidently each requires a circle of ground exactly the size of its widest branch-spread. Virtually nothing else can grow in the circle, although plenty of light comes through the small, widely spaced leaves. Hardly a weed shows on the ground, and the occasional large tree is always surrounded by a ring of empty dirt extending well beyond its shade. The smaller trees stand twig to twig, never encroaching on each other's territory.

The first building in Andritsana was the government tourist hotel, where the management, being unencumbered with trade, was taking a siesta. I routed out a flustered maid, then a sad waiter, and finally the manager, a most ornamental elderly gentleman with a mildly British accent. He was astounded at the appearance of a customer. It was too early in the season, "and, of course, things are always quiet up here. You drove from Megalopolis? And how did you find our road?"

I snarled, unable to find words for the road. "But I was told it's worse from Olympia."

The manager smiled. "A little worse," he conceded, with a shrug indicating that it couldn't be much worse and still pass for a road. "But we will have a good road here soon."

"Eighteen years," said the waiter, wearily. The manager chuckled and went off to activate his cook, and I heard the waiter's uncensored opinion of life in Arcady. He had a crackling, machine-gun accent, but his meaning was as clear as glass.

Employees of the government hotel chain have to work where they are posted, and Andritsana is a very tough duty. "Nobody comes here," mourned the waiter. "You know why. We have this nice hotel — new, clean, good food, fine view, hot water — but nobody comes. Even in summer we're empty half the time. This" — he handed over the beer — "is the first bottle I've opened in days."

It struck me that the Andritsanians might patronize the place. "Them," hissed the waiter, "they never spend a drach'. They sit home and go to bed at sundown. Talk to the girls and you get knifed, and who wants to talk to their brothers? I wish I could go to Athens. There's some life there — you can dance and go to the movies, and the streetlights burn all night. Will you give me a lift to Athens?"

I swore, falsely, that I was bound for Kalamata to meet some people with a boat. "I could take the bus," he reflected, "but it's slow and comes on the wrong days. Get there just in time to come back again. You sure you're not going to Athens?"

I was saved from more perjury by the cook, roaring that the omelet was ready.

The dining room windows looked out over the deep bowl of the valley, mottled with irregular green and yellow fields, and up the main and only street of Andritsana. Everything was deserted under the hot, stinging sunlight, which had driven everybody to cover except a clan of swallows who lived under the dining room windowsills. They whisked back and forth on sharp pointed iridescent wings, carrying on an interminable whistling conversation. A fly whined somewhere against the ceiling. The waiter sighed. The manager, settled on a chair in the breezy veranda over the street (where I should have had lunch and certainly would have dinner), nodded his way into a drowse. My fork clinking on the plate was the loudest noise in all Andritsana.

BASSAE was easy to find. The manager, waking up, told me to drive straight through town and take "the good road." What good road? "You'll see. It's paved. Fourteen kilometers of it."

Andritsana's main street is part dirt, part cobblestone, and part some unrecognizable substance which may be the remains of macadam. It is lined with casual little tavernas and shops that serve the district today exactly as they have done for generations. The bootmaker, the blacksmith, and the cooper dozed over their tools. The chairmaker was awake, chatting with friends on his wide doorstep. A fine aromatic wood smell swept from his shop into the street, overpowering dust, wine, and horse. Somewhere in the tangle of houses behind the shops the electrical plant growled and thumped. Except for this twentieth-century racket, the whole town might have been living in the year 1840.

At the end of town, a rutted gravel road turned north for Olympia. The Bassae sign indicated a fine new black road soaring off toward the skyline. It was steep, the turns were sharp, the grading was cruel, and the windy heights were unnerving, for from this point all the world went down and there seemed to be nothing ahead but blue air. But it was unmistakably a good solid road. The two or three boulders sitting on it were accidents that could happen anywhere.

This road ended in a parking lot under a bank on which two frowzy youths and a gypsyish girl sat arguing over a goat. The further side of the lot led into open sky. There was only one other car in the place.

I looked about and found what seemed to be a path, not the well-trodden trail that leads to most Greek ruins but a shy, hardly noticeable break in the carpet of gray grass, thistles, and small yellow flowers that covered the ground. It led me upward

through boulders and brush and brought me out, suddenly, on the ridge. Bassae was worth the drive, the climb, the heat, the fright. Bassae was enchanting.

It is a small Doric temple of coarse-grained local stone which has a silvery sparkle in the light and turns greenish-violet in shadow. The outer columns are almost intact, and a considerable part of the architrave is still in position. One badly cracked column has been splinted with heavy bars and metal cable, but nothing has been restored. The sun-warmed paving underfoot, the inner walls, the Ionic half columns that supported the frieze (which is now in London) are all the original stone. The roof is gone, but some carved stone slabs lying in the grass show that it was decorated with a simple, handsome rectangular design.

The building runs north and south instead of east and west, as was proper, but the god's statue had a door facing correctly east. I doubt that anyone today can be absolutely certain of the reason for this strange orientation, which has been attributed by various authorities to the shape of the ridge or a sentimental alignment with some other building. Bassae is odd in other ways, the most obvious being that the frieze, representing battles between Greeks and Amazons, Centaurs and Lapiths, was placed inside the cella. The temple also contains the oldest known Corinthian column, just one, dividing the cella from the sanctuary of the idol. Despite the mixture of styles, the building is intensely quiet and gentle in effect, and built almost to human scale. One can get up and down the platform steps without feeling that one has gone mountaineering.

Around the temple, short gray-green grass, thistles, yellow flowers, and a few dark-leaved bushes swayed in a cool breeze. The last of the ridge rose up to the west, not very high, with one small building and a couple of oak trees near the summit. Nothing else but sky could be seen, for on three sides of the temple the land folded into narrow, rocky ravines. A goat bell tinkled faintly somewhere down the hill. It was a grand place to do nothing.

Eventually I wandered up to the building on the hill and found a custodian watching over some roof slabs and ornaments, plus a small assortment of postcards. He pointed out, in pantomime, that we were on the highest point for miles around, and proved it by indicating, far away down to the west, a barely visible flicker of violet light. This was the sea, and the smudge beside it was Kyparissia. The two Englishwomen who had been taking pictures around the temple in mouselike silence came up, and we exchanged information. They had driven down from Olympia, and hoped to

make Pylos that night. How was the road ahead? It was dreadful, but since they had taken six hours, so they claimed, from Olympia, it was better than what they'd been over. Considerably better. I began to feel complacently lucky, and urged them to be off at once, while they had a chance to get past the worst before dark.

The custodian had listened to all this with interest, evidently reading gestures and intonations, for he denied any knowledge at all of English. He now wanted information of his own. Was my car rented? How much? For how long? Did it go well? Did it use much gasoline? Who paid for the gas? All this took some time, but by repetition and counting on fingers we made it. In return, I learned that the twice-a-week bus from Andritsana is very expensive, as Greek buses go, to the disgust of those dependent upon it.

The rocks and tree trunks turned a soft orange color, and the temple glowed neon pink in the sunset light. All these places close at sundown; there was nothing to do but leave. The custodian walked down to the parking lot with me and had a good look at the car. He was struck with sudden alarm. "You locked it?" Relief when I waved the key, and a shrug of apology. "Thieves up here sometimes."

On the road back to Andritsana I was held up. A ragged brown figure leaped like a deer from the brush above the roadside and lit in front of the car, gesturing furiously. It was stop or run him down. The gesture turned out to be a refined ballet caricature of puffing on a cigarette, and the leaper was a thin, sun-blackened shepherd, a man so old that his eyes were filmed with white. His wife, as thin and old and sunburned as he, stood up out of a bush and called good evening. I held out the package, and the old man took precisely one cigarette. And the lady? He grinned delightedly and put the second one behind his ear. From her bush, the lady bowed and shouted thanks. They both trotted uphill into the dark, agile as their own goats, and indistinguishable, barring their taste for tobacco, from their ancestors a thousand years ago.

Come to think of it, they were the only Arcadians I met.

ABROAD

BY RICHARD MOORE

The long winter darkness in a strange land.

Stars glitter in the dead grass.

Only the frost.

Only a million mirrors to the moon.



This is Jofra, a young Dutch painter who bears a startling resemblance to the old master.

Is there a van Gogh renaissance in Holland today?

The Dutch venerate art, and it flourishes in Holland today. Museums are everywhere, more than forty in Amsterdam alone. You'll see the timeless genius of Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer as well as modern painting. You'll also find such treasures as old Delft tiles, and curios of Dutch folklore.

Art, like so many things in Holland, is a blend of the traditional and the modern. In Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum, you'll find Rembrandt's "The Night Watch." In The Hague, where a new art movement has erupted, you'll see the works of modernists like de Kooning, Appel and van Heel.

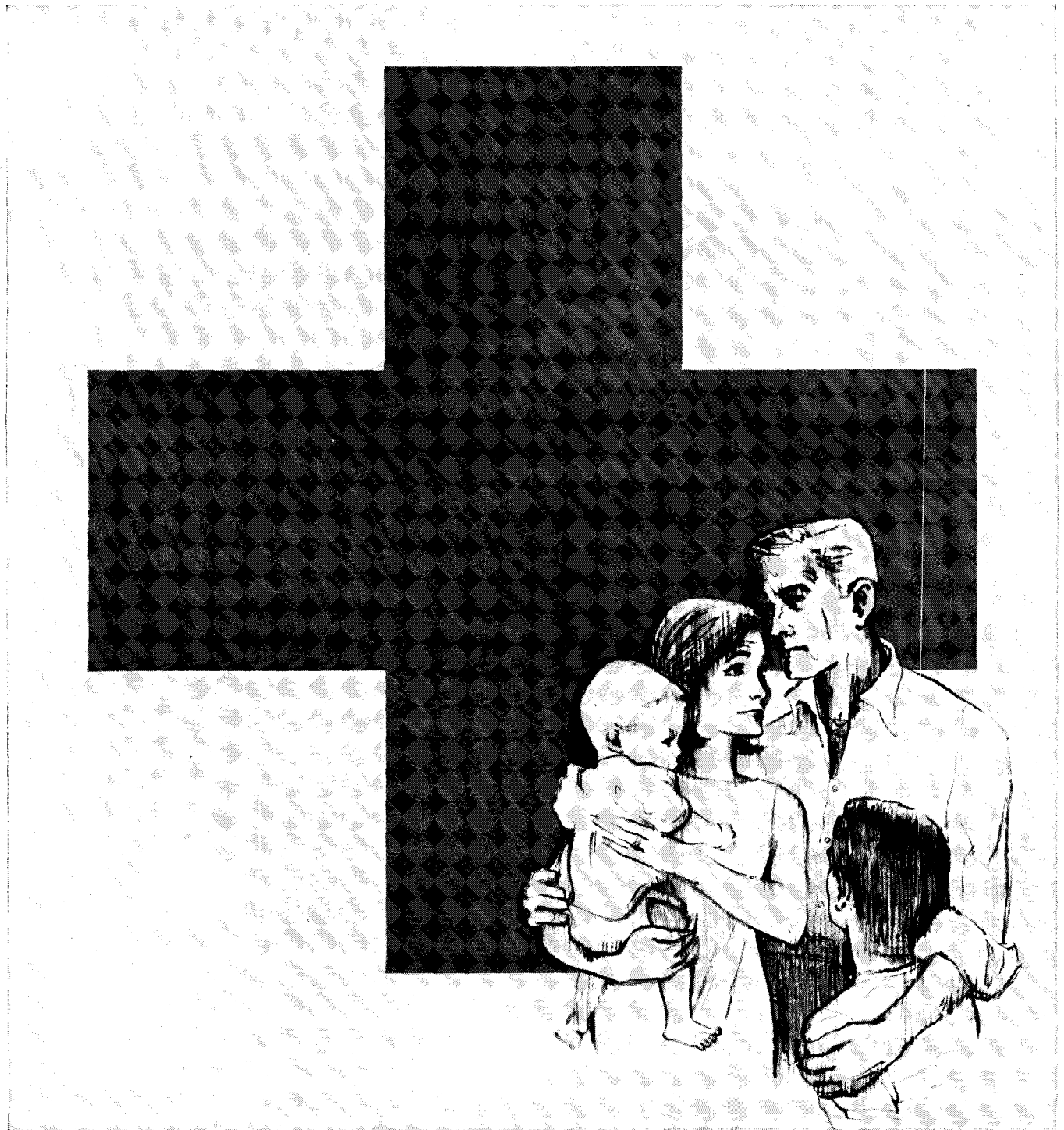
The vivid contrasts of Holland are not to be missed. See the old cheese market in Alkmaar and visit the modern, sparkling shopping center in Rotterdam, the first one in Europe.

Go for a meandering bike ride—or watch the streamlined racing cars roar by at a hundred miles an hour.

Whether your taste leans toward the old or the new, you can satisfy it in Holland. The friendly Dutch will see to it you find what you are looking for. Most people speak English and, to a man, they take pleasure in helping Americans. So plan an early visit to Holland. Come on a Dutch carrier, by air or by sea. Really luxurious.

For further information, talk to your travel agent, or write the Netherlands National Tourist Office, A. N. V. V., 605 5th Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. or 681 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.

RED CROSS—a part of every family. Before this year is over, Red Cross will play a part in the life of nearly every family in the United States. Chances are, your family will be one of them. Should disaster strike . . . or someone in your family need life-giving blood . . . or you yourself wish a course in first aid . . . it is Red Cross that will answer your call. But Red Cross, in turn, depends on you. It is your help, and the help of all Americans, that enables Red Cross to do its work . . . to carry on its mission of mercy. Why not give that help now — by supporting your local Red Cross chapter?



ALWAYS THERE WITH YOUR HELP

IN GALLERIES

BY RANDALL JARRELL

The guard has a right to despair. He stands by God
Being tickled by the Madonna; the baby laughs
And pushes himself away from his mother.
The lines and hollows of the piece of stone
Are human to people: their hearts go out to it.
But the guard has no one to make him human —
They walk through him as if he were a reflection.
The guard does not see them either, you are sure,
But he notices when someone touches something
And tells him not to; otherwise he stands
Blind, silent, among the people who go by
Indistinguishably, like minutes, like the hours.
Slowly the days go by, the years go by
Quickly: how many minutes does it take
To make a guard's hair uniformly gray?

But in Italy, sometimes, a guard is different.
He is poorer than a guard would be at home —
How cheap his old uniform is, how dirty!
He is a fountain of Italian:
He pulls back a curtain, shows you where to stand,
Cajoles you back to the Ludovisi Throne
To show you the side people forget to look at —
And exclaiming hopefully, vivaciously,
Bellissima! he shows you that in the smashed
Head of the crouching Venus the untouched lips
Are still parted hopefully, vivaciously,
In a girl's clear smile. He speaks and smiles;
And whether or not you understand Italian,
You understand he is human, and still hopes —
And, smiling, repeating his *Bellissima!*
You give him a dime's worth of aluminum.

You may even see a guard who is dumb, whose rapt
Smile, curtain-pulling-back, place-indication,
Plain conviction that he guards a miracle
Are easier to understand than Italian.
His gestures are full of faith in — of faith.
When at last he takes a magnifying glass
From the shiny pocket of his uniform
And shows you that in the painting of a woman
Who holds in her arms the death of the world
The something on the man's arm is the woman's
Tear, you and the man and the woman and the guard
Are dumbly one. You say *Bellissima!*
Bellissima! and give him his own rapt,
Dumb, human smile, convinced he guards
A miracle. Leaving, you hand the man
A quarter's worth of nickel and aluminum.



Report from the tropics:

**IBM computer helps science
save protein-starved children**

SCIENTISTS have found an answer to protein starvation, the world's biggest killer of children. A new cereal food called Incaparina is the hero of this marvelous news. When mixed with water, it costs about a penny a glass and provides as much protein as milk.

An IBM computer helped scientists to develop this life-saving powder. Here is the story from problem to solution.

Protein starvation, known as "kwashiorkor," runs rampant through many tropical regions. Its telltale signs are the red-splotched skin, the swollen belly, the lifeless stare and defeated spirit.

It kills by lowering resistance. When infection strikes, a child's enfeebled body cannot fight back.



Not so long ago the smiles of these Guatemalan children were listless stares. Read how Incaparina®, found with the help of an IBM computer, made this transformation possible.

Twelve years ago the scientists of the Institute of Nutrition of Central America and Panama (INCAP) joined forces with U.S. nutrition experts to fight this child-killing scourge.

Food — and an IBM computer

For years they roamed Central American villages, accumulating data on diet, income, customs and available cereals. Their objective: to concoct a tasty, high-protein food from native plants and grains. Their data, entered on punched cards, was then flown to North Carolina State College for special analysis by an IBM computer.

The computer analyzed this multitude of facts, and helped the scientists

develop the most economical combination of plant foods with a high protein value. Without the computer, these calculations would have taken a lifetime.

The new food formula was called Incaparina. It is a vitamin-enriched compound of cottonseed flour, corn and sorghum—cheap plant foods readily grown in most tropical countries.

Results in eight weeks

After extensive testing, Incaparina was introduced in Guatemala. The listless children took to it at once. Three cents' worth of this food a day produced startling results. Babies near death in hospitals became well in eight weeks.

Incaparina is now being introduced

in seven other countries in Central and South America. Similar compounds are being tested in Africa and Indonesia. INCAP will soon have its own IBM computer for further research.

Today, nearly half the world's population is perpetually tired, weak and vulnerable to disease—for lack of protein. Incaparina has shown how vitalizing protein can be formulated from local plant sources—readily and cheaply. As *The Reader's Digest* recently reported, "Such new foods may eventually save millions from starvation."

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ABUNDANCE

and the Future of Man

BY GERARD PIEL *A Harvard graduate, GERARD PIEL has been president and publisher of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN since 1947, and under his aegis the magazine has become one of the most influential periodicals of our day. His belief that the surpluses of the American economy can be converted into a dynamic force for India and for other developing nations in the free world is a forecast of breathtaking possibilities.*

AFTER two centuries of industrial revolution, the map of the world shows two kinds of nations: developed and underdeveloped, or, in plain language, rich and poor. The rich nations embrace less than one third of the world population and consume more than two thirds of the world's output. To most of their citizens the rising productivity of industrial technology furnishes increasing well-being; in some of these countries, surpluses have begun to embarrass the economic order. In the poor nations, on the other hand, the output of preindustrial agricultural technology tends constantly to fall behind population growth, and the material circumstances of most of their citizens are declining. Of course, poverty is not new to the experience of the mass of mankind; the rich nation is the innovation of recent history. Today, however, the poor are politically mobilized, and the new nations of the poor are committed to industrial revolution. For a century to come, the development of the underdeveloped countries will set the course of history.

No physical barrier stands in the way of this culmination of the industrial revolution. An exhaustive and authoritative accounting, rendered by scientists of many nations and by the international civil service — now two generations old — of the League of Nations and the United Nations Organization, assures us that the earth's resources are ample for the needs of a much larger world population. Existing technology is equal to the task of accelerating the increase of production ahead of the growth of population everywhere in the world. With the consequent improvement in individual circumstances, there is good reason to expect that populations will stabilize well within the capacity of resources and technology to provide material

well-being for all. The birth rate has followed the death rate downward in every country that has experienced development.

The only uncertain question is the process of development itself. Development is not an exercise in economic theory; it is an enterprise that engages the energies, ambitions, and passions of men. The open question is the cost of development: the cost to the liberty and life of the living generation of men. On the precedents of the past, reaffirmed by each cycle of development, the prospective cost of the next round — multiplied by two billion lives — makes the heart contract. To say that the question is open is to declare a hope. The hope is that history need not go on repeating itself.

Alexander Herzen, who died in Paris in 1870 after twenty-three years in exile from his native Russia, was another revolutionist who held with Thomas Jefferson that the living generation is the only proper object of social action. Herzen was the enemy of big words spelled with initial capitals. "Submission of the individual to Society, to the People, to Humanity, to the Idea," he said, "is merely a continuation of human sacrifice. . . . The individual, who is the true, real monad of society, has always been sacrificed to some concept, some collective noun, some banner or other!" More plainly than most historians, Herzen stated the cost of development in the past:

Slavery is the first step toward civilization. In order to develop, it is necessary that things should be much better for some and much worse for others; then those who are better off can develop at the expense of the others.

Because history is written so largely by its beneficiaries, history has little to say about its human cost. The record shows, however, that

Herzen's law of development — that slavery is the first step toward civilization — came into full force at an early stage, soon after the agricultural revolution and before the writing of history began. It worked well enough to lift civilization high and carry history forward to great triumphs and tragedies, all on the basis of quite primitive technologies. Out of the always inadequate and relatively constant product — per man hour and per acre — social institutions secured a sufficiently inequitable distribution of goods to support a minority in occupations that called for the exercise of higher human capacity than the scraping of brute existence from the soil.

Over millennia, development was imperceptible. The same treadmills and capstans are to be seen in the friezes of Egyptian tombs and in engravings of the seventeenth-century London dockside, and are still at work today in the fields and on the wharves of India. All at once, for reasons not known, the turn in history came from the West. Not long after Galileo and Newton had secured the foundations of celestial mechanics, the rate of technological change quickened, and the mastery of mechanical forces began to amplify the strength and skill of men. The surplus so long extracted from scarcity by deprivation of the mass of the people found a new social function. It became the capital for increasing the productive capacity of society.

The historians of the first industrial revolution are just now recognizing, however, that the process of capital formation involved a sharpening of the inequities that produced the surplus. The "savings" that financed the classical industrial revolution of England were principally involuntary. That is, the savings were taken from the reduction of the material estate of the yeomanry. This was the era of "carboniferous capitalism"; As Briggs has shrewdly traced the institution of the "two cultures" to the aesthetic and social protest of contemporary men of letters against such ugly manifestations of applied science as the slag heap and the mill-prison. The coercion and cruelty, the pain and rebellion of those days are largely forgotten or are healed in the amenities enjoyed by the latter-day heirs of the first cycle of development. E. P. Thompson closes his history of the English working class with the prayer that "Causes which were lost in England might, in Asia and Africa, yet be won."

The story has been the same in each industrial revolution that has followed. In the United States, historians continue to celebrate the frontier. But it was thirty-five million steerage immigrants — a flood of humanity equal to the nation's population at the end of the Civil War — who furnished the primary capital for the industrial revolution that got under way at the middle of the nineteenth

century. The American Negro's present determined drive to capture and assert his civil rights after a century of putative emancipation serves to remind Americans how the savings for the development of their country were corralled.

Meanwhile, the Soviet Union, the nation that has most lately joined the circle of the rich nations, looks back in dismay upon the cruel human cost of its brief, ruthless, and successful revolution. Its moralists and economists deny that the now acknowledged costs are inherent in the dictatorship of the proletariat and argue rather that these were paid to foreign invasion, counterrevolution, and the cult of personality. Presumably, another generation of economic studies will find that coercion served here, as it has served elsewhere so invariably, the elementary function of capital formation.

If these precedents must be followed, then the next few years will see the developing nations, one after another, come under authoritarian leadership. Admittedly, *ad hoc* regimes are more common than not among the poor nations, regardless of their rate of development or degree of stagnation. The nations that are moving, however, are those that are most harshly governed, and the rate of development seems to correlate directly with the disposition to apply and submit to coercion.

Against the example of history past and present, India stands alone. India's leaders have declared their determination to bring about the industrialization of their country, and the attendant radical reconstruction of the social order, through the institutions of political democracy and without resort to coercion or the invocation of class hatred and violence. This experiment in development is as crucial as it is unprecedented. Should India fail, the grim cycle is fated to go on as before. Nor can the rich nations hope to remain spectators. Those in particular that hold stakes in the one-crop and mineral-extracting economies of the pre-industrial poor nations must anticipate that the fervor of the new nationalisms will be turned against them. The proliferation of authoritarian regimes among the poor will constantly increase the danger of war, and that danger is intolerable. If the Indian experiment succeeds, on the other hand, this could be as significant a turn in history as the industrial revolution itself.

With as much despair as hope, one must admit that it is not yet possible to forecast either success or failure. The percentage gains under the first two Five-Year Plans have been great. But the absolute magnitudes are small compared with the unmet need. One can say bravely that the work has begun. But it is also clear that time is running

faster with each month and year. The rapid increase in India's urban population — the urbanization of poverty barely endurable in the shelter of the village — must tend to destabilize political institutions not yet secure.

The figures for the first two Plans show that their execution fell short of their goals; the Third Plan lags as well. But the figures show another fact: the gap in the Plans correlates with a persistent shortfall in the aid projected from overseas. After three Plans, the lesson should at last be clear. India's vision of peaceful development rests upon the expectation that the rich nations of the world will supply, by grant or long-term loan, a portion of the necessary capital. In the Third Plan this portion is explicitly declared to be 20 percent of the total investment program.

By what right or logic does one nation thus lay claim upon the wealth and bounty of others? The answer is to be found in the special nature and function of the aid expected. India, in the first place, proposes to supply 80 percent of the capital; for its share in the effort India possesses the necessary resources in great plenty, in the form of unemployed geological wealth and underemployed manpower. The missing 20 percent is technology, in the form of skills, engineering, tools, and plant equipment. These assets India does not yet possess in the self-regenerating abundance of the rich nations. Supplied from abroad, they would effect the junction of men and physical resources and produce 100 percent where the values are now zero or negative.

This is the nature of the aid India seeks from abroad. The function of this aid is equally decisive. In India's vision of development, aid is the offset to involuntary savings and the coercion necessary to secure them. Without aid in the volume projected, India would have to proceed, as other nations have done and are doing, to extract the last ounce of surplus from insufficiency by coercive deprivation. External aid, in Indian planning, is the catalyst of development. It supplies the technology that brings manpower into reaction with resources at lower social pressures and temperatures. With external aid, it becomes possible to dream of carrying development forward without sacrifice of the living generation to the promised welfare of the next.

The call for aid is not an appeal to the benevolence of the world; the condescension which burdens the term "aid" derives from the values of pre-industrial technology and the days when some really had to go without. The demand for foreign aid (we are stuck with the term) that comes from India and other developing countries carries a rightful claim upon the assets of twentieth-century civilization. The first among these assets is scientific

knowledge and the power this gives man over nature. Science and technology are the heritage of all men, because they constitute the accumulative experience of our species. That experience came to sudden fruition in the West, but no exclusive title to it is vested in the West.

It is no coincidence that the popularization of well-being in the West has been followed by the popularization of citizenship. Now India proposes that the institutions of self-government shall not await economic development but shall develop concurrently. To this end it calls upon the rich nations to help supply the needed technology.

Whatever the justice or propriety of this demand for foreign aid from the standpoint of the poor countries, it exacts no sacrifice on the part of the rich. Science and technology are not diminished by the sharing of them. It is the information, the accumulative human experience, embodied in the tools and machines that the developing nations require, not the gross materials of which these artifacts of technology are made. The materials represent the least of the values, and the smallest of the costs as well. The rich nations can respond to the demand for aid without perceptible cost to their well-being.

The rendering of external aid can, in fact, relieve the rich nations of peculiar temporary embarrassments that arise from the mismatching of the progress of their technology and the evolution of their social and economic institutions. The best example I can think of is the United States, because I know it best and because it represents industrialization in its presently most fully realized form. If my analysis leads into paradox from point to point, this flows from the no less incredible nature of the facts and figures of the U.S. industrial economy. The logic of its abundance necessarily inverts values and habits of thought predicated upon the more familiar experience of scarcity.

IT CANNOT be said that foreign aid is a popular cause just now in American politics. India's needs, and the needs of other developing countries, have nonetheless found direct resonance and firm support in the second most powerful economic interest in our political system. This is American agriculture. The reason it responds so abundantly is that agriculture is in many ways the technically most progressive sector in the economy. Less than 7 percent of the U.S. labor force is now engaged in agriculture. The contrast with the situation of India is drawn the more sharply in figures showing that most of the food consumed by the dwellers in U.S. towns and cities comes from fewer than one million farms. More important to the food supply

than the rest of the farmers and their hands are the two million workers in manufacturing who supply the fertilizer, tools, and machinery, and who process and pack the food. And more important than farmers or workers are the hundred thousand or so agricultural technicians who keep the nation's agricultural productivity on a constantly steeper upward slope.

Despite continuing reductions in the number of acres and man-hours, the American cornucopia continues to pour forth a greater flood of produce. The output at the farm is equivalent to 12,000 calories per day for each man, woman, and child in the land, enough to feed one billion people. Americans feed some of it to animals, thereby exchanging carbohydrate for protein calories; we waste much of it; we give a great deal of it away; and still we have surpluses left over to keep in storage — from 50 to 160 percent of the annual requirement of all major grains.

Especially during the last fifteen years, these developments have confounded all efforts to manage U.S. agriculture in accord with sound economic practices predicated upon the assumption or the maintenance of scarcity. The U.S. agriculturist continues to talk orthodox classical or scarcity economics on Sunday, as we say. But he has meanwhile learned to practice a sensible pragmatic kind of abundance economics on weekdays. Although he has not yet come to advocate anything so radical as production for use, he strongly favors production for production's sake.

Over the past decade one of the principal measures for sustaining the U.S. agricultural economy against the crushing burden of its surpluses has consisted in shipping those surpluses overseas to feed the hungry. Since 1954, more than nine billion dollars' worth — seventy-five million tons — of agricultural commodities has been delivered to forty-four developing countries. Shipments of wheat alone have amounted to two entire bumper crops. India has been the principal recipient of these shipments, more than two billion dollars' worth.

Under the legerdemain of Public Law 480, which sanctions this use of surpluses, the food is sold to the receiving government at world prices. The payment is taken, however, in nonconvertible currency and is loaned back to the recipient government to finance economic development programs. Sunday economics is thereby satisfied by the assurance that two dollars are made to grow in the place of one, and Public Law 480 stands as one of the most secure statutes on our books.

In point of fact, as V. M. Dandekar has shown, food may be used to finance development. He found that food could be reckoned as 20 percent of the cost of an average infrastructure project in the Second Plan. Conversely, food may be said to

exert a fivefold multiplier in the financing of development. Surely food is, as Edward S. Mason has said, "as good as gold!" Most important, this food has fed the hungry and has bought time wherever it has been shipped and consumed.

The benefits to the developing economy of the Public Law 480 food shipments are plain enough. One can scarcely credit, however, the benefits to the American economy. Here we have shipped out commodities of unquestionable intrinsic value; yet it is impossible to find that it cost Americans anything. The farmer was paid for his produce; in fact, as a result of these shipments and their salutary effect on domestic U.S. commodity prices, the farmers received more than a billion dollars in extra income. The federal government, which unburdened its storage bins, made "savings in price support acquisitions, storage and interest" totaling \$545 million in 1958 and 1959 on shipments that cost \$668 million. Because the law reserves such shipping to American bottoms, the U.S. merchant marine picked up nearly \$250 million in extra revenues from Public Law 480 during the first three years of its administration. Looking to the future, the farmers and their packers and shippers cheer themselves further with the prospect that these shipments have opened up new export markets for later dollar sales of U.S. farm commodities.

Theoretically, the recipient countries have contracted to pay dollars someday for the foods and fibers shipped to them under Public Law 480; hopefully, they will be able to do so, in the long run, out of expanded national incomes. But the accounts have already been squared domestically inside the United States in the short run. The federal government set the wheel turning with its payments of the taxpayers' money to the farmer. These payments brought the farmer into the market as a customer for a long shopping list of consumer and producer goods whose makers were glad to have a customer. The repercussions, multiplying the original transaction by two or three times, generated enough additional economic activity to bring income earners into tax brackets where they were liable for the additional taxes necessary to cover the original transaction.

Ultimately, of course, one can reckon up some real costs to America: some millions of tons of irreplaceable soluble minerals extracted from its topsoil. But this kind of cost awaits a more rational system of accounting to place it on the national ledger. Meanwhile, on the books kept by its scarcity accountants, the American economy shows nothing but plus signs.

If aid in the form of food works so well for both parties to the transaction, surely it is worthwhile to explore the possibilities of other aid in other forms.

Howard Cowden, an American businessman and student of public policy in agriculture, has observed that \$1 worth of nitrogen applied where nitrogen is the limiting factor will get \$4 in additional yield. An investment of \$100 million in fertilizer factories will produce three thousand tons of anhydrous ammonia per day; this much fertilizer will increase food production by \$345 million per year. Cowden's logic encouraged the Cooperative League of the U.S.A. to urge that the U.S. Agency for International Development be authorized to join with its client countries in the building of \$100 million worth of fertilizer factories, with Public Law 480 funds supplying the client's half of the necessary investment capital.

Since the logic works so well to this point, I, for one, am tempted to carry it still further, to the last step. My proposal is that India should set up the steel plant to make the steel to build the fertilizer factories to produce the fertilizer to grow the food grains. The equivalent steel plant would have to be imported only once; upon going into production, it would produce the steel for a fertilizer factory each year thereafter. My proposal, therefore, calls for the ingot capacity needed to produce sixty million rupees' worth of finished steel.

India is a big country, however, and it can use a much bigger addition to its steel capacity. A plant appropriate to the size of India is planned at Bokaro; at its full projected capacity of four million ingot tons, Bokaro will represent an investment of seven billion rupees. The sixty million rupees' worth of steel needed to keep Indian agriculture supplied with new fertilizer plants will take up only 3.3 percent of its annual output.

Here is an insight into one of the paradoxes of industrial technology: food production increases in volume and efficiency precisely in ratio with its decline as a percentage of total economic activity. The United States operates the world's biggest agricultural establishment in terms of output, producing five times as much food as the people of the country need to sustain their nutrition, yet the agricultural sector accounts for less than 10 percent of the gross national product.

By this time, however, I do not suppose that anyone in India needs to be persuaded of the connection between agricultural productivity and industrialization. Rather, it is the peoples of the rich nations who do not yet see the connection between food and steel. The Bokaro episode in the relations of the United States and India is a case in point. It is worth closer examination for what it reveals about the prospects for fruitful collaboration of the rich and the poor nations in the task of development.

Two apparent lines of argument were advanced against U.S. assistance to the building of Bokaro;

the two, in fact, come down to one. What hurt most was the technical critique which cited deficiencies in personnel, uncertainties as to raw materials, and inadequacies of transportation. Not long ago in the United States we heard the very same arguments advanced against Henry J. Kaiser's determination to build the first integrated steel plant in California, a plant that developed the lowest operating costs in the entire steel industry just as soon as Kaiser got it built. The supposedly technical critique of Bokaro may, therefore, be taken to be as purely ideological as the ideological arguments themselves. India proposes to build this steel mill in the public sector of its economy. The suggestion that the American taxpayer might help to finance the construction of Bokaro was therefore the occasion for an old-fashioned camp meeting of Sunday economists. Listening to the clamor, one might find it hard to believe that the American businessman, factory worker, salesman, clerk, and engineer, no less than the American farmer, are learning to live and work in pragmatic accommodation with the rising tide of abundance that has swept away the premises of the official ideology.

THE problems of production have long since been solved in the U.S. economy. Its surplus does not arise from the classical process of coercive deprivation but consists in a true physical excess of product and of capacity to produce. Success in production has confounded the process of distribution. The distribution system requires that the would-be consumer hold a job in order that he may bring his need into the marketplace as effective demand. But technology has severed the connection between people and production. Besides the farmers, not much more than 30 percent of the U.S. labor force can now be classified as "producers of goods." Since 1950, this category has not only declined as a percentage of a growing labor force but even in absolute numbers. What is more, employment in distribution, which formerly helped so mightily to secure the distribution of goods by qualifying its own workers as consumers, has begun to yield to technological disemployment. The same is true of the white-collar clerical work force. Above all, from the ideological standpoint, the most significant trend is the rising ratio of employment in the public sector of the economy as compared with that in the private sectors. More than half of the new jobs created since 1950 are in the public sector.

Now, the functions served by the public sector do not yield what is ordinarily reckoned as "profit." The biggest expansion in jobs — more than a million new jobs in the decade — has come in teaching, a function which is characteristically

public and which, in the United States, is the responsibility of local, municipal, and state budgets. In percentage terms, scientific research and engineering have been the most rapidly growing professions. Since the end of World War II the substantial growth — totaling perhaps three million jobs — in these elite functions has been financed almost entirely by the public sector.

In other words, against all the precepts and injunctions of its formal economics the U.S. social order has been accepting entirely new values and priorities. It has been forced to do so, in part, by the need to effect the distribution of its abundance via job-generated demand. Quite apart from the economic compulsions that justify such job-making, however, the values and the priorities have themselves begun to capture the public esteem. In this respect America lags behind other industrialized countries, where the public sector and its welfare functions have long turned over a larger portion of the gross national product and have held a higher moral priority. Nonetheless, the American solution to the management of abundance promises to set generous precedents for the world. Its public education system, for example, stands as the most truly democratic in design and motivation, even though the resolute effort to extend the best to all may slight both the brilliant and the backward.

Significantly, the new functions fostered by material abundance are those that engage people with people rather than with things. In the end, we may expect societies thus richly endowed to encourage increasing numbers of their citizens to pursue the practice of citizenship full-time. Presumably, if America had already arrived at such a blessed estate, there would be no trouble about foreign aid. An enlightened and humane electorate would not fail to recognize its ethical obligations. But even now there is support for the expectation that this country may lead the rest of the industrial nations to sponsor development on a meaningful scale.

THE American economy faces a serious crisis. The rate of growth in recent years has not much exceeded the increase in population; a high percentage of the country's industrial plants remain chronically idle, and unemployment has been rising in waves of alarmingly larger amplitude. Automatic factories — offices and shops, in other words — have been producing as much poverty as wealth. Poverty is now officially acknowledged as an affliction of one fifth of the population; something more like one third of the people, however, remain "ill-housed, ill-clad and ill-nourished." In part, the situation has been concealed by the geographic segregation of poverty — for example,

in the backwoods of Appalachia; by the social segregation of poverty in the Negro and other disadvantaged minorities; and by the experience of poverty as a phase of life — in dreary years between school and the first job, and in years of unwilling "retirement" enforced by abolition of the job.

The true situation has been even more grossly obscured by the hollow affluence of the war economy. Armaments, carrying as they do the absolute sanction of survival of the modern state, have had almost unquestioned command of the public treasury. The steady stream of funds pumped into this economic sink has directly and indirectly subsidized from at least 10 percent to as much as 20 percent of the nation's total economic activity. Space, the Atom, and Big Science have held their catch basins under the overflow from Defense and provided employment for many of the highly trained people that U.S. society has been producing in such large numbers. It is a measure of the distance already traveled toward abundance that the economy can sponsor so much nonproductive and even purely wasteful activity, not only without visible sacrifice but even as a covertly acknowledged means for maintaining consumer demand. The military budget has carried an additional ideological sanction in that it redirects more than 5 percent of the gross national product from the public back into the private sector.

The advance of technology has now, however, overtaken this makeshift arrangement. With the acquisition of overkill, armaments have lost their absolute claim on the treasury. Even prior to a disarmament agreement, a first small cut in the military budget is now before the U.S. Congress. Plainly, the U.S. economy must soon find other ways to sustain its activity at the present high rate. Since it will necessarily continue to produce surpluses beyond its own effective demand, the United States must invent new methods for disposing of them.

Next to armaments, the most convenient method would seem to be offered by foreign aid. As significant elements in the leadership of industry already realize, eighty cents out of each foreign-aid dollar is spent within the borders of the United States. In the prospective American collaboration on the building of the Bokaro steel mill, for example, "what has to be financed is rolling mills, presses, and other equipment that has to be imported into India to construct this mill. . . . Those things . . . cannot be bought with Indian rupees. They have to be bought — they will be bought entirely — in the United States if we finance this mill." Moreover, just as in the case of military expenditures, foreign aid takes the goods it buys out of the domestic market, thereby maintaining the scarcities that still keep the economic mechanism ticking.

Foreign aid thus calls upon the same institutional relations between government and business as armaments and provides an equally direct channel for diverting funds from the public back into the private sector. A substantial foreign-aid program would generate demand for the products of neglected and vital sectors of industry, including the heavy-machinery builders and the machine-tool industry, whose domestic business proceeds in cycles of "chickens today and feathers tomorrow." If shipments of fungible wheat can cultivate markets for U.S. farmers, surely the installation of U.S. machine tools would establish beachheads for future dollar markets. A radical expansion in foreign aid would also provide the most convenient way to soak up the surplus of engineering and research talent that is accumulating with the cutback in national defense and prestige expenditures. During the period of fifteen to twenty years which will be required, at a minimum, for the United States to bring its economic, social, and value systems into adjustment with the advent of automatic production, foreign aid can relieve many of the nation's internal stresses and strains. By the end of this period, given a sufficiently massive flow of aid, many of the developing countries, including India in particular, will have acquired the capacity for self-sustaining growth.

If foreign aid has not yet rallied the support of significant numbers of interested parties in the rich countries outside the U.S. farm bloc, this is only because it has been conducted on such a pitifully inadequate scale. The rich nations variously inflate their claims as to the size of their foreign-aid programs. A dispassionate estimate is provided by the 1962 report to the Secretary General of the United Nations on the economic and social consequences of disarmament prepared by an international group of expert consultants. The report indicates that the net flow of aid from rich to poor nations runs from \$3.5 billion to \$4 billion per year. This squares with independent estimates that the total rate of investment in the underdeveloped countries does not exceed \$20 billion — or less than 20 percent of the armaments outlays of the rich nations. To the present flow, the United States contributes about 40 percent, or something under \$2 billion, a figure that agrees well with the official U.S. governmental figures, less the funds laid out for military purposes.

Since the U.S. economy must soon find conveniently large open sluices for its surpluses — other than armaments — its foreign-aid outlay could easily double. With disarmament, it might easily double again. If the United States were thus to take the lead in expanding the scale of external aid to the development of the poor countries, as it

already leads in the rationing of the current trickle of aid, the total flow might equal or even exceed the \$14 billion figure projected by the first committee of experts that considered this question for the General Assembly of the United Nations in 1951. With external aid on such a scale, the total investment programs of the poor nations could be boosted to as much as \$100 billion per year, and might begin to approach the world's outlay for armaments. An increasing number of taxpayers in the United States and in other countries are ready to agree that foreign aid is a better buy.

There is another aspect to the relations of the rich and the poor nations, however, that presents considerable hazard to the generation of a significantly large flow of foreign aid. Again, Alexander Herzen has put the issue plainly:

So long as the educated minority, living off all previous generations, hardly guessed why life was so easy to live; so long as the majority, working day and night, did not quite realize why they received none of the fruits of their labor — both parties could believe this to be the natural order of things. . . . People often take prejudice or habit for truth and in that case feel no discomfort; but if they once realize that their truth is nonsense, the game is up. From then onwards it is only by force that a man can be compelled to do what he considers absurd.

The absurdity of the arrangements that enforce poverty in the twentieth century is becoming clear the world over. Development in some countries can come only with social and political as well as industrial revolution. In almost every country, it implies the revision or abrogation of the last thread of the colonial bonds that tie the developing country to its "home" country.

No matter what the leitmotiv or the bloody detail of each cycle as it gets under way, the extension of external aid can facilitate the underlying process of capital formation and soften its demands upon the people. India's experience will prove decisive to the course of the development in all the other rising nations. For India's planners have plainly detailed the nature and the function of foreign aid and called for it on a scale sufficient to challenge the conscience as well as the interest of the peoples of the rich nations.

It is important to know that foreign aid on an adequate scale is technologically feasible, and that it promises as much economic benefit to the rich as to the poor. The ground is cleared for confrontation of the moral issue. In the case of the United States, external aid will surely begin to flow in significant volume as soon as its citizens understand that their surpluses can lift the burden of history off the backs of the living generation.

DAN JACOBSON

A N O T H E R D A Y

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I WAS lying in the shade of a peach tree that grew to the side of the lawn. Behind me sprawled our house, with its broad red stoop, its white pillars and white wooden shutters. When I raised myself on one elbow I could see something of the street beyond our fence: meager trees grew at regular intervals from the sand of the pavement, and the black tarmac gleamed in the sunlight. Overhead, above the thin, tapering leaves of the peach tree, was the blue sky and the sun. It was a Sunday morning; my parents were out of the house, but I could hear the African servants talking idly to one another in the backyard. The sun was warm; a contrasting coolness rose from the grass underneath me; in my nostrils there was the bitter almond scent of the peach leaves I had plucked and crushed between my fingers. Somehow, every element, every sensation I was conscious of seemed to contribute to the morning's wide, full stillness; each was part of its calm. I held a book in my hands, but I wasn't reading it.

I was roused by a strange rumbling sound coming from the road, and sat up, wondering what was making it. The noise grew louder; within the rumble I could hear the squeak of metal, the crunch of sand or gravel against the tar. Drawn by curiosity, I went to the fence and looked up the road.

I can still remember the shock I felt when I saw what it was that had broken so clumsily into the peace and silence of the morning. The noise I had heard was that of a funeral procession. But what a funeral procession! What a cortege of mourners! What a hearse! On a flat wooden two-wheeled barrow of the kind used to carry vegetables and coops of chickens in Lyndhurst's market square, a metal frame had been erected, from which there hung a canopy of a few black strips of cloth. Beneath this wretched canopy, naked on the planks of the barrow, there rested a small coffin. As the wheels went around and around on the tar, metal rims grating, the barrow shook at every joint. And the coffin on it shook too.

The coffin was that of a child; it was a plain wooden box without handles or ornament of any kind. At its roughly sawed corners the heads of a few nails shone brightly. The child in the coffin must have been even younger than I was at the time — the box wasn't more than three feet long. Next to it, on the planks, there lay a spade.

The barrow was level with me; then it had gone by. None of the three people following it seemed to have seen me. The man pushing the barrow was a young, strongly built African, very black in color, dressed in a pair of shorts and a shirt. His head was bare, and so were his feet. The calf muscles of each leg bunched as he took his strides off the balls of his feet, leaning forward slightly against the barrow. His head was lowered, and from his mouth there came a wordless, tuneless chant. Behind him walked two African women, with *doeks* on their heads, long cotton dresses trailing around their ankles, and fringed shawls over their shoulders. They both clutched their shawls together with their hands in front of their mouths, so that their faces were veiled, hidden.

No one else was in the street; no one else seemed to be standing in any of the gardens to watch the procession go by.

Why did I follow them? The brutal, pathetic unexpectedness of the sight on such a morning had something to do with my action, I know. So, too, did my own solitariness at the time. Even more compelling was the fact that the coffin was that of a child, not of an adult. In any case, on an impulse I could no more have resisted than anticipated, I went to the gate and, at a distance of about fifty yards, began to walk after the group.

GROANING and rumbling, the barrow went down the road. We covered the distance of one block, a second, a third. Here and there someone working in his garden paused for a moment to stare, or an African walking up the road stopped, shook his head, and then went on. No one seemed to associate me with the group; how could anyone have guessed that I, a white child walking by himself, was following it? But I wouldn't have cared anyway, even if some bystander had become curious about what I was doing. I followed under a compulsion I did not understand but could not disobey. I had eyes only for the powerful legs of the man pushing the barrow, the bowed heads of the women, the light, shaking box that contained the body of a child younger than myself. The houses we were now passing between were much smaller and closer to the pavement than those higher up; we had come into an area which I was usually nervous about entering alone, because of the rough, filthy-kneed Afrikaner children who played and fought on the pavements here. But hardly anyone was around this morning.

We passed a police station, a row of shops, all of them closed, and the road then descended into a subway and under the railway lines. Beyond the railway, the road was no longer tarred; the area was an outright slum, inhabited by poor whites and Cape Coloreds, bordered by acres upon acres of the barren green mine dumps which lay all around the outskirts of our town. The dumps were enclosed within a fierce barbed-wire fence twelve feet high, with a twisted coil of the wire running all the way along the top. The group with the barrow turned and followed a dusty, pitted road that ran parallel to the railway lines. Soon there were no houses around us at all. On one side were the railway lines, on the other the barbed wire and mine dumps.

I thought I knew where we were going. About a mile farther down the road there was an African "location," thrust down on a flat stretch of ground where the mining company's wire curved away from the railway. However, when the group came to a fork in the road, only the two women went straight on toward the location; the man pushed

the barrow some way down the road to the left before halting and throwing himself down in the shade of a little camel thorn tree that grew to the side of the road. He left the barrow with the coffin on it standing in the sun. The women were soon lost to sight in the confusion of rust-colored, dust-colored shacks that stretched away indistinguishably across the bare, level earth. Although the first of the shacks was only a few hundred yards away, and in spite of the strength of the sunlight, the location looked unsubstantial, insignificant, dim.

I waited at the fork, on the side of the road nearest to the railway lines; I stared through a wire fence at a locomotive and a few goods trucks standing idly on a spur of the line. Very few people passed by; all of them were Africans, going to or coming from the location. Some were on foot, others rode on bicycles whose tires hissed through the sand. They all glanced at me, some of them smiled, but none of them spoke to me. Nor did any of them seem to notice the man and the coffin, half concealed by the thorn tree, at a distance down the side road.

Having come so far, I had to go farther. Hesitantly, hearing the sound of my own footsteps on the road and watching my shadow in front of me, I approached the man. Only when I was within a few feet of him did I look up. He had drawn himself up at my approach; he was sitting with his knees raised in front of his chest and his arms behind him, propping up his body. I don't know what I had expected him to look like; I certainly hadn't expected to find him smiling at me in the most cheerful way possible. His face was broad, his skin smooth, his teeth white. Over each eye there was a protuberance of bone which might have given his face an angry lowering aspect if his expression had not been so amused. As it was, his eyes seemed to peep slyly at me under these heavy brows, like a child's.

"Ja, kleinbaas," he said to me, by way of greeting. His voice was deep and had an idle, teasing note in it. "What are you looking for?" he asked me, in Afrikaans.

He spoke so cheerfully I had to ask him, "Isn't it your child — in there?" The question came out of my breast in two heaves. With an effort I looked from him to the coffin and pointed at it. Now that I was so close to it, I felt almost sick with fear, with a sudden repulsion against my own presence there.

The man turned his head and looked at the coffin, wrinkling his brow against the brightness of the sunlight beyond the shadow in which he lay. "Nee, my kleinbaas, it isn't my child. The little boy in there didn't have a father." He glanced at me and asked, "You understand what I mean?"

I did not; the man's words made everything seem even more strange and incomprehensible to me than it was before. How could a child not have a father? The question was as impossible for me to answer as the other which had been filling my breast ever since I had first seen the coffin: How, while I was alive, while I lay safely on the lawn at home, could a child younger than I was be dead, be nailed up in a box, be carted publicly across the town on a barrow? And soon he would be buried out of sight — that I knew, but could not believe.

"The one woman is his mother, the other is his mother's sister," the man said with a casual, almost contemptuous willingness to tell me what he could. "And they're fetching the *ouma*, the grandmother, now. Then we go to the graveyard. The child had a sickness in his chest." He tapped lightly, with a dust-stained hand, on his own deep chest. Then he held up a single finger of that hand. "I do all the work for a pound. Just one pound, and I make the coffin, and I take it where they want me to, and I dig the hole also."

He sat up and squatted on his haunches. The grin was back on his face. "*Kleinbaas*," he said to me cajolingly, but with an unmistakable hint of a threat in his voice, "do you want to look inside? Come!" And he rose swiftly on the word.

I started as though he had hit me; I turned and ran. My heart was beating so violently in my throat I felt I must vomit it up. How had he known? I could never, never have uttered the wish, could never have admitted it to myself. Behind me, as I ran, I heard the man laughing. Then I heard a scurry in the sand. He was coming after me. The earth seemed to turn across all its width like a great, flat wheel; I could not keep my balance on it. I fell and looked up. His smiling face was over me.

"Don't run away, *kleinbaas*," he said. His hands grasped me gently. At his touch I was sure I was going to die. Death itself was standing over me — dark, smiling, large, irresistible. I was going to be put in a box, like that other child; I was going to learn all that that child had learned. I closed my eyes and waited.

I must have fallen into total unconsciousness for a few moments, for I do not remember the man letting go of me or hearing his footsteps retreating from me. All I knew when I opened my eyes was that the man's face was no longer between me and the sky. I did not look where he had gone. I got to my feet and took a few paces, but could not go on, I felt so weak and unsteady. There was a ditch to the side of the road, and because I didn't want anybody to see me, I crept into it. How long I lay there, panting and sobbing, with my head on my arms and my eyes closed, I do not know. At

first I cried out of fear; afterward out of a pity I felt equally for myself and the unknown, dead child whose coffin I had followed. Nor do I know how long I remained there, after I had breathed out my last sob, in a kind of dark, comforting, emotionless daze. But when at last I stood up I found, without surprise, that I was no longer afraid.

The man and his barrow were gone from the thorn tree. But I could see the wheel tracks that the barrow had left in the sand, and I began to follow them. A car passed me, with a swirl of dust at its tires, and I saw the people in it looking curiously at me. I went on walking. To the left the barbed-wire fence ran straight, interminably, the dumps of earth lying empty behind it. On the right, almost as bare of vegetation as the dumps, was a stretch of veld where a few piccanins were playing with a ball. The spaces around them made their figures look tiny. And then I saw the location's cemetery.

It looked much like the veld where the piccanins were playing, only its surface was more irregular, broken by innumerable little mounds of earth. There was no fence around it. From hundreds of the mounds there gleamed little points of light: reflections from the jam tins which were used to hold the flowers brought by mourners. There were only one or two formal tombstones to be seen; there were a few more wooden crosses, some of them tilted at drunken angles; there were many strips of corrugated iron thrust upright into the ground, with names painted on them; there were some graves with their borders marked out carefully by small boulders laid in rows on the ground. But most of the graves were quite without adornment, means of identification, or demarcation of any kind; it was impossible to tell where each ended or began. There was not a tree, not even a bush, anywhere. Among all the low mounds and humps of earth, the people I was looking for stood out distinctly. There were three women, one of them bent and shorter than the other two, and a man working with a spade.

The women stood aside from the man, next to the barrow with the coffin on it. They did not seem to be weeping; merely watching and waiting, as I was. When the hole was a few feet deep — the rim of it came to the man's waist when he stood in it — the man clambered out, wiped his brow, and simply picked up the coffin and carried it in his arms to the grave. The women cried out briefly, then were silent. The man slid the coffin, end foremost, into the grave and climbed in after it to lay it flat. A moment later he had climbed out again and was shoveling the earth inside the hole, working very fast.

The women waited until he had done. Then

they turned and began walking toward the location, taking a shortcut across the veld. The man, alone once more, pushed the empty barrow to the road, where I was standing. The going was difficult for him among the graves, and it took him some time to draw near. Still I waited. I wanted to see the man; I wanted him to see me. I wanted to show him that I was no longer afraid.

Eventually he reached the road. He blew out his breath noisily and smiled. In his deep, mocking voice he said softly, "The *baas* still isn't satisfied?"

He pointed a finger at me and shook it. "Another day, my *baas*. Another day."

I began walking home, ahead of him. All the way home I heard the rumble of the barrow behind me. At the gate of the house I stood and watched the man go past; I knew he was conscious of me, but he did not look in my direction. He did not need to. His head was lowered, and from his lips there came that tuneless, wordless chant I had heard before. The muscles of his legs quivered with every long stride he took.

BALLAD OF THE PARTICIPANT OBSERVER IN A DEVIANT SUBCULTURE

by Philip Murray

I lied with the liars,
I cheated with cheats
To con what made
Their crooked hearts beat.

I slashed my palm
And swore by the blood
I would never be good,
I would never be good.

I ripped my uniform,
I dumped my food;
I spied on my keepers
Whenever I could.

I played being sick,
I gripped my bed;
But my cleverest trick
Was to play being dead.

All through my wake,
While the prisoners wept
And the keepers watched,
I secretly slept.

But just as they lowered me
Into the grave
I leaped from my coffin
And started to rave:

"Liars and cheaters,
Keepers and kept,
Bleeders and sleepers,
Weepers and wept,

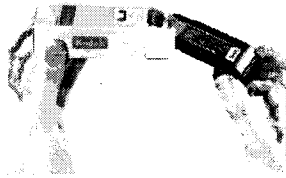
D is for danger,
E is for earth,
A is for anger,
T is for truth,

H is for handball,
Hunchback, hospital,
Handlebar, homesick,
Hunger strike, hell.

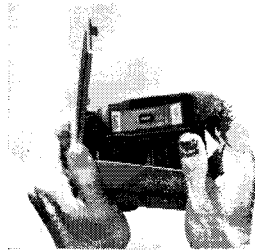
Put them all together
And what do they spell?"
But they buried me alive
Before I could tell.

L'envoi

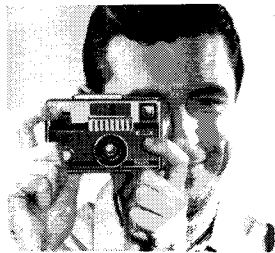
Is Death the reason
Boys misbehave?
I keep the seasons
In a seasonless grave.



OPEN

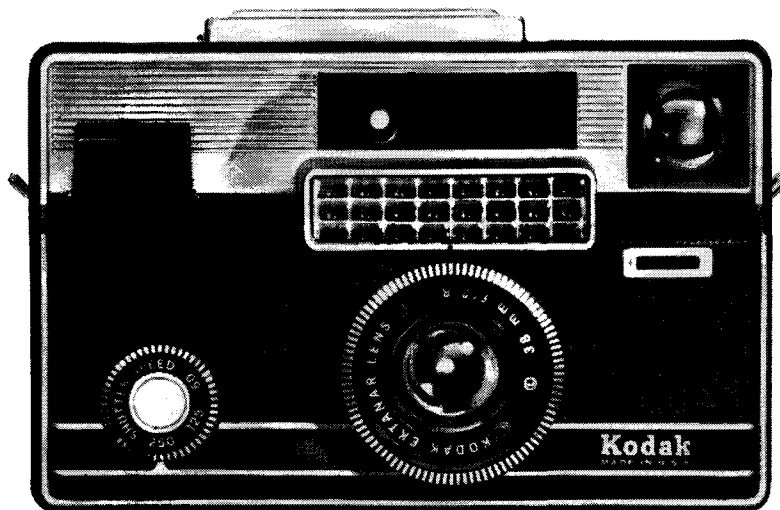


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Author and historian, OSCAR HANDLIN has from his early boyhood spent countless hours in the public and special libraries of this country, reading and studying their immense treasures. His article is particularly appropriate for the celebration of National Library Week, April 12 to 18.



LIBRARIES AND LEARNING

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

WHY should I care?" the librarian asked as I rose to leave. But she did care, although she believed that hardly anyone else in the town did.

We had talked but briefly. She was short of help, did almost everything herself, and time was precious on a Monday afternoon. Besides, her problems were simply stated. There was not enough money, and everything cost so much that she was all the time forced to make ridiculous decisions. Here was a battered *Tom Sawyer*, a book no decent library could do without. If it went back to the shelf as it was, it would soon disintegrate. The expense of rebinding it now was higher than its original price, but a new copy, properly bound, was more costly still. Whatever was spent to salvage or replace this volume reduced the amount available to add much-needed new titles.

The city manager was tolerant and had permitted her budget to rise slowly in the five years she had been here. But she knew that he was only tossing her scraps to keep her content; he gave lowest priority to the library among the departments that pressed their claims for a greater share of the tax dollar. And most citizens, she thought, agreed with him. The children, after all, could get their books in school, and for the adults there was a good selection of paperbacks at each of the drugstores. That the library itself served an independent educational function,

Woodcut from THE ART OF THE BOOK by Bernard H. Newdigate, Viking.

more important now than ever, seemed known only to the harried young woman.

I went away perturbed. As I came out into the neat streets of the prosperous Midwestern town, my mind went back to quite another setting, to New York's East Side, where the library had begun to mold my own life. My education took a decisive turn at the age of six, when my mother led me by the hand up those stone steps.

As we climbed the staircase to the children's room on the second floor, I caught a glimpse of the reading room, of earnest grown-ups studying at the long oak tables, of the seemingly endless rows of books beyond. My mother talked to the lady at the desk, and I was given my card.

I could borrow two books at a time, but I could not return them until a day later. I could, however, get a third in by reading it on the spot. I consumed the little volumes voraciously, but by the time we moved away, I still had a long way to go toward my objective of working through every case that lined the walls.

Thereafter I never allowed myself to be separated from the library. Tompkins Park, New Utrecht, Gravesend — the branches dotted across the city marked the various stages of the family's movings. Some collections occupied buildings of their own; others hid behind the painted-over glass windows of converted stores. All held the books that were the means of my learning.



THE PATRICIAN MARK XI IN ITALIAN PROVINCIAL STYLING

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BETTER MEDICINES FOR A BETTER WORLD

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Throughout my youth, the library rather than the school stood for education. The school was a prison, its teachers custodians of an alien adult code to which, since there was no escape, their charges conformed out of docility, fear, or greed. The library put immense treasures at my disposal without constraint or external discipline; it only waited to be used. The person behind the desk did not make herself known as authority. And the books were their own reward, to be read not for adult approval or for grades but for the pleasure and knowledge they conveyed. Here the mind was free to inquire, free, therefore, to learn.

Later I discovered that my experience was far from unique. Hundreds of boys and girls who grew up in the great cities in my generation and in that which preceded it could be seen each day, like Mary Antin, on the library steps, "waiting for the door of paradise to open." They fell upon their books "as a glutton pounce upon his meat after a period of enforced starvation." In an adverse social environment the library was the saving element that enabled them to make sound men and women of themselves.

Before their day, access to the collections of a generous neighbor or of a mechanics institute had aided many a lad, like Andrew Carnegie, toward self-understanding and toward a sense of life's purpose. And back farther still, when self-teaching was a common mode of education, it was in the library that men like Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Godfrey had sought learning.

In 1672, Concord, Massachusetts, established the first collection of books for circulation among the townspeople. In 1698, Charleston, South Carolina, created a short-lived public library. In the next century and a half, various subscription companies made books available throughout the expanding country. In 1833, Peterboro, New Hampshire, set up its town library; and after Boston established the precedent in 1853, the municipalities took up the burden. In this variety of forms, the library made a contribution of inestimable importance to the development of American culture.

Through its whole evolution, the public library was not an adjunct or a supplement but an alternative to the school system. It was open to all persons at every stage of their lives and laid out no prescribed course of reading but permitted each individual to seek the instruction or the release of fantasy that he himself desired. In that permissiveness and flexibility lay its strength.

THE library still has an important educational role. Only our inclination to identify education

with the formal school system leads to neglect of an institution which awards no degrees and prepares for no careers. In the competition for public and private funds, in the attention of students and their parents, the library is too often treated as a dispensable luxury, with only secondary claims to support. However the statistics are regarded, they tell the same story. Far more Americans should have access to libraries now than earlier. The total population has risen since 1940 by almost 40 percent, and an ever-larger percentage of it is urban, able to read, educated, and leisured, and therefore in a position to use the resources of the library if they were put within reach. The urban population went up from little more than 55 percent of the total in 1940 to 70 percent in 1960. At the same time, the percentage of the foreign-born and illiterate fell steadily, while the number of retired and the level of completed schooling both climbed.

Leisure, too, is more abundant than before. The decline in the length of the work week has made additional free hours available to men of every social status. The mechanization of housework has put time at the disposal of ever more women, and the drop in the retirement age has increased the corps of mature people without occupations. In every part of the country adult-education and reading courses multiply in response to the hunger for education.

The schools also make greater calls upon library resources. Teachers are not so ready as formerly to depend upon a textbook, but they send all their students for special reports and other assignments to the same list of books. These trends have enormously expanded the number of potential readers.

Yet before it could meet these additional needs, the library also had to cope with social pressures which already strained its facilities. The population explosion of the past two decades did not come in the older areas of settlement, already partially equipped with books and buildings. Americans since 1940 have continued their restless moving about. The drift from the countryside to the cities and from East to West has taken new forms in response to the industrialization of the Pacific Coast, the Gulf states, and the upper South. Meanwhile, the spread of the suburbs has redistributed the residents of many metropolitan regions, and redevelopment has altered the character of many neighborhoods. Central districts that were densely settled in 1920 have often lost population to new communities on the outskirts; yet the planners, in allocating future resources, must also reckon on the possibility that further changes in housing facilities will bring back some of the departed.

To provide services as adequate as those of 1940, therefore, the library would have had to expand more rapidly than it has. To meet the new needs would have called for truly phenomenal growth. The response has fallen far short of the requirements of the situation. Despite the services of devoted staffs, the educational potential of the library has hardly been exploited.

We must leave out of account, in judging the adequacy of our systems, the medical, legal, college, school, governmental, and other libraries that serve special purposes and do not add to the general resources for reading. Properly speaking, there are about 7500 public libraries in the United States, in addition to some 3625 branches in municipal or county systems. The total is impressive. But the record becomes somewhat less satisfying when any qualitative criteria are applied to it. Perhaps a third of the libraries are too small to be effective; they have incomes of less than \$2000 a year or are open fewer than six hours a week. Realistically speaking, the United States enjoys the services of about 5000 useful libraries. Even these are not all they should be. Many outside the larger cities are underequipped and poorly staffed, and fully half the total are open only twenty-four hours a week or less.

This situation represents some improvement since 1940. The number of libraries has risen by about 10 percent in the past two decades. The number of volumes on their shelves has increased; but the number per capita has remained about the same, and in some years has actually declined. There are more cardholders than before, but the fact remains that some fifty million Americans still live out of reach of any public library, and about 75 percent of the population never use one.

No other medium has compensated for the deficiency. Subscription clubs, paperbacks, and other mass marketing devices have sustained the book-buying habit among a minority of the population. But the growth in sales has not kept pace with the increase in the potential reading public. And, in any case, these expedients can only supplement, not substitute for, the library, which alone can extend to all people the opportunity to learn freely and independently.

MANY library problems are the products of a poverty that limits staffs, services, and plants. Librarians have always been underpaid. Like nurses and social workers, they earned professional recognition only slowly and grudgingly. These, after all, were women's occupations that needed no particular reward. Starting salaries

have gone up from an average of about \$3000 before the war to about \$5000, a rise that just about compensates for the increases in cost of living, but one that is not enough to elevate the status of the librarians or increase the attractiveness of their calling.

In the competition for talent, the public library suffers most of all. It recruits and holds on to an adequate staff with difficulty because trained personnel now find more attractive openings in the special libraries of industry, government, and the universities, which command greater financial resources and research opportunities. The public library sadly lags.

All other costs have also soared. Book budgets have risen since the war, but hardly enough to offset higher prices. The average novel went up from \$2.58 in 1941 to \$4.33 in 1961, the average history from \$3.89 to \$7.84, the average biography from \$3.30 to \$6.23; and the upward trend has shown no sign of easing off. Other charges, for binding, for supplies, and for services, have risen correspondingly. The enterprising librarian who wishes to reach out toward a wider public is trapped in a fiscal vise. It takes extraordinary ingenuity to maintain programs for children or elderly folk, to launch a lecture series, or to develop collections of special interest to the community.

Some big cities are plagued by obsolete plants built fifty years or more ago on sites that fitted earlier residential patterns but that are now inappropriate. The old structures should be replaced, and new ones should rise where they will be used — in the shopping center if necessary. Communities that have invested in new construction have been rewarded by immediate and dramatic increases in the use of books. More important, cities like Miami Beach, Florida, and Flint, Michigan, have shown how a modern building can establish an intimate, flexible relationship between the library and readers of every age. Yet the costs of new buildings are so high that many hard-pressed municipalities refuse even to consider such additional charges upon their budgets.

The inability, or unwillingness, of the large metropolitan centers to adjust their governmental arrangements to the new conditions complicates the task. The library is primarily a responsibility of the local community; but in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Boston, the power to govern and to tax is fragmented among hundreds of various entities, so that the resources of the whole region cannot be applied to its needs.

In the rural districts the problems are different but equally serious. Many county systems have made an effort to extend their services outside the built-up communities through bookmobiles and

other devices. Again, costs have been a limiting factor; most states were slow even to take advantage of the federal funds made available by the Library Services Act of 1956.

Throughout the nation, expenditures had to rise radically in order to permit the libraries to do as good a job as they have. Between 1939 and 1958 alone, costs mounted from \$30 million to \$170 million. That was the price of staving off an absolute decline in the effectiveness of the existing systems. However, to enable the libraries to meet the new needs they now confront would call for far greater increases. A comparison with the public schools is instructive. To meet a rise in enrollments of 31 percent between 1940 and 1960, public school expenditures went up by 650 percent, from \$2 to \$15 billion, and even that was far from sufficient. The smaller rise in library budgets was much less adequate, for these lagged farther behind the needs to justify with.

Yet the local communities, dependent for their revenue upon an inflexible general property tax, are already sorely pressed by their mounting needs for educational, health, police, and recreation services. In the competition for public funds, the library stands at an enormous disadvantage. It lacks glamour, for it awards no degrees, gives no diplomas. No influential alumni press its claims, and no counterpart to the far-flung educational network of PTA members, teachers and administrators makes its requirements known to legislators and city fathers.

Above all, the library offers neither a measurable return on the investment in it nor visible evidence of the damage done by its neglect. The schools can demonstrate what they do for their graduates in the race for careers. It is not so easy to demonstrate the educational service that the library renders in furthering the intellectual development of its users. No budget makers can fail to note the rising tide of students who must be provided for. It is not so easy to point up the missed opportunities when children or adults who might be reading and thinking idle their time away.

The library will strengthen its demand for support by clarifying its own function and by retooling for the job new conditions have created. It should resist all temptations toward becoming an adjunct of the school and insist upon the validity of its own role as the channel that makes the accumulated wisdom of the culture available to all the people.

But it ought to be flexible, adaptive, and experimental in the way it plays its role. It could ease the *Tom Sawyer* problem, for instance, by laying in a small stock of paperbacks for sale to those readers who do not wish to wait for titles in heavy

demand. It could thus relieve the pressure on much-used volumes, nurture the book-buying habit, and still have popular titles available for those who wished only to borrow them.

Some areas have begun seriously to reorganize their resources. The Pennsylvania library code of 1961, for instance, aims to put every resident of the state within a half hour of an adequate library. Financial aid from the Commonwealth will permit local libraries to pool their facilities in thirty central districts and four regions, which will enable all to operate more efficiently. Elsewhere there are interesting efforts to reshape county and municipal systems in order to separate reference from branch lending functions and thus to stretch available resources. To make their services more widely known, some cities have found it useful to advertise in the press. Others have begun to enlist volunteers in the service of the library, counting on the heightened sense of participation to mobilize additional support and spread the reading habit. These are hopeful signs that some communities know the value of their libraries. Every step that demonstrates the vitality of the institution will buttress its claims for increased funds.

Its poverty has all too often prevented the library from competing successfully with powerful rivals that distract the attention of potential readers. The free time made available by the shorter work week has gone into sports and visual entertainment, and particularly into television watching. It has not increased the number of hours devoted to books. No more than 30 percent of the adult population now reads a book a month — any book.

Vaguely, Americans are aware that they are missing something, although they are not quite sure what it is. A study of television-audience attitudes by Gary A. Steiner, for example, reveals that many viewers feel a sense of guilt because they spend too much time at their sets and too little time at their reading. Such people need to be informed of what the library can do for them and helped in its use. The large cities which have most increased their library expenditures have invariably been rewarded by a corresponding rise in readership. Rarely has the public been unwilling to approve increased outlays for this purpose when the case has been made clear to it.

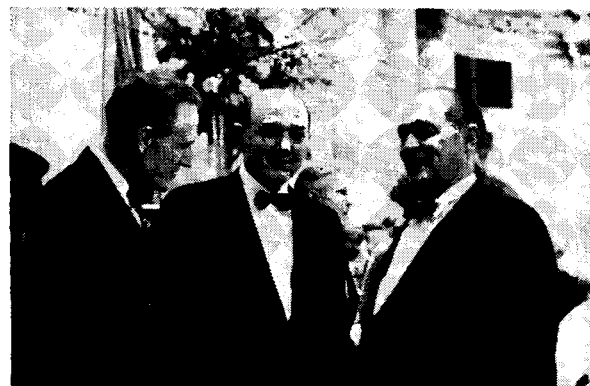
Americans have too long allowed these resources of great potential worth to remain largely inert. Surely the learning stored in them is more necessary for the boys and girls, the men and women of 1964 than ever before. One whose life was largely shaped by access to libraries can only hope that a determined effort will enable them to fulfill their role of furthering the continuing education of the people.

The Rockefeller Foundation

How It Operates

BY GREER WILLIAMS

Now staff science writer for the Rockefeller Foundation, GREER WILLIAMS was Assistant Director of the Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston, and previous to that he served for five years as Director of Information for the Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health. He was the editor of the Commission's report to Congress, ACTION FOR MENTAL HEALTH, published in book form by Basic Books, and is the author of VIRUS HUNTERS and numerous magazine articles on scientific and medical subjects.



AN EVALUATION of the Rockefeller Foundation, as of any institution, must grapple with these four questions: What is the purpose? How important is it? Has the purpose been achieved? What does this experience foretell, if anything, of things to come?

In the last fifty-one years, the Rockefeller Foundation has appropriated a net total of \$797,478,928.36. This amount, averaging about \$15.6 million a year, is nearly equal to John D. Rockefeller's entire fortune in 1913 at the time he established the Foundation, sixteen years after his retirement as active head of the Standard Oil Company. By any philanthropic standard, it is an impressive sum for one self-made man to provide to combat disease, hunger, and ignorance, to advance basic and applied science, and to enrich the human spirit — in short, as the Foundation's charter states, "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world."

When we use the best estimates available, it appears that the dollar volume of private philanthropy in the United States has increased more than fortyfold in the last half century. In 1962, American citizens voluntarily gave \$9.3 billion for charitable purposes, of which 51 percent was given for religion; of the total amount, around \$700 million, or 7.5 percent, came from foundations, and three tenths of

one percent (\$29.4 million) from the Rockefeller Foundation. American foundations, comprising a few dozen at the time the Rockefeller began, now have multiplied to fifteen thousand. The Ford Foundation is the largest; over the last ten years, it has granted \$1.78 billion, or \$178 million a year. Meantime, the federal government appropriation for medical and health-related research for 1962 alone rose to \$1 billion, with the annual total for all forms of government-supported research amounting to nearly \$15 billion.

In the face of this comparison, it is apparent that no single foundation is in a position to raise the level of the ocean or shoot for the moon with its money. Contrary to a prevalent notion that foundations have more money than they know what to do with, they perennially find themselves trying to spend a little where it will do a lot of good. Acceptance of this last fact lends weight to a contradictory current of opinion: Since the rise of government big-spending programs in the areas of what some call public philanthropy and others lump under the term welfare state, it has become fashionable to say that anything a foundation can do, the government can do better — bigger and therefore better. Have private foundations outlived their usefulness? Have they lost the pioneer spirit or run out of frontie

Photograph: John D. Rockefeller III, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and Dr. J. George Harrar at the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration.

Do they deserve their tax exemption? What in plain fact is their place in society today?

The Rockefeller Foundation was one of the earliest in the field of organized philanthropy, and until the rise of the Ford a decade ago, was the largest. After half a century of giving, it should be instructive to penetrate the curtain of reticence that has guarded the older Foundation from general scrutiny.

MONEY AND MISSIONS

Historians regard Rockefeller's colossal fortune as largely an accident — the product of the discovery of petroleum, followed by the worldwide demand for kerosene for lamps, grease for machinery, and, later, gasoline for automobiles; of the man's genius for organization (or, as he explained it, "association with the right people"); and of an opportunity for monopoly in a period when it was unregulated by law. Rockefeller, from the time he became a Cleveland commission broker at the age of nineteen, had a profit-sharp eye and the typical young-American urge to do "something big"; he certainly did it when he put together the Standard Oil Company.

Rockefeller was worth around \$900 million at his peak. He gave something like \$550 million to charity before he died in 1937, at ninety-even, leaving most of the remainder to his only son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who before his death in 1960, at eighty-six, gave \$400 million. This philanthropy was not motivated by tax avoidance: much of the elder Rockefeller's giving was planned and consummated while a federal income tax was still regarded as unconstitutional and family fortunes could be passed on intact.

Rockefeller put \$100 million into the Foundation in its first year and ultimately increased its endowment to \$242 million. These original assets, with good management and good luck, produced something in the order of \$1.1 billion in increased market values and annual earnings, leaving current assets of more than \$740 million.

Although this sharing of wealth had deep roots in Christian charity, the Foundation represents a splitting off of secular humanitarianism from the religious crusade of the early twentieth century. It never has interested itself in religion, except to avoid giving offense. Rockefeller, himself a close-communion Baptist, once said he derived his philosophy of life from "The Use of Money," a famous sermon by John Wesley, a founder of Methodism. Said Wesley: "Gain all you can, save all you can, give all you can." One historian speculated that Rockefeller's dual roles of taking and giving "were completely separate and completely unconscious" and "a beautiful example of the typical American

split personality" in business and charity. The split seems less baffling perhaps when one recognizes that success in either must contribute to the individual's sense of power and self-esteem. Actually, Rockefeller's habit of charity began when he was sixteen with his first job as a bookkeeper — a fact generally ignored by the Ida Tarbells and other muckrakers who called his money tainted.

The Foundation's compassion for people in distant places was a logical outcome of Rockefeller's early associations with the many Baptist missionaries who came to him for money to help save the souls of the "poor heathen Chinese" and others. He gave them hundreds of thousands of dollars in scattered amounts before 1891, when he called in Frederick T. Gates, a former Baptist minister, to become "the guiding genius in all our giving."

Gates found Rockefeller suffering from a nervous stomach, losing his hair, and seemingly operating a mission for missionaries at his New York home, 4 West Fifty-fourth Street, and his office at 26 Broadway. Said Rockefeller: "The good people who wanted me to help them with their good work seemed to come in crowds. They brought their trunks and lived with me. I was glad to see them, too. . . . So they talked to me at the breakfast table and they rode downtown with me. . . . When I left my office in the evening they were waiting to ride home with me. At dinner they talked to me, and after dinner —"

"We cut off every one of these private missionary appeals," said Gates. Nevertheless, the foreign missions, with their secondary interests in clinics, hospitals, and schools — it is difficult to make a Christian of a sick man or one who cannot read the Bible — may be counted as the first of five experiments in giving culminating in the Rockefeller Foundation as a distinctive entity.

Rockefeller's second large-scale adventure in giving was the founding in 1890 of the University of Chicago, originally proposed by Gates as a Baptist university. Rockefeller began with a \$600,000 gift, but by 1910 he had given the university \$35 million and had enticed \$7 million from others. Two of his practices are evident here — pump priming, as he called small beginnings toward large objectives, and his insistence on matching gifts. As he became more clear in this principle now described as participation and involvement, he sometimes got three dollars for his one.

The third step rose out of Gates's conclusion that medicine would produce more cures (there were not many then) if it could concentrate more on research. The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research was founded in 1901, in the pattern of the Pasteur and Koch institutes in France and Germany. Like the University of Chicago, it became a leader in its field. In recent years its famous labora-

tories have been reorganized as a graduate university.

The fourth great experiment was the General Education Board, chartered by Congress for "the promotion of education within the United States of America, without distinction of race, sex, or creed." It was incorporated in 1903, largely on the initiative of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who had graduated from Brown in 1897 and gone to work in his father's office "to help him in any way I could." Old Gates, a fierce, heavily mustached enthusiast with a thundering voice, and the quiet, conscientious young man made an excellent team. "Gates did the heavy thinking, and my part was to sell his ideas to Father," the son recalled.

The motivating force of the General Education Board was education of the Southern Negro, following in the steps of the earlier Peabody Education Fund. However, the founders recognized that if they were to avoid resentment and gain ground, they could not discriminate against white people for whom the need was also great. At that time there were no public high schools in the South. The board decided that the best way to get at this problem was to establish professors of secondary education in Southern colleges to act as high school promoters. Within ten years, the South had more than twelve hundred tax-supported high schools. Ironically, the program gave impetus to the "separate but equal" doctrine; to obtain public schools of any kind for Negroes, it was necessary to provide them for whites, too. Nobody talked integration then.

When the General Education Board faded into the background of the Foundation many years later, it, by itself, had expended \$324 million on the strengthening of American universities, colleges, and medical schools, white and Negro, as well as on public education.

The fifth venture and immediate precursor of the Foundation was the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission, organized in 1909 and reconstituted in 1914 as the International Health Commission of the Rockefeller Foundation. Under the leadership of Wickliffe Rose, a professor of philosophy, with a high collar, bow tie, and pince-nez, from Peabody College in Nashville, Tennessee, the Sanitary Commission assembled a group of health-minded physicians and conducted a dramatic demonstration campaign against hookworm disease in the South. This effort, costing only \$800,000, laid the groundwork for the Foundation's earliest contribution, to be described later.

Frederick Gates, often pictured as in a state of alarm at Rockefeller's accumulation of wealth faster than methods could be devised for giving it away intelligently, is credited with having the grand inspiration. The Foundation, established in 1913,

actually was conceived in 1909. The delay was not due to any indecision on the founder's part, though he always was methodical in examining proposals. He came, with Gates's encouragement, to the conclusion that he wanted a large foundation of international scope, devoted to the broad purpose of seeking out social evils and remedying their causes, either through its own efforts or through gifts to outstanding people who seemed to be on the right track. He cared little for pet charities. He did not wish to undertake more traditional philanthropies, such as feeding the poor or helping disaster victims. He wanted to start reforms that the public would take responsibility for and pursue at its own expense. He wanted to place a capital fund under the control of an independent board of trustees, eminent persons such as Charles W. Eliot, Charles Evans Hughes, Owen D. Young, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Dr. Thomas Parran, Douglas Southall Freeman, and Karl T. Compton, to name a few among the ninety who have served in this capacity. The board could dispose of principal and income as it saw fit, for, Rockefeller said, "perpetuity is a pretty long time," and the dead hand of the donor should not attempt to write the future.

The Rockefellers, father and son, saw that proposals could not be investigated and evaluated in a businesslike manner without the help of program directors and field staff knowledgeable in the fields involved. That other great architect of broad-purpose philanthropy, Andrew Carnegie, was already on the move with five different foundations, but Carnegie held his interests close and ran them personally. The three most original aspects of the Rockefeller Foundation were its world-mindedness, its detachment, and its delegation of authority to experts, first conceived as special boards or commissions but ultimately formed into a centralized staff. This was the origin of professional management of foundations, an outcome of the elder Rockefeller's longtime devotion to detail, his desire in later life not to be bothered with it himself, and finally his son's talent for inspiring cooperative effort without dominating it. Over a fifty-year period, the Foundation has employed a total of about seven hundred on its operating staff.

Congress had chartered the General Education Board, and it was Rockefeller's intent that the Foundation, too, would exist at Congress' pleasure, as an ultimate check on any future misuse of funds. The Rockefeller group tried without success for four years to get such a federal bill passed before settling for incorporation in New York State. The antitrust suit against Standard Oil was still fresh in the public mind, and the company was then fighting the dissolution ordered by the federal courts. The old image of the robber baron came alive again, and President Taft suspected a scheme to perpetuate the

vast combination of wealth that the government had been trying to break up.

The Taft Administration declared the Foundation to be not in the public interest. Said Rockefeller: "Sometimes things are said about me that are cruel and they hurt. But I am never a pessimist. I never despair. I believe in man and the brotherhood of man and am confident that everything will come out for the good of all in the end."

It was prophetic that the New York State legislature's chartering of the Rockefeller Foundation, on May 14, 1913, passed almost without notice by the press. The Foundation has done a fair job of staying out of the public eye ever since.

MOUNTAIN PEAKS

What has private philanthropy, taking the Rockefeller Foundation as the case in point, contributed to mankind's well-being? The fifty years from 1913 to 1963 was a period distinguished by two world wars, the largest pandemic of all time (1918 influenza), a great economic depression, the Communist, Fascist, and Nazi revolutions, any number of civil and guerrilla wars, genocide, purges, race riots, brainwashing, and antihumanitarian and anti-intellectual activity probably unsurpassed in total volume in all previous history. It also has been a period of fantastic scientific and technological and of some social progress, even though few utopians now survive. Many persons today are sufficiently realistic to agree with Gerard Piel that we are subjects of a "mindless power system." In the disorganized advance of civilization, the solution of any one problem produces at least one more to be solved. It would be impossible to list the tens of thousands of bets, small and large, that the Foundation has placed on human progress. It is possible, however, to sketch in certain mountain-peak contributions looming above the clouds.

The most dramatic and tangible of the Foundation's achievements lies in the improvement of people's health. As a matter of fact, Rose, who became director of the International Health Commission (later called Division), and Gates began with the oversimple conviction that disease was at the bottom of human poverty, hunger, and ignorance. In the American South, for example, the vicious circle seemed clear enough. The General Education Board saw that it was difficult to educate backward people before increasing their capacity to earn a living and pay taxes. On the other hand, it was difficult to make good workers of the sick and the dying. And to improve health the thing most needed was public education!

Hookworm disease was a good place to start breaking the circle. It was then the most prevalent disease in the South, affecting from 30 to 90 percent

of local populations surveyed. The disease, caused by a bloodsucking intestinal parasite that entered the body through the soles of the feet, left its victims stunted in growth, anemic, and too tired to work. It was a most inelegant disease, being diagnosed by examination of fecal specimens, treated with oral doses of vermifuges and Epsom salts, and prevented by inducing people to build and use sanitary privies and to wear shoes.

Beginning in the South with hookworm disease, and then extending the attack to malaria and yellow fever and increasing its field to all tropical countries, the Rockefeller Foundation concentrated the bulk of its resources in the early years on public health and medical education. The object was not merely to fight this disease or that, but to use each campaign as a means of creating permanent rural public health services. This meant persuading state and county governments to appropriate tax money for health. It was a revolutionary undertaking, inasmuch as local health departments in those days were generally confined to cities; the United States Public Health Service had only just come into being (1912) and was as yet underfinanced and undermanned; and there was no world health organization at work in disease prevention except the International Health Division itself. As it gathered momentum, the I.H.D. employed as many as seventy public health officers, sanitary engineers, entomologists, and public health nurses and dispatched them into rural America, Latin America, the Far East, Southern Europe, and Africa to conduct surveys and control programs.

The I.H.D. established its own training schools in Alabama and Georgia and its own research laboratory in New York City. It threw the weight of Rockefeller millions into the founding of the first and second schools of hygiene and public health, at Johns Hopkins and Harvard, and subsequently helped similar schools throughout the world. The Foundation then sent young doctors to these schools for modern training.

Every authoritative history of public health in the United States gives credit to the Rockefeller Foundation as an active partner in the establishment of the nation's full-time county health officer system. The Sanitary Commission was an important source of rural public health funds, and beginning in 1916, the Foundation became a major contributor to county health budgets, and remained so for many years after federal, state, and county health monies had started to flow. Statistics tell the story. From 1908 to 1933 the number of counties with full-time health officers increased from one to six hundred. During the same period, the nation's overall death rate was reduced 25 percent.

This was a classic example of what a little pump priming, private initiative, and aroused public

interest could bring about. It involved more than just a rich man's largesse or just tax money; it was also a matter of finding the right people to get things started and set a good example. Rose and the dedicated young doctors that he hired for \$1800 to \$2500 a year were as practical as they were inspired. He told them to preach public health but keep the Foundation in the background, to let state health departments take the lead, and to go only where they were invited and where local funds were forthcoming. If an agreement was reached, the Foundation man became the county health officer, on assignment by the state. The usual budget for a county health unit for the first year was \$10,000, split fifty-fifty between Rockefeller and the local taxpayers. The Foundation grant was cut in half in each subsequent year until, in the fifth year, the county found itself operating a county health office on its own. This weaning process was a bit painful to county boards hopeful of getting something for nothing, but no community gave up its health office after witnessing the decline in hookworm disease, malaria, dysentery, typhoid fever, and undernourishment of babies. This system, defined as "helping people help themselves," proved far more effective than the type of model demonstration program done with a federal grant by an expert team from outside, at no cost to the community, because the latter approach encourages neither local responsibility nor a permanent organization.

When the Foundation brought its International Health Division to an end in 1951 after thirty-seven years' operation at a cost of \$94 million, the public health gains of Foundation-government partnerships were obvious. The world had become health-minded. Death rates from infectious diseases had declined almost everywhere. Malaria had disappeared from the southern United States and from some areas of the world where the Foundation had done effective work, though it still took its toll elsewhere. Yellow fever had ceased to be a human problem, thanks ultimately to Dr. Max Theiler, an inconspicuous virologist who in 1937 developed the famous 17D vaccine in the Foundation's laboratories in New York and later won the Nobel Prize for it. Hookworm disease, a tougher adversary than Gates and Rose had imagined, had all but disappeared from the South; it remains as a lesser problem in the various tropical areas of the world. But the personal hygiene and sanitation emphasized in the hookworm fight had yielded far broader health rewards, as they had hoped it would.

Although no one has thought to record the fact before, the World Health Organization, founded by the United Nations in 1948, is a living testimonial to the old International Health Division. Overriding Russian proposals for a supergovernment agency, the WHO founders adopted the Founda-

tion's time-tested philosophy of working through established governments by giving stimulating grants and technical assistance. A good many of the WHO founders were public health officers who had been trained under Rockefeller fellowships.

A SECOND mountain peak, heightened by general approbation for any agency which helps young men in their careers, is the Foundation's fellowship program, begun early and still continuing. All told, it has provided \$64.6 million for 17,500 training grants, largely for foreign scientists and scholars coming to the United States for advanced training and pursuit of their research interests. In addition, it has financed fellowship programs of the National Research Council, for medical and natural scientists; the Social Science Research Council, for social scientists; and the American Council of Learned Societies, for scholars in the humane arts. The fellowship programs of the National Institutes of Health and the National Science Foundation are larger extensions of the kind of training support pioneered by the Rockefeller and other foundations. Such programs are central, of course, in solving professional manpower problems.

The Rockefeller Foundation for a quarter of a century set the world an example in the free support of scientific research, and this certainly ranks among its great contributions. Observing that knowledge in the sciences concerned with life lagged behind that in physics, chemistry, and mathematics, the Foundation shifted its first-priority interest to research in the medical and natural sciences, beginning in 1930. Funds were offered to outstanding institutions and individual scientists as institutional grants, endowment funds, departmental revolving funds, and grants for two, three, or more years for specific programs or projects. The Foundation and its companion boards (including the International Education Board for a time) were the largest single source of noncommercial support of medical and biological research in the United States, and an important source internationally, for some years prior to the upsurge of federally financed projects during World War II.

One of the oldest, most-quoted studies in the behavioral sciences was supported by Rockefeller medical research money: Dr. Elton Mayo's so-called Hawthorne study in Illinois on the effects of ventilation, room temperature, illumination, and fatigue on the efficiency of Western Electric Company workers. It showed, surprisingly, that these variables were not as important as the sense of self-importance the workers derived from being studied. In sum, no matter what else an employer does, his employees do better work if he takes an interest in

them. The great current emphasis in psychological and sociological research on controlling the effects of observer on observed has its roots in the Hawthorne findings.

One way of getting at the value of such research aid is to look at Nobel Prize winners in science. Of the 180 men who won the prizes in medicine and physiology, in chemistry and in physics, in the last fifty years, sixty-one, or 34 percent, received Rockefeller support before they received laureate honors, in some cases thirty years ahead of the award. Of sixty-seven prizewinners from 1914 through 1962 in medicine and physiology alone, thirty-one, or 46 percent, had prior Rockefeller aid. The Nobel Prize is not a definite index to foresight in support of scientists. It is well known in research circles that more deserve the Prize than get it. Then, too, scientists may get financial aid from several sources. Yet, what other agency can claim this kind of record?

The Nobel-honors harvest in 1962 was particularly gratifying to the Foundation in the persons of James D. Watson, Francis H. C. Crick, and Maurice H. F. Wilkins, the three molecular biologists who determined the double-spiral structure of the nucleic acid molecule. Dr. Linus Pauling, who received Rockefeller support for twenty-two years before he won the 1954 Prize in chemistry, was the first to identify a disease — sickle cell anemia — as due to a defect in the molecules of the cell — in this case, a red blood cell. Starting with him, the Foundation invested heavily in the experimental biologists who were seeking to bring mankind to the threshold of an understanding of the “secret of life.” Watson, Crick, and Wilkins received Rockefeller support for periods of seven to eleven years before their joint Nobel award in medicine and physiology.

THE Rockefeller Foundation, an energetic sponsor of the spirit of international cooperation through the lean years of American isolationism, has been a leader in the most scientific attempt to date to achieve worldwide human understanding. This is another mountain peak, albeit one still obscured by hostile clouds. The subject under discussion here is called international relations at its political, legal, and economic levels, and intercultural, or cross-cultural, understanding on the planes of anthropology, psychology, language, literature, history, and art. Ordinarily in the past the approach to foreigners, whether by Christians or Communists, traders or evangelists, has been to subordinate and exploit them. The social science method, brought to its maturity as an academic discipline with Rockefeller encouragement in the 1920s under Beardsley Ruml, postulates that you cannot help

other people, even in such fundamental matters as keeping them alive and well, until you understand how they think and feel. This means putting aside egocentric and ethnocentric motives and becoming a student of their style of life.

The Foundation's public health officers were good at this, at an intuitive level, but it remained for the social scientists and humanities scholars to accomplish something at an intellectual level, with the help of \$187 million of Rockefeller money. Paradoxically, the most dramatic contribution falls under the heading these days of “knowing your enemy.”

In 1932 the Foundation humanities program began to stress foreign-language study. Dr. David H. Stevens, an English professor from the University of Chicago, the program director then, was particularly interested in Japanese and Chinese. Stevens obtained Foundation support for the Library of Congress as a study center. Russian was added to the program. Twelve institutions had started courses in these three languages by the time of Pearl Harbor. Foundation gifts to the American Council of Learned Societies paved the way for the Council to develop the materials, methods, and personnel needed in the United States Army language-training program. Some thought this to be a form of boondoggling, but our troops had to go everywhere and talk to everybody in World War II; lack of communication could have been disastrous.

The results constituted a spectacular, though unsung, victory for the humanities people; it was they and not the government who had come prepared. “Partly as a result of the Foundation's pioneering role, virtually every foreign language of importance in every part of the world is now covered in research and training in this country, with support increasingly provided by the federal government,” one Foundation official commented.

The climax of this effort to understand the stranger came when the Foundation provided \$250,000 in 1945 to found the Russian Institute at Columbia University. The first of its kind, the Russian Institute set up a two-year course to train “area specialists” in various aspects of Russian life from Marx to Minsk. First requirement of the expert: a command of the language. Again with Rockefeller help, other universities established Russian centers and, as at Columbia, schools of international relations encompassing other cultures. A large portion of the Russian Institute graduates are in the State Department, the armed forces, and other government agencies.

It became apparent that the Russian Institute was a great success when Soviet observers repeatedly condemned it as “a training center for spies, imperialists, reactionaries, and pseudoscientists.” This strong reaction could be interpreted as high praise.

At one time it was noted that two thirds of the American Embassy staff in Moscow were Russian Institute graduates.

Again on the thorny diplomatic front, Rockefeller financed the Institute of International Relations at Geneva from 1927 to 1948; it is now largely supported by the Swiss government. Foreign service students from the United States and many nations, including Russia, go there for training in international law, economics, and politics. What do they learn? The big idea is to teach the objective method: to encourage the young diplomat to look at the world in broad, relativistic terms, and to discourage the narrowly partisan or blindly nationalistic viewpoint.

Of course, another index of the Foundation's contribution in foreign affairs is that it has furnished secretaries of state for the last two administrations. John Foster Dulles was chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation's board before President Eisenhower summoned him to Washington. Dean Rusk was president of the Foundation for eight years before the late President Kennedy appointed him Secretary of State.

FIGHTING hunger, like fighting disease, is a tangible that everybody can understand. In a recent success, constituting the fifth mountain peak, it fell to the Rockefeller Foundation to furnish the leadership in completing Mexico's *Paz y Pan*, or "peace and bread," revolution. The Foundation's current efforts to show underfed people how to increase food production began with a casual comment in 1941 by Henry A. Wallace, then Vice President of the United States, to Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, then Foundation president and himself a longtime internationalist who had fought by President Wilson's side in a bitter, losing battle for United States entry into the League of Nations. Mr. Wallace, just back from a trip to Mexico, said that an increase in the yield per acre of corn and beans in that country could contribute more than anything else to the welfare and happiness of the Mexican people.

In this neighborly observation, Mr. Fosdick recognized what Frederick Gates used to call a "pregnant idea." The Foundation made the customary on-the-spot expert survey, and Don Marte Gomez, then Mexican minister of agriculture, invited its assistance in an experimental crop and farm demonstration program of the kind that, under Department of Agriculture and aggie college sponsorship, has given the United States more food than it knows what to do with. In 1943 Gomez created the Oficina de Estudios Especiales and, upon Fosdick's recommendation, named Dr. J. George Harrar as its chief. Dr. Harrar had been head professor of plant pathol-

ogy at Washington State College and had had experience in Latin America. He built up a staff of twenty-one American agricultural scientists and one hundred young Mexicans in training (annually), in a program centered at the National School of Agriculture at Chapingo, near Mexico City, but extending in fieldwork to various parts of Mexico.

The task was not easy. Much of Mexico's soil is poor, and the furnace-hot climate of the lowlands too dry or too wet, the mountain country too rough and windy. The average per-acre yield of corn was about one third and of wheat about one half the average in the United States. There were problems of seed and soil selection, water, chemical fertilization, and weed, insect, and disease control. Also, there was the Mexican attitude toward gringos. Fortunately, agricultural scientists are experienced in practical psychology as well as in such subjects as plant genetics. They work among some of the most reactionary of human beings — farmers. Happily, too, you can measure the results of agricultural know-how from season to season in acres planted and bushels produced.

"Our problem basically was to cultivate personnel and crops at the same time," recalls Dr. Harrar. "We brought in young men from the agricultural schools to work during vacation periods. From these we selected the best to join our office for more systematic training, and from this group we chose others to receive fellowships and scholarships for study abroad. Always we saw to it that there were jobs waiting for them."

Briefly, the overall result agriculturally has been to remove Mexico from the list of have-not nations dependent in part on imports of corn and wheat. Today it is self-sufficient and, indeed, able to export a little. In twenty years the nation's corn production tripled, wheat and bean crops more than tripled, and food production has outrun human reproduction. Where in 1943 Mexico's population of 21 million averaged 1700 calories a day, its 31 million persons now average 2700 calories a day. With feed more plentiful, chicken, egg, and cattle yields have soared; thus, the diet contains more proteins and provides better health.

All this was accomplished at a cost to the Foundation averaging only \$500,000 a year, or about \$10 million for the entire experiment. As usual there was a pump-priming effect, first and foremost through increased expenditures by the Mexican government. The Ford Foundation and the United States Agency for International Development (AID) have followed up with supplementary grants to expand the laboratory built by the Rockefeller Foundation at Chapingo and to add field research centers. Meanwhile the Foundation has moved on, with agricultural programs in Colombia, Chile, and India. Also, the two foundations, Rockefeller and

Ford, are financial partners in rice research in the Far East.

The Mexican effort has become a model in technical aid to an underdeveloped nation. It was a quiet-action, not a big-talk, program. It was not a crash program; that type tends to run into cultural resistance and eventually backslides into old ways. The Mexican government today has a warm feeling toward gringos for, as Dr. Julian Rodriguez Adame, present minister of agriculture, points out, thanks to American training, Mexicans are now technologically self-sufficient in agriculture.

One enthusiastic American observer compares George Harrar with Emiliano Zapata, the Mexican national hero who led the peasant revolt against agrarian feudalism a half-century ago: "As Zapata had been the warrior of agrarian reform, Harrar became the warrior of the agricultural revolution."

SOLUTIONS PRODUCE PROBLEM

"In many ways," observes John Beaven, assistant director of the Nuffield Foundation in London, "Rockefeller has been the model foundation. Certainly, all general-purpose foundations created in the past thirty years have learned from its example." Ford Foundation officials themselves have said they were following the pattern established by the Rockefeller Foundation and Carnegie Corporation. Beaven reminds critics who belittle the current efforts of these foundations: "They were the private pioneers of much experiment and welfare which are now done by the State itself. Indeed, the test of success foundations used to apply to their missionary efforts was whether the public authorities felt compelled to take them over and run them with public money." The Rockefeller Foundation still applies this test — for example, in Mexico — as an indication of the need to be moving on to something else.

In principle, the function of a large, independent foundation is the same as it always has been: to be a catalyst. There are many things the government or some agency of it would like to do but cannot since it is responsive to public pressure and civil-servant timidity, and is not only legally but politically accountable to the public for use of tax funds. On evidence, the fundamental value of the private foundation lies in seeking out and demonstrating what needs to be done but what is overlooked, unpopular, or too controversial and thereafter creating a public demand for its product. In this pursuit the trustees and staff have to be wise and brave enough to expect and withstand withering denunciations from time to time. They must also expect failures, setbacks, and disappointments.

These they do have.

The Rockefeller Foundation took quiet pride in providing Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence of the University

of California a new \$1,150,000 cyclotron for his atom-smashing before World War II, only to find after the war that this machine furnished the first uranium 235 for the atom bomb. Lamented Mr. Fosdick: "No grant had ever been made for a destructive purpose, let alone such a lethal weapon as this."

The outcome of any given grant or program is quite unpredictable. For example, it might be said that the Foundation conquered yellow fever in a thirty-year effort because it got a scientific tiger by the tail and could not find a way to let go. The original idea was that yellow fever could be rapidly controlled by eradicating the mosquitoes that carried it around urban dwellings in Latin America and Africa. Then, almost as the Foundation's president was proclaiming the disappearance of this disease from the Western world, an epidemic broke out in the jungles of Brazil. Now the Rockefeller scientists found that yellow fever was also a monkey disease; there was no hope of eradicating the mosquitoes that carried it in the jungle treetops. Meanwhile there was a hot argument about whether yellow fever was caused by a virus or a bacterium. It was a virus. The new knowledge cost the lives of six of the Foundation staff. The scientists retreated to the laboratory, where Dr. Theiler eventually produced a safe, effective vaccine.

This was not quite the end of the story. Some of the first vaccine produced by the Foundation and used in the Army became contaminated with serum hepatitis virus, infecting 28,585 vaccinated soldiers and killing sixty-two. The error in manufacture was soon corrected, but not before serum hepatitis became known as "Rockefeller disease" from General Eisenhower on down. Nevertheless, the vaccine was of strategic importance in maintaining a safe military air transport route across West Africa.

A common charge against large foundations is that they favor medical research because it is a good, safe bet! Mr. Fosdick remarks that the hepatitis incident gave him "the most anxious days I ever went through."

As refutation of another sort of complaint, that foundations stay away from controversial issues, Rockefeller money supported the report made in 1932 by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care and also the best-selling Kinsey studies of sexual behavior in the human male and female (1948 and 1953). The first study recommended group medicine and voluntary health insurance, then opposed by the American Medical Association as socialistic threats to the private practice of medicine. Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's surveys recommended only that we recognize that there is a greater volume and variety of sexual activity in this country than nice people might believe or consider normal. His research provoked volcanic criticism as well

as wide acclaim. Indeed, two famous adversaries, religion and psychoanalysis, found themselves in temporary agreement, against Kinsey.

The Foundation has long been aware of one of sex's more important by-products — population. Since 1921 it has spent \$4.5 million on population research. In population control, it must be stated in all candor that a decade ago the Foundation did muffle the opportunity to assume frontier leadership in the same bold way it had taken on the problems of disease and hunger. The population explosion is not the result of any special increase in sexual activity or any large increase in the birth rate, but mainly the consequence of a falling death rate resulting from the reduction of famines and general undernourishment, plus specific disease prevention and treatment. It is not a new problem. Mark Twain saw it coming before his death in 1910.

In 1947 the International Health Division, which except for virus research seemed to have run out of programs, proposed that it tackle population control. With the encouragement of John D. Rockefeller III, then a trustee but not yet chairman of the board, the Foundation in 1948 dispatched a team to the Far East to make a survey of the human avalanche there. It came back with a recommendation that the Foundation accept the challenge head on, in a big action research program.

But this proposal never reached the board of trustees, although there were protracted staff and trustee discussions of the problem. Opinion appeared divided: for, against, and “how do we do it?” With Kinsey and his males in the news, it looked to some as if the Foundation would be jumping from the sex “frying pan” into the birth control “fire.” Two things were clear: the ideal contraceptive for mass use had not emerged; and anyone who champions birth control by artificial means must anticipate politically potent denunciations from the Catholic Church. The objective became lost in discussions of human ecology, one of those wonderful bushel-basket terms capable of holding many things but not necessarily of carrying water. It was agreed that the Foundation would make increased grants for population research, which indeed it has.

Mr. Rockefeller III, for one, was not content to let the larger opportunity get away. His grandfather and father had been interested in the Far East. He was convinced some strong organization should tackle the problem. If the solution was not clear at the outset — well, as it turned out, it hadn't been in yellow fever either. Someone should accept the mission of arousing governmental, university, scientific, clinical, and public interest in finding the solution. Here was a challenge to plunge into the middle of a vastly neglected problem characterized by one commentator as a bigger danger

to mankind than the hydrogen bomb — the worldwide fallout of too many persons per square mile of inhabitable land.

Mr. Rockefeller, however, was only one trustee, and he did not run the Foundation. He was in the position of his father, who used to say: “I have only one vote on this board and I am often outvoted.” In 1952 he personally contributed \$1,250,000 and, with Rockefeller Foundation staff cooperation, started a new foundation, the Population Council, to carry out the program recommended by the Foundation's survey team.

The Population Council, a stepchild as it were, now spends \$3 million a year in funds from the Ford Foundation, the major supporter, as well as from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, the Rockefeller Foundation, and others. It has become the acknowledged leader in the field of action research on population control. It operates its own laboratory at the Rockefeller Institute, makes research grants to others, trains demographers, supports United Nations regional training and research centers in Chile and India, conducts a family-planning program in Pakistan, and provides technical aid in consultation with foreign governments. Since 1952 Japan, India, Pakistan, Egypt, Korea, Chile, and China have announced government policies favoring birth control. Another encouraging sign was the late President Kennedy's modification of the Eisenhower hands-off policy. The United States now offers cooperation to other governments seeking information and assistance in population control.

In its philosophy the Population Council is a logical extension of the old International Health Division. It does not say, Here you doctors have been so busy saving lives and now look where we are. It regards the reduction of the death rate among children as the first step in population control. Families in most cultures attach great value to having children, especially sons. When there are high infant and child mortality rates, large families are necessary to assure some survivors. The second step is to show uneducated people that they do not need large families but instead birth control to assure their families of health and prosperity.

FOUNDATION MEN AT WORK

The Rockefeller Foundation has 205 employees in its New York office and a field staff of ninety-five scattered around the world. In such a philanthropic anthill, as in any large organization, no individual is indispensable, and with the passage of time everyone is replaced, the men at sixty-five and the ladies at sixty, a curious retirement rule containing an implication that organized philanthropy is mostly a man's world. The organization goes on because

the trustees have never wished to exercise the privilege, bestowed upon them by the founder, of spending it out of existence, as was done with the General Education Board. Yet this is a corporation with a soul, and, like all corporations, it depends on personal leadership for new vitality.

It was natural that George Harrar should emerge from the Mexican agricultural success as a Foundation hero. When Dean Rusk became Secretary of State in 1961, the trustees chose Dr. Harrar to succeed him. The seventh Foundation president in fifty years, he is the first to rise to this position from the staff, where since 1952 he had served as deputy director and director for agriculture and vice president.

The Harrar neck appears well adapted to being out, which it is in the Foundation's current focus of interest on selected universities and regional research institutes in the developing nations. At fifty-seven, he is a better-than-average-sized man, ruggedly handsome, with a round head, receding hair, pale-blue eyes, heavy jowls, and a stocky build. He speaks with a bass voice, in swift, overpowering sallies and deft asides, and as necessary in English, Spanish, or Portuguese, and occasionally in French and German. Combining natural serious-mindedness with an easygoing manner and gift of banter, he is given in informal conversation to such salty assertions as "We have a chance to drive home the golden spike right now," "We have a problem of leadership; we have to help the horse through the gate," and "That program was shot out of the saddle."

His facile robustness disarms the newcomer, who, knowing that Dr. Harrar is a biologist and plant pathologist (via Oberlin, Iowa State, and the University of Minnesota), only gradually becomes aware that the man combines the memory for detail of an attorney and the instant affability of a diplomat with the breezy idiom of a Midwesterner (he was born in Ohio). In formal speech his ambassadorial qualifications emerge; he is a master of high-altitude abstraction and the holeproof statement that may conceal as much as it seems to reveal. Harrar walks, as he talks, with a rush, and in total configuration can be typed as action-oriented, an interpretation supported by his remark, "I am used to working under pressure." He is not only used to it, but obviously enjoys it.

As head keeper of "all that money," George Harrar easily rates as one of the world's more sought-after men, and he also rates as an expert in the fine art of saying no. The Foundation receives an average of 6000 grant applications a year, approves 1200 (20 percent) and declines 4800 (80 percent). (It speaks softly of its "declinations" and does not *reject* anything.) These figures should dispose of any question of the Foundation's having

more money than it knows what to do with. On the face of it, the demand for Rockefeller money in philanthropic form is five times greater than the supply. This reasoning could be faulty — in philanthropy, supply appears more likely to increase demand than demand to increase supply.

When I joined the Foundation staff as a science writer a year ago, I asked a well-informed friend in the fund-raising business if he thought it would be a good place to work. "What would heaven be like?" he replied, presumably succumbing to the fund-raiser's criterion that where money is, is the place to be. I soon learned, out of my own ignorance and that of my friends, that a lot of people do not know where heaven is, much less who runs it.

People often confuse the Rockefeller Foundation with the Rockefeller Institute, equally independent and famous in its own right, and with the Rockefeller Center, a fabulous chunk of real estate and skyscrapers substantially owned by the Rockefeller brothers. The Foundation offices before 1960 were in the RCA Building but were moved to solve a space problem. Mr. Fosdick and other old-timers look in faint dismay on the new quarters on the forty-first and forty-second floors of the modern Time & Life Building, a part of Rockefeller Center at Sixth Avenue and Fiftieth Street. Whereas the old offices were traditional and cramped, the new ones are contemporary, spacious, and bright with daylight, decor, and skyline views. A blackish, salt-and-pepper carpeting covers the corridors and work areas from wall to wall and even extends throughout the gentlemen's room next to a magnificent boardroom. The offices, each with ample built-in bookshelves, are individually decorated. The president's office has emerald-green carpeting, red and buff chairs, and a low, circular worktable, as well as a conventional executive desk.

Another bit of confusion involves Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Friends kept asking me, "How's Nelson?" "Nelson," I learned to say with a proper degree of restraint, "has *nothing* to do with the Rockefeller Foundation." Three other brothers, David, Laurance, and Winthrop, are equally devoid of Foundation connection. John Rockefeller III, the eldest brother, is chairman of the board but maintains his offices elsewhere in the Center.

As already indicated, the original John D. Rockefeller placed full control in the hands of a board of nationally prominent men. Family interest has been maintained through board membership based on primogeniture. The elder Rockefeller himself was a trustee for the first eight years, but never attended a meeting. He left development of the Foundation to his son, who was chairman of the board until 1939. The board in 1931 elected Mr. Rockefeller III as a trustee, when the tall, shy Princeton graduate was only twenty-five. He be-

came chairman in 1952. Now fifty-eight, he is the oldest board member in terms of service — thirty-three years.

On the present board, the oldest member is Dr. Lowell T. Coggeshall, sixty-two, vice president of the University of Chicago; the youngest is Robert F. Goheen, forty-four, president of Princeton. In between, one notes such names as Barry Bingham, editor in chief of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*; Frank Stanton, president of Columbia Broadcasting System; Thomas J. Watson, Jr., director and chairman, International Business Machines Corporation; Ralph J. Bunche, under-secretary for special political affairs, United Nations; and Lord Franks of Headington, provost of Worcester College, University of Oxford. The board, which receives no pay, is made up of four industrialists, two bankers, two economists, two medical scientists, a physicist, newspaper publisher, lawyer, political scientist, philosopher, classical scholar, and priest, plus the chairman and president. There were two vacancies at this writing.

The Foundation's only connection with the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is that it owns 2.13 percent of that company's stock. This comprises around 45 percent of the Foundation's assets. Growth of this and other stocks has added a couple of hundred million dollars in market value to its capital fund during the last ten years. Meanwhile, through increased earnings and some dips into capital, the Foundation has doubled its spending; where it expended about \$15 million in 1953, the total exceeded \$35 million in 1963. The cost of doing philanthropic business has averaged 10 percent a year in recent years; this amount (\$3.2 million in 1963) includes not only true administrative overhead but some supporting services to operating and grant programs. For example, the Foundation administers a \$4-million-a-year purchasing program for grantees and field staff, and its travel service purchases close to \$1 million a year in airline tickets for fellows, grantees, staff officers, and consultants. By any objective standard, the 10 percent figure would seem to leave little room for cynical suspicion that Foundation officers may have narrow notions of whose well-being the founder had in mind.

The Foundation does not pay its staff fantastic salaries, despite its assets. In fact, until recent years its officers felt their job was all dedication and no dough. A tradition of frugality established by Gates and Rose finally gave way before inflation and the difficulties of finding and holding staff. Neither professional nor clerical salaries are competitive with those of private industry, but officer salaries are equivalent in take-home pay and retirement benefits to those of professors in first-class universities (the source of most of the staff), and

include free health, group life, and travel insurance. Officers stationed overseas get a 10 percent salary increase and a living allowance, which, together with the usual availability of servants at low cost, provide some inducement to taking assignments in the tropics.

Travel holds no charm for the typical Foundation officer, who is expected to spend three or four months a year traveling, mostly by air and mostly abroad, in accord with the Foundation's look-see policy of investigating opportunities and its diligent pursuit of people and ideas worth supporting. Remarks one veteran of India and Latin America: "A trip to Europe or the Orient may be exciting the first time or two you make it, but I fly about 50,000 to 60,000 miles a year. You get tired. The jets are a little better than the piston planes, but whenever I get a chance, I go by train or bus." The Foundation has lost only one officer in a plane crash.

Its forty New York-based officers and consultants are the Foundation's eyes and ears. They investigate applications, make recommendations, maintain liaison with public and private agencies, and supervise grant and operating programs. These activities formerly were carried on with a great diversity and independence of program interest and effort, but now have become more closely integrated within the major objective of advancing Western science, technology, and culture in underdeveloped countries. Most requests for money come from nonprofit institutions — the only kind to which the Foundation will give aid. They are weighed in the scale of broad purpose, as "in" or "out of" program, and in competition with all others.

The Foundation structures its executive management for the most part along lines familiar to industrial corporations, with strong administrative power centered in the president and with the board and its executive committee sitting in a position of review and decision on staff recommendations and, of course, of final authority on policies and appropriations. The executive committee meets six times a year, and the full board twice, in April and December. The officers themselves have the power to turn down an application. Grants in aid up to \$15,000 may be made without prior board approval. Grants above that figure require approval of the executive committee, or the board if above \$500,000.

The grant applicant cannot appear before the board personally. The trustees deliberate in complete anonymity and do not record their discussions. If an application comes from an institution in which a trustee has a direct interest, he absents himself from the discussion and action. Mr. Fosdick recalls one exception, a grant proposal in behalf

of the Council on Foreign Relations. The trustees present at the time, all having some official interest in the Council, rose as a group to leave the room. The chairman waved them back to their seats, and they voted the money.

The docket that the staff brings to the board is a pivotal instrument. The docket conferences of the principal officers preceding board meetings can be lively affairs. The officers seek to sharpen one another's thinking by picking friendly holes in each other's proposals (Dr. Harrar does not expect any program director to originate a proposal that he himself does not favor and cannot defend). But the discussions are more cooperative than competitive — more like a scrimmage before the big game than a shooting gallery. The final product is a gray-covered document consisting of a series of recommended proposals. It is mailed to the board and then presented orally. Each item begins with an affirmative resolution ("As if the money all were voted, before the purposes were noted," quipped a onetime trustee given to rhyme). This is followed by a comment on previous interest, if any, a general description, a financial estimate, and a section on future implications.

The effect of strong executive organization and good staff work, of course, is to leave the board under positive pressure to say yes. Dr. Harrar is not wholly content with this course. "These are tremendously busy men, but I want the benefit of their thinking," he says.

The distant observer may begin to perceive what Nietzsche was driving at: "How much harder it is to give properly than to take properly." Giving is a difficult art, more so when it is done with someone else's money. Asked if he was having any fun, one Foundation officer replied a bit acidulously, "As an administrator, it should be possible to do a good job without having fun." He referred to the fact that in making grants he does not have the opportunity of the scholar or scientist to make original observations and receive professional recognition for them. "The deepest satisfaction of my work," remarks another officer, "is not so much in having the fancy ideas but having some avuncular relationship in the interplay of persons who tangle with the ideas. It is like being a witness. You can say, 'I saw it happen.'"

Thus, with the exception of laboratory or field work staffed by the Foundation itself, where, as in the case of Harrar, the man can see the results of his own efforts, the main job of a man representing a foundation is to help others be creative. Like the father of the bride, he pays the bill for somebody else's wedding and keeps quiet about it. This sense of selflessness is taken very seriously.

In the past, the Foundation has limited its responsibility for public accounting mainly to long

and detailed quarterly and annual reports. Otherwise, it has leaned over backward to avoid wide publicity. From 1913 on, the officers, debating the desirability of full publicity on the Foundation's contributions, have been sharply divided, and have settled back to the position, "The less said about us the better." "It isn't that we were hiding anything," explains Mr. Fosdick. "It is that we felt that we would be exaggerating the power of money." There was nothing holier-than-thou about this aversion to self-acclaim. As we have already seen, it was not simply modesty for modesty's sake — the poets always have regarded this as a dubious virtue — but a definite aid in getting a government to take up and carry on a Rockefeller-inspired program as its own and with full credit to it.

Another, quite selfish reason for avoiding publicity is that it leads to more requests for money and thus to more people to refuse. Nonetheless, the present trend is, at least tentatively, in the direction of recognizing an obligation not only to report to the public on disposition of funds but to educate the public on the value and uses of private philanthropy. The Rockefeller travelers observe, for instance, that many foreigners do not understand the meaning of philanthropy: Why, they ask, should anyone want to help a stranger? He is not a friend, and may turn out to be an enemy. They do not get the idea of love for mankind in the abstract.

The self-effacing stance of the individual Foundation officer is necessary but has some ambivalent aspects. Inescapably, all philanthropic foundations are self-appointed and therefore self-justifying organizations. The Rockefeller Foundation must record and reflect upon what it accomplishes with its money. Its officers can scarcely do so without feeling some pride. The effect is a curious one, a kind of restraint verging on smugness. The officers, all learned men and not unaware of such subtleties, are prone to combat complacency with self-criticism.

The one characteristic of the Foundation officer that may outweigh modesty is this soul-searching. If stomach ulcers are the psychosomatic disease of business executives, then soul-searching is the neurosis of the Foundation career man. Mr. Rusk explained why: "Officers and trustees must somehow come to terms with the haunting and elusive question as to whether funds might better be used in some other way."

If there were an official uniform, it certainly would include a hair shirt. Questions such as Are we doing the right thing? and What should we be doing? are so continuously asked that an outsider, listening in, could easily convince himself that staff members themselves think their Foundation is in the clutches of muddled thinkers and chronic misers of boats. Such worries are ruminative and not

final judgments, much less indictments, although they sometimes have fanned the flames of articles asking how solid foundations are or explaining where they fall down.

WHAT'S NEXT?

It is easier to report what a foundation has done than what it plans to do, other than more of the same but in different directions. The Rockefeller Foundation goes to all dignified lengths to maintain what it conceives to be its greatest strength, flexibility. In truth, it would like to be all things to all people, at a time and place of its own choosing. In the last few years, it has undergone a major change of direction that, inquiry shows, some of its oldest friends — grantees — seem unaware of.

The change began with the board's adoption of Mr. Rusk's recommendation in 1956 that the Foundation give increased aid to newly independent or developing nations. In 1962 the Foundation, a longtime supporter of the finest and highest institutions of learning in America and Europe, sharpened the earlier decision by electing to throw a greater weight of its resources into developmental grants to selected universities and regional research institutes in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. To be sure, the board stipulated that the shift of emphasis was to be accomplished without jeopardy to any irresistible American needs presenting themselves.

In order to protect the Foundation's domestic philanthropic interests, the board authorized some use of capital as well as income. Commitment from principal has averaged \$8 million annually since 1956. Nonetheless, the effect was marked. Historically, the Foundation has given five dollars in the United States for every three overseas; in 1962 the proportions were almost reversed.

The new policy represents the Foundation's effort to grapple with a new reality. Traditionally, it has pursued the conviction that it should seek centers of excellence and build on strength. "Make the peaks higher" is the way old-timers put it — in other words, give mainly to the Harvards, Johns Hopkinses, Universities of Chicago, and so on, to train world leaders in teaching, research, and public affairs. Now, however, the Foundation is more interested in helping build some new peaks, if not in actually filling in the valleys. It recognizes the scarcity of native sons educated for leadership and seated not in Cambridge or Berkeley, New York or London, but in Léopoldville, Kampala, Vellore, Hyderabad, Cali, and hundreds of places where modern civilization stops at the city limits, if it has got that far.

We need not go into detail to recognize that this is chancy business, against staggering odds, involv-

ing both world and nationalist power struggles. Viewed in its totality, the task of promoting the well-being of mankind in equatorial Africa, for example, defies the average American's imagination. The majority of the people there are at an economic, educational, and technological level close to that of the American Indian during the settling of the West. These developing nations are, in other words, a century or more behind Western civilization. Their problem of civilizing themselves is aggravated by the tendency of their populations to increase faster than agriculture and industry can improve food supply and per capita income. Direct transplantation of the American university's highly specialized knowledge and techniques to Africa, one of the easier undertakings, only complicates the problem of meeting human needs, for there the requirement is for country doctors and country schoolteachers rather than for medical and political scientists. The Foundation's African task force is fully aware of these questions and is looking for answers.

It would appear that the Foundation in its present course will have no trouble heeding the plea of Mr. Rockefeller at its fiftieth anniversary dinner that it be "more willing to risk criticism, even the possibility of failure," and also fulfill "an obligation to make clear to the American public — from whom our franchise derives — the role of foundations in a free society." This role, unlike that of government or business, he said, is "to take such risks for good cause."

Recently, the board of trustees described five areas in which the Foundation will concentrate its efforts, including an expanded interest in population control and a fresh interest in the American Negro's bid for equality: "For the foreseeable future, then, the Foundation proposes to do what it can to work toward the provision of an adequate food supply for all. It will expand its efforts toward population stabilization. It will help in the training of promising individuals and the development of institutions where the lack of leadership retards progress. It will seek to advance equality of opportunity for all. And it will strive to contribute to man's cultural development."

What we find, in conclusion, is no more than the beginning of another long story. In the Foundation's interests and efforts, its successes and failures, we find mirrored the crucial issues of civilization. The pressure of events has compelled the gentlemen and scholars of its staff to become more determined in their optimism, well knowing that nothing yet has been so fully and finally achieved as to alter the words of Walt Whitman: "It is provided in the very essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."

She has a rare gift...

It's courage.

Janice's legs are crippled. But there's nothing wrong with the rest of her. She laughs easily. Loves kid games. And she's determined to run, jump rope, dance and play like any other girl her age.

But right now, learning to walk is no picnic. Each step comes hard. Thanks to *you*, she'll beat her problem.

Your Easter Seal contribution last year helped buy expensive equipment to guide Janice's steps,

strengthen her legs, and ease her pain. Your contribution helped the therapist and other skilled personnel at your local Easter Seal chapter.

That's why your Easter Seal contribution is so much appreciated. It gives hope and help—instead of pity. All the pity in the world won't do as much good as a single contribution. Your contribution. When your Easter Seals arrive, take the first step for a crippled child. Give to Easter Seals. As you did *last* year.



***The first step is yours—
your gift to Easter Seals***

Send to: Crippled Children, Postmaster (Your City and State)

**255,000 CRIPPLED CHILDREN AND ADULTS WERE
TREATED LAST YEAR AT EASTER SEAL CENTERS**



Living

ZUPPA SOUP, ETC.

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

"Mushrooms à la Champignons" used to be a daily offering at Malatesta's wonderful old restaurant in Boston's North End — now redeveloped out of existence — but I don't think the listing deserved quite the levity it often inspired in strangers. The dish, as I recall it, consisted of large and flavorful mushrooms browned in butter and assisted by a sauce of finely diced mushrooms, and it was indeed what the menu said it was.

I was reminded of all this not long ago when the Boston *Globe* undertook to report what was served to a distinguished group of diners at another North End restaurant. The *Globe* thought so highly of this story that it gave the reporter a by-line. It was a memorable meal: shrimp scampi, chicken marsella, prosciut[t]o ham, a Val Policella wine, concluding with a cafe expresso. There was also a neopolitian something or other.

The novelties of the meal caused me to write the *Globe* a letter, recalling the rice risotto at the famous Albergo Hotel in the Lake Lago district. The *Globe* published the letter and made only two mistakes in

its version of what I had written. On invitation of its editor, I sent the *Globe* a second letter about Val Policella and his reintroduction, after Repeal, of the Policella family's wines to the Boston market. I made some mention, too, of the egg noodles whose ingredients the *Globe* reporter had disclosed: eggs and — of all things! — *flour*. A few days later a *Globe* reader sent me an unsigned card, for which I hereby tender thanks, asking why no zuppa soup had been included in the dinner. Again, there were only two mistakes in the *Globe's* reproduction of my second letter.

The *Globe* is by far the most successful newspaper in Boston. Its editorial page and its use of syndicated features combine effectively and often with distinction. Converting a syndicated column into a spot news story when the material warrants it and running it under a news headline on Page One is a lively *Globe* practice. Its departments for women have an enormous following; one of them, "Confidential Chat," in which housewives exchange views and information under tightly guarded pseudonyms, has an attraction for its readers that is very likely unique in its field. The staff-written business and financial columns are very good indeed.

But spelling and meaning are not

the *Globe's* strong points anyhow, even in English. The matter had been "praying" on his mind; no one had "appraised" him of the facts; the result was "disasterous"; he was "flaunting" the laws — these are the rule rather than the exception at the *Globe's* news desks, where neither the writers nor the deskmen can save each other from the rigors of the language. There are said to be proofreaders, but the first claim on their time is classified-advertising copy, where a mistake means a free rerun for the advertiser, while mistakes in the news columns are of course of no consequence. A style-book for the paper would be hard to envision; before anything like that could be useful, a thorough mastery of "100,000 Words Commonly Misspelled" and "50,000 Words Commonly Misused" would be necessary.

Sportswriting in the *Globe* is typified by the column in which one person "shrugged" the statement attributed to him, another "grinned" his, and a third "rasped" his remarks, according to the columnist, a man reluctant to bring himself to use the word "said." Another *Globe* columnist, feeling the need of explaining to his readers his own learned allusions as he went along, wrote of a Red Sox player that "on the bases Yaz is no Pavlova (famed ballerina)."

GOOD MIXER

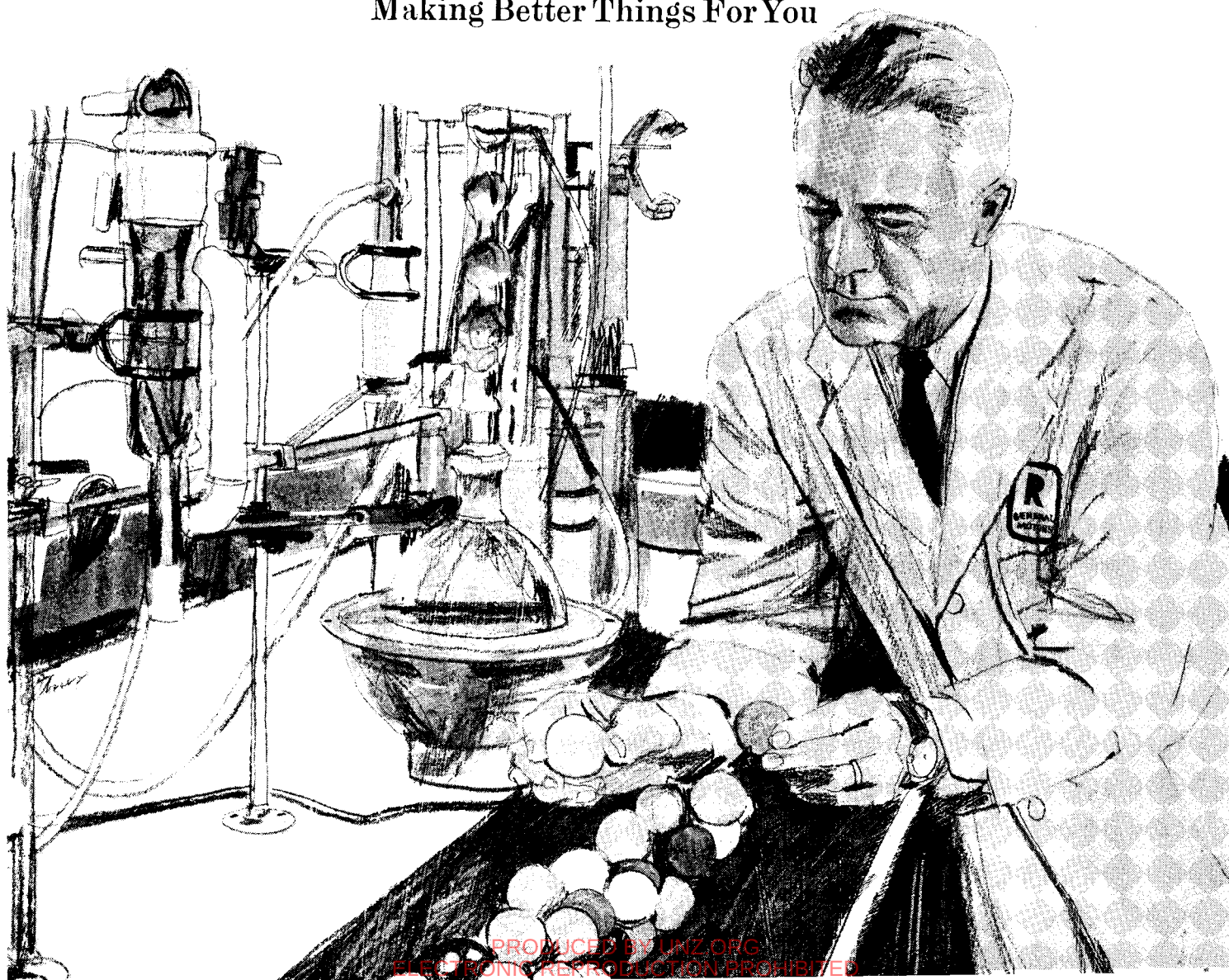
Research chemist with a mission! He's changing the atomic arrangement of a complex molecular structure. *Objective:* create an entirely new material with new properties. *Application:* an improved adhesive for bonding metals together.

He's one of more than 400 graduate engineers and scientists at the General Motors Research Laboratories, Detroit, who devote full time to pure and applied research . . . seeking new information, new and better ways of using existing knowledge.

Their work is not confined to discovering new products for GM or improving present products. A good share of their time and talent is aimed at answering basic questions. How do metals wear out? What factors govern the properties of semiconductors? Why is one lubricant better than another? To make the unknown *known* in the sciences of physics, chemistry, mathematics, mechanical engineering, metallurgy and electronics—that's the continuing aim of the General Motors research team.

GM's vitality is people—more than 600,000 employees, thousands of dealers and suppliers and over a million shareholders. Today and in the future . . . the basic essential of GM is *people*.

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .
Making Better Things For You



Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf, Hunh?

BY RAY IRWIN

RAY IRWIN is a former Midwesterner and graduate of the University of Minnesota who is now teaching at Syracuse University.

If *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* turns out to be as important a contribution to American dramaturgy as some critics think it might ("Mr. Albee can . . . be placed high among the important dramatists of the contemporary world theatre" — *New York Post*; "towers over the common run of contemporary plays" — the *New York Times*; "is a brilliantly original work of art" — *Newsweek*), the close-textual-analysis people will be picking at it before long, and also perhaps picking on it.

I am one of those people myself, and what I am reporting here is a little pilot study I have made of a recurring word I found in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* that, so far as I have been able to learn, has not appeared in a play before. The word is "hunh." Probably I would not have noticed it had it turned up only occasionally, but I kept seeing it again and again (it is used a total of fifty-five times), and before I finished reading the play I suspected that this, like the sickness imagery in *Hamlet*, the blood imagery in *Macbeth*, and the light-flashes imagery in *Romeo and Juliet*, was not just fortuitous. Mr. Albee clearly had something special in mind.

What we call the "area breakdown" of "hunh" is this: it is used eighteen times in the first act, twenty-five times in the second, and twelve times in the third. George says it the most — twenty-seven times; Martha is next with twenty-six; and Fred is last with only two. Honey does not say it at all. I was able to find no meaningful patterns in the distribution of the word, but this does not mean they are not there. Later scholarship will perhaps reveal some.

Two explanations of the word's presence can easily be ruled out. First, it is not a typesetter's error, as are so many peculiarities of the first folio. This, one can be sure of, because the word is consistently spelled throughout. And, second, it is not Mr. Albee's private spelling of "huh." There are several "huh's" in the play, along with some "unh hunh's," an "ummmmmmm,"

some "unh's," a "yaaahhhh," and a "nyyyyaahhhh."

Having thus established that "hunh" is in the play on purpose, I tried next to find it in the dictionary. Uh-unh. Even Webster III, containing, as it does, just about anything, has not sanctioned "hunh." "Huh" is there, though — origin unknown.

I then sought to learn how the word is supposed to be pronounced. I asked a lot of people, but there was not enough agreement among them to make the results statistically significant. I might, of course, have gone to the play and learned how the actors pronounced it, but that would have been an inordinate expenditure of time and money just for the sake of checking on one word, and an unauthorized one at that. Besides, if I know actors, they probably pronounce "hunh" any way they feel like it. I have never heard two Hamlets pronounce "foh" the same way, and the phonetics of "foh" are more self-evident than those of "hunh."

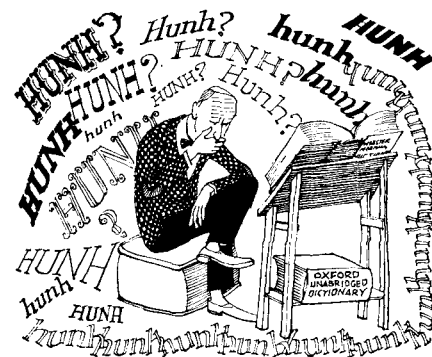
Actually, though, it does not matter a great deal precisely how Mr. Albee wants his word pronounced, for the approximate pronunciation is obvious enough from the spelling. The presence of the *n* means that "hunh" must be partly nasalized, and the final *h* directs the speaker to extend the word, making it longer than either "hun" or "huh." I know of only one person who used to use "hunh," or something very close to it, habitually. He was a boyhood friend, a dreamy kid who let his mouth hang open and who had trouble focusing on things that were said to him. When his mother would say, "Max, where did you put the scissors I saw you playing with?" he would answer, "Hunh?" and she would slap him.

Assuming, then, that Mr. Albee intends "hunh" to be pronounced with the mouth and the velum relaxed so as to produce a sort of primitive, nasal grunt, let us turn finally to the questions of why he uses the word and what, if anything, it symbolizes. I think he uses the word

because it fits in very well with the diction of much of the rest of the play. People who say things like "You make me puke!"; "Look, sweetheart, I can drink you under any goddamn table you want"; "Yeah . . . sure. Get over there!"; "Look, muckmouth . . . cut that out!"; "CAN . . . IT . . . MISTER!"; and "Then get your butt out of that chair and bring the little dip back in here" (unfortunately, the best examples cannot as yet be quoted in family magazines) probably say "hunh" quite a lot.

I am at the disadvantage of moving almost entirely in academic circles where locutions like those made by Mr. Albee's characters are never heard. I did, though, hear some of this sort of language when I was in Army boot camp, and it was often supplemented by a variety of animal-like sounds, especially if the speaker was a slack-jawed fellow to whom thinking and speaking came hard. And I do not doubt that a certain number of these sounds could be best represented orthographically by "hunh."

I have some ideas on the symbolism of "hunh," too. I believe that in putting it into the throats of his characters, Mr. Albee is suggesting, although he may not know it, that language is coming full circle. In grunts it began, and to grunts it is

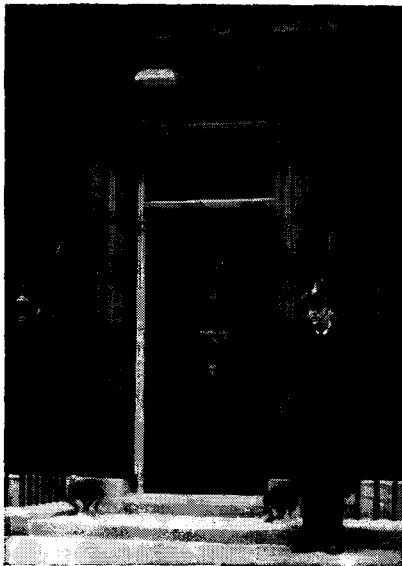


returning. Nor is this the only full circle gesture that "hunh" symbolizes. Manners, he seems to be saying, are getting back to "hunh." Family life will soon be mostly "hunh," and perhaps also "ugh." Scholarship, ambition, loyalty, honesty, tact, virility, at least heterosexual virility, willpower — all are sinking to the level of "hunh."

Since textual analyses of this sort are traditionally descriptive rather than normative, I feel no obligation

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to marshal evidence that Mr. Albee doesn't know what the hell he's talking about. Besides, as I have said, I have led a life sheltered, for the most part, by the groves of academe, in which speech and situations and people such as those invented by Mr. Albee do not exist.

Duty Free

BY SCOTT CORBETT

SCOTT CORBETT is on the staff of the Moses Brown School in Providence, Rhode Island. He is the author of many books and articles.

Now that the old \$500 allowance per person on purchases abroad has been suspended in favor of a Draconian \$100, Americans planning trips might do worse than consult the U.S. Customs list of duty-free items. It is packed with unusual possibilities for tourist souvenirs.

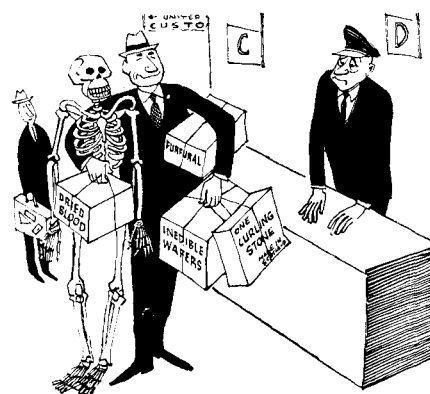
Fertilizer, for example, comes in free. So do lobsters, although the thought of bringing these through customs on a hot day in late August, even with the help of duty-free ice, will probably deter all but the hardest travelers. Hydrochloric or sulfuric acid would perhaps be a safer choice, or any of the following which are "natural and are in a crude state, not advanced in condition or value by chipping, crushing, grinding, [or] shredding" — aloes, asafetida, buchu leaves, licorice root, or manna.

Wild animals for breeding purposes, except for black, platinum, or silver foxes, and wild animals intended for exhibition in nonprofit zoos make the list, along with albumen, archil, cochineal, cudbear, gambier, and litmus — always providing, of course, that such items as these, "and extracts thereof," contain no alcohol. Almost the only duty-free item containing alcohol is wine lees, which might make an unusual tourist souvenir but might also prove trying for all concerned when opened for customs inspection. For that tiny percentage of tourists who may not know, cudbear is merely a rather sophisticated form of archil. It was named for Dr. Cuthbert Gordon, a Scot who first brought it into notice, who must have had an unbearably coy nickname.

Hypochondriac tourists will be

happy to learn that they may bring home a collection of antitoxins, bacterins, serums, vaccines, and viruses without paying a penny on them. Broken bells and bell metal, fit only to be remanufactured, are admitted, but not whole ones, a cruel disappointment for those thousands of tourists who will return from India and the mysterious East with their strings of elephant bells. These travelers may, however, console themselves by bringing in absolutely duty free as many Indian water buffalo hides as they wish. Ivory tusks in their natural state may also be tucked into odd corners of one's luggage.

Bananas and plantains, bark from which quinine can be extracted, Bi-



bles, binding twine, bread made of yeast, fish sounds, and certain kinds of dried blood are admissible. Engravings, etchings, lithographic prints, maps, music, and photographs printed over twenty years prior to entry are all right, and books, provided they have not been rebound in leather within that period. In that case, the bindings are dutiable.

Brass old and new, and bristles if crude, not bunched, prepared, or sorted, may be brought home to an honored place on the mantelpiece; so may cuttlefish bone, rough or uncut diamonds, gold or silver bullion, and goldbeaters' molds and skins. Many a tourist will surely be tempted to bring back a goldbeater's skin, if only to find out what one is. Dragon's blood sounds like a sure-fire tourist souvenir and is grouped with China grass, jute, chicle, dammar, kadaya, candarac, tragacanth, and other natural gums and resins.

Since most tourists buy with an eye to Christmas giving, a few suggestions may be culled from the duty-free list. Plows, harrow, reapers, cotton gins, and typewriters may be brought home by those looking for suitable gifts for rural cousins

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(the typewriter would, of course, be for the rural cousin working on a novel of the soil). For the earnest young nephew who has become fascinated with marine life, there are leeches. Nets for use in otter trawl fishing are perhaps rather special, but there are muskets for Grandpa, and needles, vellum, belladonna, mother of pearl, crude marrow, and common palm-leaf fans "not decorated or ornamented in any manner, and plain" for Grandma. For that brother-in-law whose old jokes are so often in questionable taste, crude chestnuts might provide a timely hint. Fancy or racing pigeons are nice for the family pigeon-fancier, and for those seeking the less obvious there are radium, sheep-dip, joss sticks, and silk cocoons. Bladders, integuments, intestines, and other such materials suitable for casinos might be just the things for that hard-to-buy-for great-aunt who still makes her own sausage.

Skeletons come in free, as do spices and spunk, which sounds like something any nation should be glad to let in free. Statuary for educational purposes, and regalia and gems to be presented without charge to any religious, philosophical, educational, scientific, or literary society may be lugged home and presented to the assembled body after the showing of colorslides of the trip.

Not all of the list will appeal to every tourist, of course. Some of it is downright unattractive. Despite the efforts of a determined minority of tapioca-haters to keep the stuff out of the country entirely, tapioca comes in free. So does cod-liver oil. And speaking of oils, it is obvious that the powerful ylang-ylang lobby has not been spending its time idly in our nation's capital, because cananga or ylang-ylang oil is also admitted free. But even though the list's appeal is variable, no one can say it lacks in variety. Tagua nuts, tamarinds, cassava, most tea plants, natural unmanufactured teeth, truffles and turtles, vegetable tallow and "wafers, not edible" (possibly a reference to certain Oriental delicacies), wax and whalebone are all included, as are "Gobelin and other handwoven tapestries fit only for use as wall hangings, and valued at not less than \$20 per square foot." Tourists doing Africa will be happy with "ethnological objects made in traditional aboriginal styles and made at least 50 years prior to their date of



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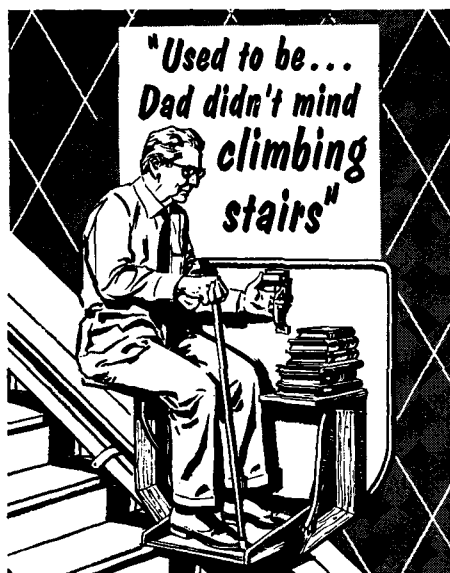


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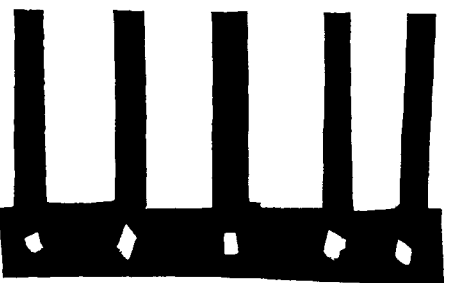
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in the April issue of

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entry," provided they can find any of those striking little Nigerian objects that were not made the previous week. Tourists heading for Scotland will rejoice in the news that curling stones come in free.

Wormgut and zaffer round off the list, zaffer being that same zaffer used in the manufacture of smalt. Afterthoughts on the part of the official list-maker include furfural, guar seed, and horsemeat.

It is plain, then, that the list offers plenty of opportunities to the tourist with a little flair and imagination. When one sees him coming home laden with his nonshredded buchu leaves and unbunched bristles, his nonalcoholic cudbear and broken bell metal, his dried blood and crude chestnuts and severely plain palm fans, his bottle of distilled ylang-ylang oil in its vellum wrapper, trimmed with uncut mother of pearl, with a fancy pigeon perched on his shoulder and an ethnographic object made in traditional aboriginal style under his arm, then one sees a man who can laugh at customs duties.

TV Addenda

BY VICTOR HILL

VICTOR HILL was formerly in newspaper and advertising work and is now employed in Providence by the Rhode Island Department of Health.

It is gratifying to note that the advertisers of a famous oral disinfectant have evidently, after a few trials, decided against using the TV camera as a nationwide laryngoscope. This clinical voyage might have been fun for Dr. Ben Casey or Dr. Jim Kildare, even on their off days, but it must have upset the ordinary layman to go zooming, like a passenger on the Cinerama roller coaster, into the throat of a beautiful and presumably innocuous young lady.

As a contrast to this realism, it would be consoling to return to the animated drawing of the "passages" that looks like the silhouette of an old brass kitchen faucet, but this seems to have vanished with all the other victims of progress.

The newest phenomenon among the commercials is the bread-popping bit, which comes as the second half of a kind of twin bill.

The scene is a kitchen, and we are greeted by a housewife who is about to become a hostess. With her left hand she reaches into the transparent wrapper of a loaf of bread and extracts a slice. This bread, she tells us and then shows us, is so fresh and soft that it folds — a nutritional virtue quite on a par with, although less animate than, the whispering and wheezing claimed by certain other bread-commercial producers. She then proceeds to make a sandwich out of one slice by spreading some stuff on it, folding it over, and fastening it with a couple of olive-headed toothpicks. We are led to suspect that she's going to make a lot of these for a party.

It's her privilege. She doesn't claim to be either a sociologist or Amy Vanderbilt; but this little *jeu d'esprit* of folding bread for a sandwich leads to a perverse line of silent questioning.

What would happen, for example, if this charming but faintly dictatorial young lady hadn't been told that folded sandwiches are chic and, in all innocence, had served a simple dinner with the soft bread laid out neatly in a silver bread tray, and one of the guests made a folded sandwich for himself? (It would have to be a male guest; to imagine a female guest folding herself a sandwich would be unchivalrous.)

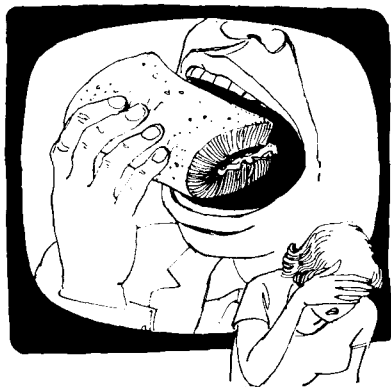
How rich would this fellow have to be, how much power would he have to wield over her husband's job to get away with it? How far back would he slide if he had been on the way up? Where did he come from in the first place?

These questions having been raised and left hanging in the air, the hostess jumps gaily into her second theme: the preservative powers of the wrapper. On her right side, which we hadn't noticed until just this minute, is a loaf in an old-fashioned wrapper, which looks quite like the other one except for its blacked-out label.

Practically nobody knows this, but the wrapper contains a mysterious, medically untested ingredient that dehydrates and hardens bread in less time than it takes to set up the camera. She tells us that the bread has grown stale because the wrapper failed to keep it fresh, and she corroborates her likely story by taking out a slice and attempting to fold it. The bread stays rigid for a second and then breaks with a detonation

that can be heard in the next room.

Unfortunately, this is a solo performance, and there is nobody, not even Siegfried, to utter the last word. We are left wondering about mold preventatives and hoping that she takes this bread to a chemical analyst before feeding it, or not feeding it, to the birds.



It is good to note the almost complete absence on television now of sylvan scenes wherein a boy catches a fish.

Those incredible prop men who fabricated Moby Dick and earlier sea and land creatures either boggled at the idea of a mechanized trout-length fish, or were never solicited for the job, or disdained it, or threatened to charge too much. Tight shooting schedules and limited budgets probably discouraged producers from keeping a crew hanging around for a few idle hours, or days, as the case might be, waiting for a real fish to bite.

The last and only resort, therefore, was employment of a fish that was incontrovertibly dead. The boy hauled up his line, already suspiciously perpendicular, and lifted from the water a passive, inert, vertical object that might just as well have been a plumb bob.

Anyone making or watching such a scene who has ever caught even one flailing, swooping, fighting fish would realize, with a blush of shame, that this is the climax of anticlimaxes, the deepest abyss of the letdown, the vacuum in the spinaker.

There must have been some clamor about this. Among the millions of fishermen (and boys) in the United States, a significant number must have complained to the sponsors, the networks, their congressmen, and probably — considering the object of their chagrin — Mr. Minow.



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FIVE MINUTES FROM LAKE COMO

BY JAMES EGAN

"You are *not* going to stop at Lake Como!" said a snobbish friend when she learned my wife and I were planning to drive through northern Italy late last summer. "It's Lake George, New York, with gaudier scenery," she warned. "A body of water surrounded by resort hotels, gimcrack souvenir shops, and ice-cream parlors. Even the Milanese capitalists have barricaded themselves behind their villa walls, and busloads of middle-class tourists have taken over. You won't like it, you won't like it at all."

Despite our friend's gloomy warnings, we did like it. Lake Como, to be sure, has changed since Stendhal wrote "here everything is noble and touching, here everything speaks of love." Lake Como has even changed, my wife found, since her undergraduate tour before the war. Her itinerary then included, as an unscheduled item, a moonlight stroll with a minor Italian prince in the gardens of the Villa d'Este, the stately deluxe hotel which still stands on the lake shore. Now Como is more likely to speak of motor horns than of love, as baby Fiats scurry along the narrow, winding corniche that clings to the rock wall above the lake; and the princes have departed for places like Portofino, where the international pickings are richer.

Yet if Lake Como — a mere thirty miles from booming, industrial Milan — has inevitably lost much of its *eleganza*, it remains one of the great natural holiday regions of the world. Its hotels overlook the soft blue mists that rise from the lake to an encircling ring of mountains. Its souvenir shops offer some of Italy's best buys in silk scarves; this is the heart of the silk district. And the ice-cream parlors (actually outdoor cafés) serve up a voluptuous assortment of *gelati* and *pasticceria*.

Our Lake Como hotel was the modern Albergo Bazzoni, far less luxurious than the ancient Villa d'Este, but still marble-floored and decorated with Italian antiques. The hotel is at Tremezzo, a resort town barely one row of buildings deep, squeezed against the mountains about halfway up the western shore of the lake, which is shaped like an inverted Y about thirty miles long. Our balcony faced the heavily traveled shore road and Tremezzo's landing stage, where busy lake ferries and excursion boats put in. The thunder of trucks in the night, the ululating cry of buses summoning their tour groups each morning, the blast of boat whistles all day long, composed a rackety Italian symphony.

Along the lake just to the north of

Tremezzo stands a quiet refuge, the Villa Carlotta. This eighteenth-century villa, open to the public, is surrounded by a park so large that one can lose oneself in the silence. In early spring, banks of azaleas and rhododendrons flower; and even in late summer when there is little bloom, the Italian gift for landscaping with shrubs and trees manages to provide a palette of greens from palest seafoam to black olive. There is also a miniature rain forest hidden in a ravine; on closer inspection it proves to be largely potted palms, a discovery which in no way detracts from the exotic effect. The interior of the Villa Carlotta displays a number of nineteenth-century marbles by Canova, including his famous *Cupid and Psyche*. Although the sculptor's work is almost indistinguishable in spirit from the pastry in the cafés, the whole place has a gentle Victorian charm.

Directly across the lake lies Bellagio, self-styled Pearl of Lake Como. It is a golden-yellow town of hotels and villas among plane trees and pines. Its streets climb steeply from the lake front, some up flights of steps. They are lined with antique shops and silk shops, in which a tourist tide rises and falls as the lake boats land and depart.

One morning, after some days of exploring the lake's most familiar attractions, I asked the proprietor of the Hotel Bazzoni to suggest an expedition somewhat off the track. He looked doubtful. "There is the Sanctuary of the Madonna del Soccorso," he said. "The Madonna of the Rescue. You should see her fourteen chapels and the church. But you must go *a piedi*. Few Americans make the trip. Your countrymen are not used to walking."

I asked him how to get there. "You drive south along the lake three kilometers to Campo," he said. "Take the road that turns up from the lake at a ruined campanile, and go some meters until you can go no farther. Then you must leave your car and climb. Ask anyone the way to the Madonna del Soccorso. It is only five minutes from the lake."

I have learned that in Italy directions always wind up as "five minutes" from some place. After you listen to a spate of rapid Italian studded with "*a destra, a sinistra, vada dritto*," you hear "*cinque minuti*," and you know the instructions are finished, if incomprehensible.



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We followed the proprietor's directions and left the car in the tiny dead-end square of Ossuccio, a hamlet above Campo. We were about five hundred feet up from the lake. The day had dawned clear, but now the sky lowered and a misting rain fell.

"*Alla Madonna.*" I asked an old man leaning against the doorway of the single store in Ossuccio. "*Cinque minuti,*" he said, pointing up a narrow lane to the right.

We walked up the cobbled path parallel to the lake, between shoulder-high dry walls laid neatly stone on stone. Steeply terraced vineyards and olive groves extended up the mountain to the left and down toward the lake to the right. At the end of the walled lane we emerged into the open and came upon a white stucco chapel with a red-tiled roof surmounted by a cross. The chapel was not more than thirty feet high and perhaps twenty feet wide. Granite framed the doorway and windows. The exterior was plain and severe. On a side wall was a sign in four languages — Italian, French, German, and English. It said, "Whether you come as a pilgrim or tourist, you are entering my house. The Virgin Marie." Over the bolted door of the chapel was the Roman numeral V and a faded inscription: "*La Disputa di Gesù coi Dottori nel Tempio.*"

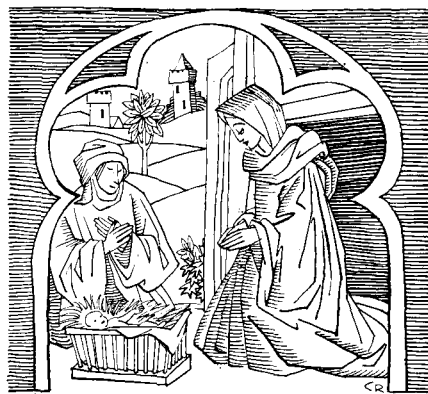
We gazed up and down the mountain. Spread out before us on the steep slope, in a zigzag line some three thousand feet long, were four similar chapels below and another nine above, crowned by a church at the top. It was apparent that because we had followed the special directions for lazy Americans and mounted as far as Ossuccio by car, we had entered the Sanctuary of the Madonna at the fifth of the fourteen chapels, "Jesus' Debate with the Doctors in the Temple."

I approached a heavy mesh screen over one window of the chapel. I immediately stepped back in alarm. A grinning, contorted boy's face stared out at me from the gloom behind the mesh. I stepped closer to the screen and stared back. The only light entered through the windows. Inside, some twenty plaster figures, almost life-size and frozen at the peak of animation, debated in the Temple of Jerusalem. Their hands gestured furiously but did not move. The figure of the boy Jesus,

astounding the learned doctors with His knowledge, stood in the center of the circle. To one side stood the Madonna, her arms extended in awe. The grinning face which had startled me at the window belonged to a beggar boy in the foreground. The figures were painted in fresh, alive colors; every vein and tendon stood out in the gesturing hands; the faces were Italian faces of the lake district; and the clothing was of the seventeenth century — robes of deep rich red and celestial blue. Trompe l'oeil frescoes covered the chapel walls. Although we stood outside, we seemed to be in the halls of the Temple, surrounded by a perspective of columns. A complete life seethed within the chapel, silently, as in a habitat group in a museum.

What had we come upon here on the mountain? We descended to the first chapel and began our ascent in proper order.

The fourteen chapels together with the church of the Sanctuary, I learned later, represented the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary — scenes in the life of Christ and the Madonna, starting with the Annunciation and ending with the Coronation of the



Virgin. Each chapel differed in design: some were rectangular, some octagonal, some round. They were built between 1635 and 1714, chiefly through gifts from pious men of wealth in the region. The astonishingly lifelike tableaux were the work of journeyman artists of the period, men whose names mean nothing to us now.

We moved up the mountain in wonder from one chapel to the next. The Way of the Madonna, some fifteen feet wide, was paved with well-worn stones almost overgrown with grass. In the steeper stretches we mounted by broad stone steps like a series of shallow terraces. Low stone walls and ancient oaks flanked the path. As we climbed, the green,

mist-shrouded slopes and the lake receded below us.

The Way of the Madonna was empty until a middle-aged German couple panted up the slope behind us and paused to peer through the window of Chapel VII, "The Scourging of Jesus." We had recoiled before the scene: the dark-visaged, black-bearded figures of violence, whose upraised hands wielded long-vanished whips. The couple stood there a long time.

They stood again before Chapel VIII, "Jesus Crowned with Thorns," where a mocking peasant figure in the foreground threw back his head, revealing an enormous goiter above his tattered shirt. Of course! He was an iodine-deficient mountain man from nearby.

Then two heavysset Italian women passed us. They wore shiny black dresses, black lace scarves over their heads, and recited the Rosary aloud as they walked firmly up the path. Behind them came their husbands in stiff, square black suits. The men were silent. One of the women stepped up to a chapel, tucked a bunch of field flowers in the window, and made the sign of the cross.

A pair of young nuns fluttered by. They stopped before a sign at a steep zag in the path. The sign was again inscribed in four languages. The English version said, "I don't want to see uncovered women and young girls at all, or females with long or short pantaloons. Dress my modesty [sic]. The Virgin Marie."

The misty rain had stopped, and the clouds were breaking up by the time we reached the eleventh chapel, "The Resurrection." Inside, an angel effortlessly lifted a huge marble slab from the sepulcher. Five Roman guards, armed and uniformed like seventeenth-century Italian mercenaries, stumbled back from the scene in terror. Framed by a golden aureole, a muscular, vigorous Jesus, clad only in a fold of white cloth trailing from his waist, rose into the sky bearing a silken banner. At that moment a slanting ray of sun penetrated the window of the chapel and illuminated the figure of Jesus. A solitary Frenchman stood beside us at the window. He had a long, skeptical Gallic countenance. "*Merveilleux,*" he muttered.

Each of the fourteen chapels told a story as vivid and as three-dimensional. In "The Journey to Calvary" the soldiers' horses pranced

and curvettted as if alive. In "the Crucifixion" more than forty expressive figures surrounded three tall crosses as a group of goitrous soldiers in the foreground struggled with the impenitent thief, stripping him preparatory to crucifixion. And in "The Assumption of the Virgin," the last chapel before the church, the Apostles stood dumb struck at a flight of angels carried their Queen to heaven on a gilded cloud.

At every turn in the Way of the Madonna the views of Lake Como became more spectacular. Finally, at the top, from the belvedere of the church, we looked down over a silvery olive grove on a slope so steep that the trees leaned out to embrace the lake.

The church of the Sanctuary, after the chapels, seemed at first to be an anticlimax. Started a century earlier than the chapels and completed more than a century after, it contained a mélange of ornate styles inside. But in a dim chapel to the left of the altar we found the explanation of the Sanctuary's name, the Madonna of the Rescue. For here, where the Queen of Heaven herself sat enthroned behind a barred gate, the walls were covered with ex-voto paintings and embroideries, hung by near victims of disaster to celebrate their miraculous escape from death through the intercession of the Madonna.

Each painting memorialized the very moment of rescue. The earliest date I could decipher was "Anno Domini 1670," inscribed in the corner of a murky sickroom scene. A nobleman, or at least a man of some importance, lay propped up in a great canopied bed, his hands clasped in prayer. His bedside table contained a single vial of medicine and a spoon, medication being simpler then than it is today. A black-coated younger man — the patient's son perhaps? — knelt in prayer at the foot of the bed. From the nobleman's lips emerged a balloon of illegible Latin script. And in the upper corner of the painting, as in all the paintings, floated a tiny Madonna holding the Christ Child.

Inscribed with the name Bartolomeo Brantano, this picture was the work of a professional artist of sorts. But most of the offerings were clearly naïve primitives executed by local amateurs.

One small work represented a storm on Lake Como. Waves of ex-

traordinary size tossed about a typical Como fishing boat — the kind with three circular hoops that support a canvas cover over the top. The cover was rolled up and lashed to the hoops against the storm. Amidships two figures prayed as they pulled on the oars for dear life. They prayed successfully, for the picture was inscribed, "*Grazia Ricevuta* [Grace Received], 8 Agosto, 1899. Alessandro Miano, Pietro Freiburger."

Another brightly colored canvas depicted the collision of a streamlined Como steamer and a small rowboat. Two figures were hurtled from the little craft into the water. The town of Bellagio was clearly visible in the background, with each of its buildings painted in loving detail. The two boatmen must have made it to shore; they inscribed their initials modestly on the painting, "B.M., P.L. 1956."

In another part of the church a pair of pictures hung side by side, both painted by E. Marmorì. The first portrayed the headlong meeting, on a precipitous cobbled street, of a motor scooter and one of those two-wheeled carts used locally for transporting goods. The man on the scooter was bashed against a stone wall. This picture was inscribed, "Ponna [the name of a village] 10-6-1958. Pianarosa, Giberto." In the companion picture, a woman with a child in her arms was falling sideways from a high flight of steps at her back door. And this inscription read, "Ponna 15-3-1959. Pianarosa, Gina." How fortunate for the accident-prone Pianarosa family that the Virgin was near.

Many framed offerings were of embroidered silk. One showed a richly cursive "G.R." surrounded by green grape leaves, purple thistles, and yellow daisies. The inscription, also embroidered, read, "Leoni, Giovanni — *salvato dal fulmine* [saved from a thunderbolt]. Ossuccio 9-6-1915."

When we came out of the church on the mountain it was almost dusk, and the bells in the church tower were pealing. We walked slowly down the Way of the Madonna past the silent chapels. Now we could see nothing inside but shadows. We got in our car in the square at Ossuccio and drove down the hill. The sound of the bells followed us until we arrived at the lakeshore road and could not hear them in the rush of traffic.

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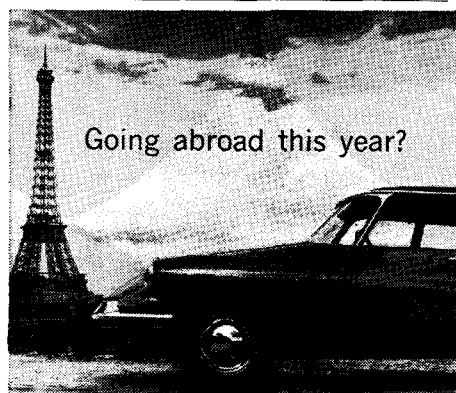
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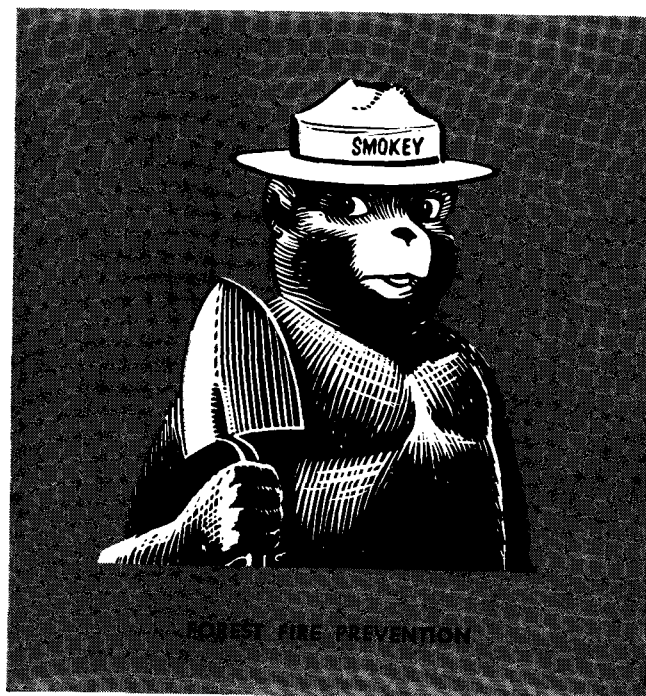
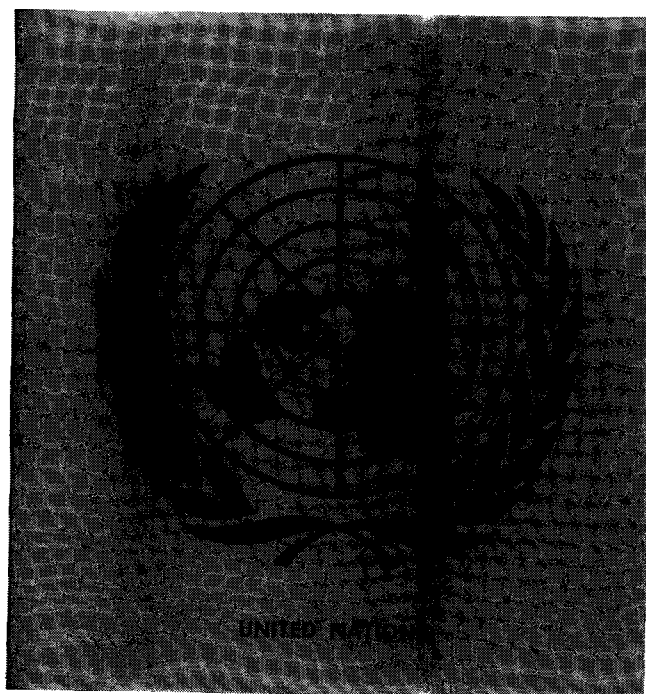
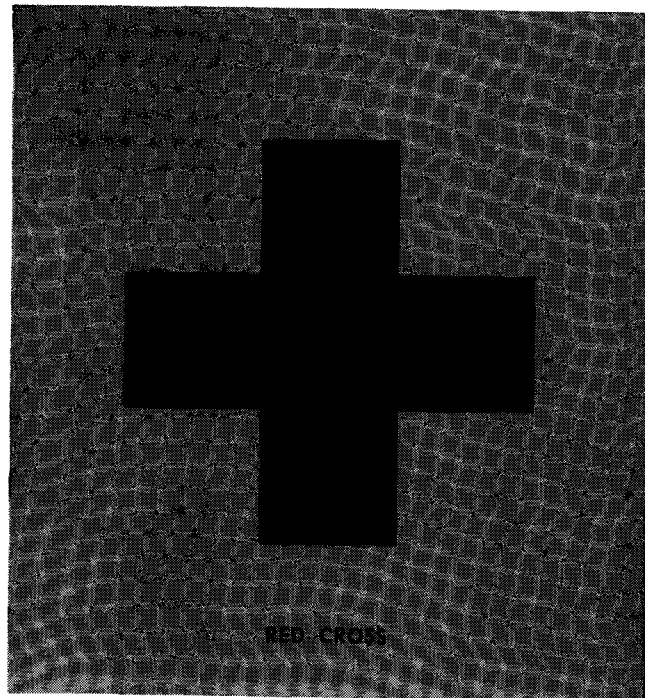
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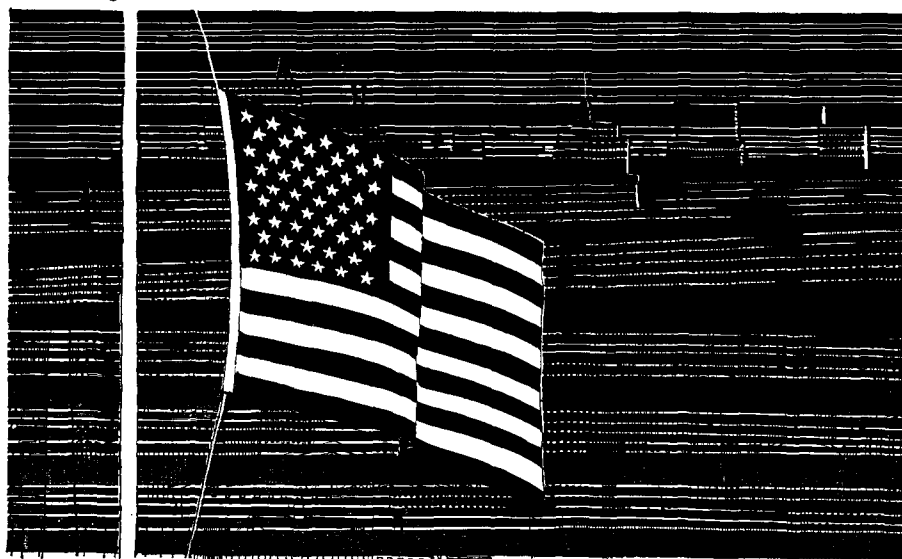
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KENNEDY MEMORIAL ALBUMS

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Few musical legends are more moving than the story of Mozart's *Requiem* — of the gaunt stranger who came to the composer's door, abruptly commissioned him to write a Requiem Mass, and kept coming back to ask him for it so often and so sternly that at last Mozart became convinced he had been ordered by some divine agency to write his own death song. The legend had a firmer basis of fact than most: the stranger turned out to be the emissary of a certain Count Walsegg, who had commissioned the *Requiem* secretly so he could palm it off as his own work. There is in existence a letter — its authenticity is in dispute — in which Mozart is said to have written to his librettist, Lorenzo da Ponte: "I know from what I feel that the hour sounds; I am on the point of expiring; I have finished before having enjoyed my talent. Life was so beautiful, my career began under such favorable auspices, but none can change his destiny. Nobody can count his days, one must resign oneself, it will all be as Providence pleases and so I finish my funeral song, I must not leave it incomplete."

But Mozart died, aged thirty-five, before he could finish his *Requiem*, and it had to be completed by his favorite pupil, one Süßmayer. It

was the twin parallels of the early death and the unfinished work that led Erich Leinsdorf, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to select Mozart's *Requiem* as the music for the Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass in memory of President John F. Kennedy, celebrated by Cardinal Cushing at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston on January 19, 1964. It is highly unusual, in the United States at least, for a work such as the Mozart *Requiem* to be performed as an integral part of a Roman Catholic church service; but once the decision was taken, it was carried out in magnificent style. The proceedings were broadcast on nationwide television, and now they have been made available in a two-record RCA Victor album (LSC-7030, stereo; LM-7030, monaural). Proceeds will go to the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library Fund in Boston.

Although recordings of the Mozart *Requiem* are no novelty, this one understandably possesses special qualities in both its setting and its sentiment. It begins with a tolling of bells and concludes with a recessional, and interspersed among its sections are the voices of Cardinal Cushing and the seminarians assisting him in the celebration of the Mass. At times the musical impact

is heightened by the interpolation of the purely ritualistic portions, as when the clamors of Mozart's *Dies Irae* burst upon the quiet plainsong *Tractus* intoned by the priests.

As befits the circumstances, Leinsdorf's approach to the *Requiem* follows lines that are devotional as well as dramatic. The music unfolds with spaciousness and deliberation; no effort is made to strive after effect for its own sake. The soloists are Sara Mae Endich, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Nicholas DiVirgilio, tenor; and Mac Morgan, baritone. The choral groups participating are the Chorus pro Musica, the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, the New England Conservatory Chorus, and the St. John's Seminary Choir — a total of nearly 200 singers, all of whom perform beautifully. As might be expected from a recording made in a church filled with 1800 listeners, the sound falls short of studio perfection; but it is more than adequate to convey the transcendent qualities of the performance. Indeed, the occasional coughing and rustling, the reverberations of the chants, the rising and falling of celebrants' voices serve only to give this unique recording a sense of presence and immediacy.

Just as the RCA Victor album is a musical and liturgical commemoration of President Kennedy's death, a release called *Four Days That Shocked the World* is an attempt to convey the actuality and the aftermath of the assassination in the words of onlookers and observers.

The record, issued on the Colpix label (CP-2500, monaural) and made in association with United Press International, draws largely on radio and television broadcasts between November 22 and 25, 1963, the period from the shooting in Dallas to the burial in Arlington. It begins with the jocularity of Mr. Kennedy's arrival in Fort Worth (he is heard jesting about himself as "the man who accompanies Mrs. Kennedy") and concludes with the bugler blowing taps at Arlington — complete to the momentary crack on the high D that seemed to symbolize the nation's heartbreak.

Four Days That Shocked the World, which might have been a shoddy and hasty affair, like so many of the Kennedy "memorial" records that were rushed out after the President's death, is instead a skillfully edited



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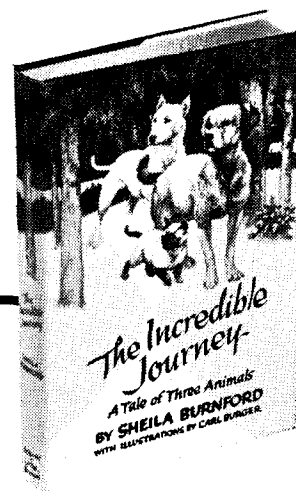
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re-creation of a weekend that still seems unbelievable in retrospect. Narration itself is held to a minimum; instead, the excitement, terror, and grief of the events are conveyed through the voices of announcers on the scene and of eyewitnesses. The record includes such ironic touches as a local broadcaster commenting before the assassination on the "unprecedented" security arrangements of the Dallas police. For the assassination itself, there is no attempt to embellish or smooth out an on-the-scene announcer's stunned and confused account of what was happening before his disbelieving eyes. In fact, it is the obvious shock and anguish in the voices of the onlookers that make the Dallas drama seem so vivid and gripping. When Lee Oswald is killed in his turn, one hears not only the sound of the shot itself but the shouts of the police officers and a reporter's awed "Holy mackerel!"

In addition to covering the violent events themselves, *Four Days That Shocked the World* offers excerpts from several eulogies to Mr. Kennedy, the swearing in of President Johnson, and a portion of the Washington memorial service and burial. Throughout, it represents a tasteful and responsible job of "audio journalism," to use the producers' own term for this technique.

Also in the wake of the Kennedy assassination, Decca has issued a recording of the tribute to the President carried by the British Broadcasting Corporation's television program *That Was the Week That Was*, the night of November 23 (DL-79116, stereo; DL-9116, monaural). The BBC tribute, which was prepared in twenty-four hours, was widely praised at the time and was rebroadcast in the United States. The *That Was the Week That Was* broadcasters, who generally produce a satiric topical show, reacted with instinctive grief and professional skill by swiftly assembling a program of sober comment on the tragedy. In the context and climate of the event, much of what they said and felt undoubtedly seemed moving. But heard on a recording many weeks later, their comments—at least to this listener—seem rather lame, flat, and ordinary. There is little significance or eloquence in the opening comment that President Kennedy's death was more shocking



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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

than Sir Winston Churchill's would have been, or in the poem "To Jackie," an almost embarrassing set of verses self-consciously read by Dame Sybil Thorndike. And a "folksong" specially written for the show, entitled *In the Summer of His Tears*, sung by Millicent Martin, seems thoroughly synthetic and contrived.

The President's death quite naturally is reflected in two records that are devoted to a compilation in sound of the memorable events of 1963. These are *A Time to Keep: 1963* (RCA Victor LOC-1088, monaural) and *History in Sound: 1963 Year in Review* (Gateway GLP-9003, monaural). Although one of these documentaries comes from an industry giant and the other from a small independent, both are afflicted with the same two problems — a desire to leave nothing out, and an excess of words by the narrators.

Listening to announcers talking about great events is a far cry from experiencing, through sound, the events themselves. Even the descriptive talents of Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, who are the commentators for Victor's *A Time to Keep*, fail to hold the listener engrossed as they plow their way through a sketchy and kaleidoscopic succession of such disconnected events as the overturn in Vietnam, the approval of the nuclear-test ban treaty, the Profumo affair, the death of Robert Frost, the World Series, the earthquake at Skopljje, the desegregation struggle in Birmingham, the start of 1964 presidential politicking, and many others. So numerous are the subjects that very few of them can be dwelt upon informatively or even interestingly, and there seldom is time for more than a few seconds of the voices or thoughts of the people involved.

There are exceptions, of course. Joe Valachi's testimony about organized crime before a Senate committee, notably his description of the initiation ceremonies of the Cosa Nostra syndicate, provides both the Victor and Gateway recordings with a few graphic moments, not without their touches of grim humor. At the opposite extreme, the dignity and emotion of the Negro march on Washington last summer are powerfully depicted, especially in the Gateway recording with its excerpts from Dr. Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream" address and its



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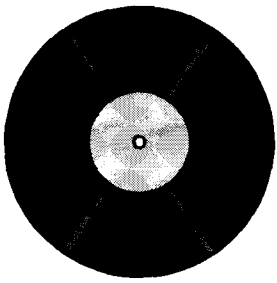
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sound montage of the marchers singing. But such excerpts are all too fleeting, and the listener is immediately plunged into a resumption of the announcer's portentous recital of the year's chronology. In this kind of presentation even the story of the Kennedy assassination seems to lack the import and impact it has in Colpix's *Four Days That Shocked the World*.

There is, however, one powerful passage in the RCA Victor record. Once more Mr. Leinsdorf and the

Boston Symphony are involved. The scene is an afternoon concert at Symphony Hall, and the recording tape has registered the voice of the conductor interrupting the program to tell the audience that a report has been received that the President of the United States has been the victim of an assassination. The gasps and cries of disbelief that go up in the crowded hall recapture as dramatically and movingly as anything else the shock and sorrow of those incredible days.



Jazz and Folk Recordings

BY NAT HENTOFF

The Art Farmer Quartet: Interaction

Art Farmer, fluegelhorn; Jim Hall, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Walter Perkins, drums; Atlantic SD-1412 (stereo) and 1412

Formed in the summer of 1962, the Art Farmer quartet has become the most lyrical unit in modern jazz. Farmer, who has turned from the trumpet to the fluegelhorn because of the latter's mellower sound, has long been noted for his economical and exceptionally judicious choice of notes and his strongly personal melodic imagination. His primary colleague in the quartet, guitarist Jim Hall, possesses the same qualities. They also share an unhurried, deeply flowing rhythmic sense. Buttressing them are Walter Perkins, an attentive, unobtrusive drummer, and Steve Swallow, one of the most brilliantly resourceful of the younger bassists. The fusion of these four has resulted in as glowing an illustration of chamber jazz as has been recorded in several years.

Eric Dolphy: At the Five Spot

Eric Dolphy, flute and bass clarinet; Booker Little, trumpet; Mal Waldron, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Eddie Blackwell, drums; Prestige S-7294 (stereo) and 7294

In addition to its intrinsic musical merits, this recording of an evening at New York's Five Spot is an instructive introduction to several of the various directions being taken in advanced modern jazz. Dolphy displays, particularly on bass clarinet, the preoccupation of some avant-gardists with extracting a wider range of colors from their horns than has ever been achieved before in jazz. In the process, the instrument sometimes sounds as if its capacities were being stretched to the

breaking point, but Dolphy's overall texture in each piece makes considerable, if turbulent, musical sense. Mal Waldron, on the other hand, is a tautly disciplined, unusually cohesive pianist who indicates the increased complexity of modern jazz while also playing with crackling emotion. The late Booker Little was especially interested in achieving greater melodic freedom in his improvising and this, one of his last recordings, reveals how distinctive a conception he had already achieved.

Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington: The Great Reunion

Louis Armstrong, trumpet; Duke Ellington, piano; Trummy Young, trombone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Mort Herbert, bass; Danny Barcelona, drums; Roulette SR-52103 (stereo) and 52103

This meeting between two of the patriarchs of jazz is most interesting for the effect it has on Armstrong's singing. His own rather narrow repertory has seldom changed in recent years, so that in his performances with only his regular group behind him, Armstrong's vocals have become entertainment devices more than strongly felt expressions of emotion. Here, stimulated by a program of relatively unfamiliar (to him) songs by Ellington, Armstrong concentrates on the music rather than on his usual jocular rhetoric. The consequence is the most consistently appealing set of Armstrong vocals since *Louis Armstrong Plays W. C. Handy* (Columbia CL-591) in the mid-1950s. There are too few solos by Ellington, but he is an incisively enlivening accompanist to Armstrong.

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem: In Person at Carnegie Hall

Tom, Liam, and Pat Clancy, and Tommy Makem, vocals; Columbia CS-8750 (stereo) and CL-1950

The Clancy brothers and their equally irrepressible colleague, Tommy Makem, are attracting a continually expanding audience without diluting their style or material. In this recording of a November, 1962, concert, for example, the quartet relies entirely on bristlingly authentic Irish songs with no concessions to the bland commercialism which has increasingly infused the folk renaissance. The major subjects of their repertory are pride in the Irish rebellion, along with a dark minor theme concerning the psychopathol-

ogy of war; the pleasures of drink and brisk amatory pursuit; and memories of childhood. It is the last category which provides one of the most vivid performances yet recorded by the Clancys — an extensive medley of children's tunes which becomes a distillation of the wistfulness, persistent sense of wonder, occasional cruelty, pungent wit, and boisterous energy which are endemic to the private worlds of children.

Jack Elliott Sings the Songs of Woody Guthrie

Jack Elliott, vocals, guitar, and harmonica; Prestige-Folklore 14011

One of the more remarkable odysseys in recent American folk singing was the transformation of Elliott Charles Adnopoz, born in the ranchless wilds of Brooklyn, into Jack Elliott, expert interpreter of cowboy and Woody Guthrie compositions. It was Elliott's fixation on Guthrie, the most original writer of American folk songs this country has ever known, which most influenced him musically. For a time, Elliott even walked, talked, and looked somewhat like Guthrie. Increasingly, Elliott has become an impressive stylist on his own, but he remains by far the most authentic interpreter of Guthrie's songs now that Guthrie himself has been silenced by a progressive disease of the nervous system. Elliott is at total idiomatic ease here in the considerable scope of Guthrie material.

Mississippi John Hurt: Folk Songs and Blues

John Hurt, vocals and guitar; Piedmont PLP-13157, Music Research, Inc., 2023 N. Woodstock St., Arlington 7, Virginia

At seventy, John Hurt, a Mississippi cotton picker and a grandfather of seventeen, has suddenly been propelled, by renewed interest in the blues among urban singers and record collectors, into appearances at Northern folk festivals and nightclubs. Unlike that of other recently rediscovered Mississippi blues singers, Hurt's music is neither harsh nor anguished. His gentle, pliable voice focuses on the poignancy, irony, playfulness, and sweet sexuality which the blues can also communicate. (Bitterness and frustration have never monopolized the blues.) Hurt accompanies himself with agile grace on the guitar. Until this recording, Hurt had not been in a recording studio since 1928.



C. Ash

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WHEN I was in college, President Harding, the most incompetent Republican ever elected, had closed the door firmly against Wilson's dream of the League of Nations. Foreign policy was something a few people in Washington worried about; it did not monopolize the editorial page as it does today, and in its absence that page could be devoted to domestic affairs like the scandal of Teapot Dome, the price of cotton, prohibition, and the arts. There were four columnists who then enlivened the best papers in New York, and what stands out in memory is the innocent expectation with which they discussed the Great American Novel, their unashamed delight in light verse and the American vernacular, their pleasure in translating Horace or in keeping a Manhattan diary in the manner of Samuel Pepys. They were "F.P.A.," Don Marquis, Heywood Broun, and Christopher Morley.

F.P.A. was Franklin Pierce Adams, and he mattered to all young writers because he might accept and publish in "The Conning Tower," as he called his column, a piece of our prose or verse, which if it appeared alongside a piece by Dorothy Parker on "People I Loathe" would really put us in the spotlight. F.P.A. awarded a gold watch each year to the contributor he most enjoyed, and his watches had been won by Robert Benchley, Deems Taylor, Gelett Burgess, Will Irwin, and, of course, Miss Parker. Don Marquis we prized for his incomparable dialogue between archy the cockroach and mehitabel the cat; Heywood Broun, because of the way he laid about him as if he were swinging not with a shillelagh but with a baseball bat — he had come to literature from the sports page — and Christopher Morley we admired because of his aspiration and his unquenchable love for books.

Chris Morley I first saw in the Harvard Union. We had packed the place to the rafters, and I recall that as he talked he leaned back, bracing

his broad shoulders against the old grandfather clock until it began to sway from side to side as he did. What he talked about was John Keats and his letters, from which he kept quoting with a point and intimacy that soon had the big room still. Chris made us see this poet our age or only a bit older, how he developed in such a magically short time against the odds of poverty and illness, and how he had never swerved, even in the final tragedy, from his belief that it was possible to be a poet and to be great.

The life of Keats, like the life of Lincoln, should be rewritten for each generation. Keats is the one English poet other than Shakespeare to whom all young poets, no matter how radical their taste, turn for sympathy, self-measurement, and in unqualified admiration. He lived in a world of transition, such as ours, when, as WALTER JACKSON BATE has so clearly emphasized in his splendid biography, JOHN KEATS (Belknap, Harvard University Press, \$10.00), poets were unsure of the future and assailed by self-doubt. Keats, whom Mr. Bate describes as one of the most "unbookish" of great writers, had to fight for his independence at the same time that he was struggling for his self-confidence in poetry. He was opposed every step of the way by his wrongheaded, miserly guardian, a villain out of Dickens; dragged down by worry over his brother Tom's illness; and he was roasted alive by the most scurrilous reviewing in the sordid history of that craft. Yet his development, as Mr. Bate portrays with a warmth of detail and poetic understanding, was steadfast and almost incredible in its swiftness. Less than five years separate the early, pretty sonnets from the great odes and the *Fall of Hyperion*. In this amazing mastery he moved out from under the influence of Leigh Hunt, was touched in passing by Shelley, learned from his reading what he most needed from Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, and so found his own voice. His achievement is

an amazing one, and the more touching for the humiliation and anguish which he suffered.

Not that Keats pitied himself as a martyr; he was too eager and healthy for that, and his love for his brothers and his sister, Fanny, was ever a source of buoyancy. One of the most appealing aspects of Mr. Bate's biography is his delineation of the family and of the friends who beckoned the poet on and of what each — Clarke, Haydon, Reynolds, Brown, and Severn — contributed to his career. Because that career was so tragically short, and because his letters tell us so openly, so eloquently, of the creative process which was his life, we know more about John Keats than we do about any other major poet. Research and evaluation have extended our appreciation in the big eight-volume compilation, *Poetical Works and Other Writings of John Keats*, edited by Harry Buxton Forman, in the biographies by Sir Sidney Colvin, Amy Lowell, and Edmund Blunden, and more recently in *The Keats Circle*, edited by Hyder E. Rollins, and the *Diary of Benjamin Robert Haydon*, edited by Willard B. Pope. Mr. Bate began his initial study of Keats's versification twenty-five years ago, and his fine, capacious book is a capstone of his scholarship, a blend of fastidious research, critical discernment, and understanding of Keats as a man. Mr. Bate recalls Whitehead's famous statement that "Moral education is impossible apart from the habitual vision of greatness." It is with this "habitual vision" that Keats lived, and lives today.

SONS AND MOTHERS

BRIGHTNESS (Coward-McCann, \$3.95), **ELIZABETH JENKINS'** new novel, is a story of mothers and sons: Una Lambert, the widow, and her scholarship son Richard, who is doing so well at Cambridge, are drawn in sharp contrast to Marion Sugden, the wealthy materialist who makes any excuse to spoil her irresponsible Derek. The young men have each turned twenty, and premonition tells us that the dice are loaded against Richard; he is too good to win, the gods will claim him. But once this John Bunyan morality has been accepted as inevitable, one can settle back and enjoy the insight and quiet irony with which Miss Jenkins describes the power of love, for good or evil, in these two families from New Broadlands, a London suburb built by high-minded cranks and still retaining traces of the Fabians.

Miss Jenkins, who has gained distinction in her two biographies about Elizabeth I, *Elizabeth the Great* and *Elizabeth and Leicester*, is less sure of herself as a narrator. *Brightness* evolves in a series of vignettes loosely held together. The first

shows us the two mothers in opposition, Marion so pretentious in her display of wealth and so envious of Una for her ability to find happiness without it. Their encounter, in which Una characteristically has been suppressing her resentment, is interrupted by the appearance of Faith Metcalfe, the slender, attractive student in whom both sons are interested. In chapters that follow we see the young men: Derek, indulging in his love of speed and contemptuous of restraint, and Richard, who in his maturity has shown a resourcefulness that makes his mother the dependent. His homecoming from the university to the delightful repast Una has laid out for him is a scene charged with affection; the meeting of the Brains Trust in the Civic Hall is excellent for its comedy, and that moment on the Down when Richard and Faith are so close to being lovers, for its sentiment. But Richard, as we suspect, is too good to last. When disaster strikes, it is not with a slow buildup of suspense but with the suddenness of a skidding car.

THE BRAVE NEW HISTORY

The revolutions in the teaching of physics and mathematics are symptomatic of the upheavals that have occurred in all the major disciplines during the past three decades. In American history, in Edward Eggleston's words, the shift was away from "drum and trumpet history" to "the history of culture, the real history of men and women." This determination to survey the totality of human experience, to study the contribution of the immigrants with the same care that had once been bestowed upon those in uniform or lace, inspired the work of Frederick Jackson Turner and Charles Beard, as it did one of the most able disseminators of the new doctrine, **ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER**, who taught first at his alma mater, Ohio State University, then at the University of Iowa, and finally for thirty years at Harvard. His book of recollections, **IN RETROSPECT: THE HISTORY OF A HISTORIAN** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.50), is warm, quizzical, forthright, and puckish, the qualities which have endeared him to teachers and students regardless of age.

The book begins in the county seat of Xenia, Ohio, where young Schlesinger, the son of self-respecting German immigrants, absorbed his American heritage. He was a voracious reader, graduated at the head of his class in 1906; and his valedictory address, "The Approach of the Dawn," borrowed yeast from Edward Bellamy and Teddy Roosevelt. Ohio State, where he was a member both of the Sphinx Society and Phi Beta Kappa, confirmed his love of learning, and

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Even the most sophisticated man will be shaken out of some of his favorite dogmas—and to his benefit, we believe—by the book's relentless search for facts. Where else, for example, would he encounter a candid statement such as that expressed in the famous “stork cartoon” (apologies to Van Gogh) shown below? In our opinion, the answer is NOWHERE. Traditionalists would fiercely reject it as *Blasphemy*. For it plainly deprives them of two of their most “sacred” rights—the right to call certain art works *immortal* and the right to deliver *positive and enduring verdicts of betterness*, on which their entire authority hangs.

And yet the statement is obviously truthful.

After all, how can you appraise art works as permanently “great” or “beautiful” when a dozen men could conceivably be born into your own home-town, say, with the capacity to turn them out in wholesale quantity.

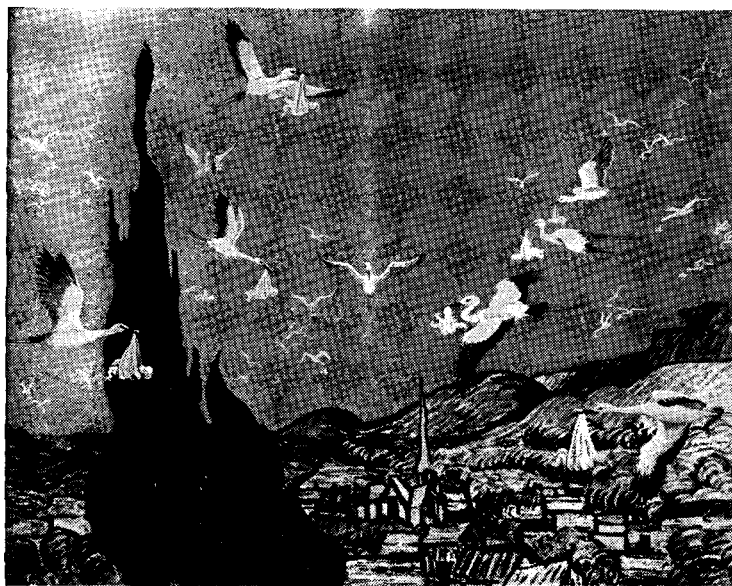
No, before you can judge an art work's “greatness” you must make an estimate of the human probabilities of its being created both now and for the future—the doing of which is manifestly a ticklish job.

And it is exactly because of this inevitable uncertainty that a completely new approach to art has become necessary—and is being widely adopted. CONJECTURISM.

It's the cautious, reasoned method, rather than the slap-dash, mystic method. It brings art up-to-date much as Evolution brought Biology up-to-date—namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning towards the experienced but tentative Conjecture. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would the meteorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather. It just can't be done without stepping openly into Clairvoyance and Mumbo-Jumbo.

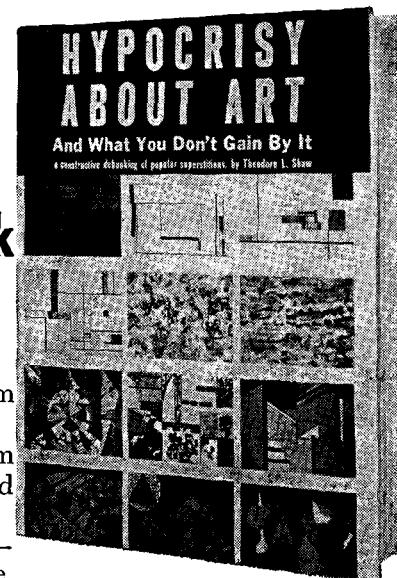
The book, *HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART*, by Theodore L. Shaw, does much more, however, than expound the principles of Conjecturism. With its 153 pages, its over 160 illustrations, many of them in full color, it demonstrates the practical application of it to specific works of art, and shows how the accuracy of man's conjectures can gradually be improved. Whether your purpose is to *create* art or to *understand* and *enjoy* it you will find the book highly interesting and profoundly revealing.

But a mere verbal description is inadequate. The book is its own best advocate. And it is for this reason we suggest that



THE FAMOUS STORK CARTOON

It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered “great”, and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of “Type A” men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.



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here in his junior year he met the co-ed Elizabeth Bancroft, whom he was happily to marry. At Columbia University, where he did his graduate work, he came directly under the influence of James Harvey Robinson, who opened for him the wide horizon of the New History. Mr. Schlesinger writes of the college communities in which he has served, with a salty reasonableness and a flash of humor.

As an instructor at his alma mater he had the courage to break out of the old ruts; and at the University of Iowa under President Walter A. Jessup he was given the freedom to teach any course he chose, and for the first time began to excite graduate students with his zeal for the new ground. Here he published his trailblazer, *New Viewpoints in American History*, and with two of his associates he embarked on the multivolume *History of American Life*, which was to be twenty-one years in the writing. Then in 1923 he was invited to Harvard, where he was to serve under three presidents and where, as he found, "the faculty placed an emphasis on first-rate teaching beyond anything I had known." At Harvard his gift for friendship and his ability to speak out made him a polarizing force, and here he attracted, as a non-Harvard professor said, "a sizable share of the best Ph.D.'s in United States history," candidates such as Merle Curti, Carl Bridenbaugh, Paul H. Buck, Oscar Handlin, and Donald H. Fleming, to name but five. In addition to his books, it has been Professor Schlesinger's knack to remind the country of things it should not forget. In an article on "The Vanishing Voter" he compared the ratio of actual to eligible voters, showing that it had declined from 83.5 percent to 52 percent over a period of sixty-four years. Again in 1957, when people were so alarmed by the advances of the Soviet Union, Schlesinger published an article on "America's Influence: Our Ten Contributions to Civilization," which was widely quoted and very tonic in its effect.

I have mentioned his puckishness. Speaking of Iowa City, he recalls "the absent-minded professor of psychology who on taking off his clothes to dress for a party went to bed instead." And again, "the gentle little professor of chemistry dominated by a large masculine wife, who recovered his manliness after her death by marrying a deaf-and-dumb woman." These were the kinds of things that were likely to pop out at the Sunday afternoon teas which he and Elizabeth gave to so many grateful students in Cambridge.

THE FLAVOR OF BRITAIN

SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN, artist and epicurean out of Marblehead, Massachusetts, is the author of

three volumes as sumptuous as any that have been published in this country since 1914. Sam is a veteran of the First World War, with a palate second to none. With his wife, Narcissa, to record the recipes, and with his heavy Linhof view camera and his drawing equipment to record the picturesque, he set out some years ago at the request of *Gourmet* on a leisurely tasting, talking, and drawing tour which eventually carried him and his wife through every province in France. The book which resulted, entitled *Bouquet de France*, was the most appetizing, impeccable thing of its kind. The illustrations were as mouth-watering as the meals described, and the volume, often reprinted, has sold upward of 70,000 copies. This was followed by *Italian Bouquet*, published in 1958, and this year by **BRITISH BOUQUET**, *An Epicurean Tour of Britain* (*Gourmet*, \$13.75), which it took the Chamberlains four long summers to complete.

British cooking is usually a standard American joke, as Mrs. Chamberlain acknowledges in her reference to a pudding called "boiled baby" and that other delicacy "suet paste," and we all giggle as she recalls the American who stepped out of a tour bus to enjoy a view of the velvety English countryside with the remark, "Thank God they can't cook it!" But the British do have their specialties: mutton as it is served nowhere else, the superb roasts at Simpson's on the Strand, Dover sole and boiled turbot, strawberry tarts with Devonshire cream, deep-dish apple pie, and cheese which puts our homogenized goo to shame. As the Chamberlains went from county to county they sought out the best inns no matter how remote, and these they have linked together with the famous castles, country houses, and old ruins. This big book is for browsing, for nostalgia, and best of all as an appetizing road map for those planning to visit the British Isles.

When I was a student riding my way around Britain on a push-bike, I could not afford places such as these, but I still remember the shrines which drew me on and which Sam has photographed so beautifully. I remember Richmond Castle as I saw it from the bridge over the River Swale; Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire, where I felt I had lived in another life. It is the most beautiful of all the old ruins, and when I go back I mean to stay and dine at the Devonshire Arms at Bolton Bridge; Warwick Castle and the Woolpack Hotel, where I shall go for thick but tender lamb chops; the Wild Duck Inn and Buttery in Ewen, Gloucestershire; Abbotsford, which looks today much as it did when Sir Walter Scott lived there; and, in Sussex, Rudyard Kipling's home in Burwash, which will mean something special to everyone who loves *Puck of Pook's Hill*.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

In keeping with the old saw that "the great art is to hide one's art," HAMILTON BASSO is a novelist of unobtrusive and deceptive power. He does not strain for effect; he never screams or roars at the reader; his is the quiet voice of a man of the world speaking calmly of the things and people he has observed dispassionately but sympathetically. The result is that his novels go down so smoothly that many readers miss their exceptional qualities of wit and wisdom, as well as the author's mature grasp of human character.

A TOUCH OF THE DRAGON (Viking, \$4.95) creates an unforgettable portrait of a high-strung and overbearing woman, and does so with a depth and delicacy hard to match in recent fiction. The lady with more than a touch of the dragon is Edwina Deydier, rich and attractive but always driven by the need for self-assertion, whether it involves tennis tournaments, meddling with politics and art, or merely casting a long shadow over all the people she encounters.

Her story is told with almost casual indirectness. The hero and narrator, Sebastian Venables, is telling us about his own life, which includes varied jobs and two marriages — the first tragic, but the second refreshingly happy as modern novels go. Edwina does not play a large part in his life really; yet he seems always to be running into her, and he is continually glancing her way as he recounts his own past, so that she acquires an imposing and fascinating horror and Sebastian's own adventures seem like a kind of footnote to her weird destiny.

Mr. Basso is a novelist of manners, like Marquand and O'Hara, but

The Peripatetic Advertiser



Only the old farmer in Almanac Trade would venture to predict the prevailing climate on an April day, but however chilly or changeable the weather in the streets, Spring will have arrived at the bookstores well ahead of the calendar. For this is the very season to appeal to every potential or practicing naturalist and gardener with books to turn his thoughts toward his doorstep.

One of the most attractive books in this wide category is **The Peregrine Falcon** by Robert Murphy, \$4.00. Reviewers of every degree of ornithological experience have been charmed by this novel. As Hal Borland puts it: "A superb piece of work with a splendid sense of wildness and a classic feel of truth. It is hard to believe, until one has read this book, that the scope and feeling of flight over so much of this continent could be caught in words. Not only flight, but the whole sense of free, wild life that only a falcon should know. Somehow, Murphy knows it too."

The mood established, there are books to rejoice the heart and strengthen the voice of the conservationist. For one, **Exploring our National Wildlife Refuges** by Devereux Butcher which appears in a freshly revised edition (cloth \$6.50; paper, \$3.85). The urgency of the need for protection of our birds and mammals is unforgettably reflected in the words of a national leader in wilderness preservation, and in the 340 pictures which one reviewer hailed as "some of the best photographs of birds and animals ever collected in one book." (*Boston Globe*) Forty refuges are described in



the kind of detail that is probably destined to trap many a vacationing family.

With a foot — or a cover — in the camps of both conservationist and gardener there is **Gardening Without Poisons** by Beatrice Trum Hunter, \$5.00. Last year Rachel Carson inspired many a town meeting to look to its labels with the eloquent *Silent Spring*. Mrs. Hunter's book offers some solutions to those myriad converts.



For the gardener still indoors there is a book full of delightful speculations on one of the pleasantest of relationships, **Gardens and People** by Fletcher Steele, \$4.00. Written by a noted landscape architect who is a notably fine phrase-maker, this is an excursion through Europe and China and the garden next door.

And to this gardener's opposite number, the naturalist — (professional or amateur but always with field glass in hand), only the word is needed that there is a new book in the *Peterson Field Guide Series*. This latest is the long, stubbornly, and clamorously awaited **Field Guide to the Stars and Planets, Including the Moon, Satellites, Comets, and Other Features of the Universe**, \$4.95, by one of America's best known authorities in the field, Donald H. Menzel, director of the Harvard College Observatory. This is the clearest, most complete guide to the night sky ever written. Its forty-eight maps charting the sky can be used throughout the world.



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When you think about some high office that's endured for a long time, you (or I, anyway) often regard it as immutable, as something that can't be altered by its occupants, whoever they may be. This kind of thinking is especially prevalent in the United States, where a written Constitution limits the possibilities of change in any government office.

But men, it seems, must react to the currents of their time, and nothing illustrates this better than the changes in the nature of the Presidency of the United States since this nation's beginning.

A new and thoughtful book, "The Presidents on the Presidency," serves to illustrate these changes, as well as a number of other aspects of the world's most complex job. Historian Arthur Tourtellot, who compiled, edited and structured the book, has set down in the Presidents' own words the reflections of the men from Washington through Kennedy who have had to make history every day of their administrations.

The book's 11 sections give a fresh and compelling insight into the minds of the Presidents, and Mr. Tourtellot has prefaced each section with a brief introductory essay explaining (as the Presidents themselves cannot) how each man stood in relation to his time, and how each man ultimately contributed to the office. In an election year, "The Presidents on the Presidency" is especially timely, and can be read with pleasure and profit by every citizen.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Presidents on the Presidency (\$5.95), edited by Arthur Tourtellot, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

unlike them he does not operate within a definite geographical region. Sebastian tells us that the Venableses have a large kinship system, stretching from lower Missouri east to Virginia, and then south through the Carolinas to the mouth of the Mississippi. That is quite a territory to take in, but his story ranges at an easy and unfaltering pace over most of it, and even goes on to its final climax, a minor disaster for Edwina, amid the sands and palms of the West Indies. Yet, despite its geographical spread there is a unity to Sebastian's world; and though Mr. Basso's style may seem impressionistic beside the documentary detail of Marquand or O'Hara, he conveys its atmosphere very subtly. It is a world of the wellborn and well-bred, who are also well-off though not toweringly rich, and whose old families harbor enough skeletons in closets and enough eccentrics on the loose to keep a novelist like Mr. Basso going for years.

ANGRY ENGLISHMAN

KINGSLEY AMIS has had a very hard time living up to the success of his first book, *Lucky Jim*, which in many ways was the most remarkable comic novel since the early Evelyn Waugh and Anthony Powell. Now, at last, ten years and four novels later, he has almost climbed back to the heights. *ONE FAT ENGLISHMAN* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95) is not so well constructed or so subtly modulated in its mimicry as the first novel, but the violence of its satire and the fantastic buffoonery of its characters just about make up the gap.

Mr. Amis was one of those labeled as Britain's Angry Young Men, and his comedy has grown more splenic over the years, ready and willing to take on all comers, even one as big as the whole American scene. His setting here is a bizarre academic institution, Budweiser College in Pennsylvania, within commuting distance of New York. (Mr. Amis was a lecturer at Princeton in 1958-1959, and he may not be writing purely from imagination.) Roger Mitcheldene, a visiting English publisher, is fat and fortyish and addicted to as many of the seven deadly sins as he can make time for. A glutton and woman-chaser, Roger is also a snob with an angry and outspoken tongue who tells his

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GENE SMITH

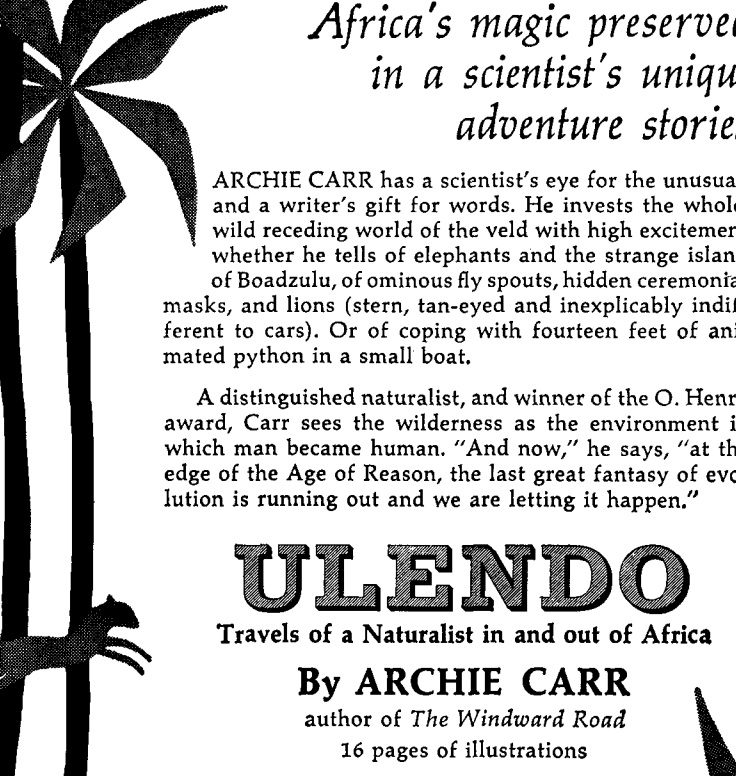
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MORROW



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in a scientist's unique
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ARCHIE CARR has a scientist's eye for the unusual, and a writer's gift for words. He invests the whole, wild receding world of the veld with high excitement whether he tells of elephants and the strange island of Boadzulu, of ominous fly spouts, hidden ceremonial masks, and lions (stern, tan-eyed and inexplicably indifferent to cars). Or of coping with fourteen feet of animated python in a small boat.

A distinguished naturalist, and winner of the O. Henry award, Carr sees the wilderness as the environment in which man became human. "And now," he says, "at the edge of the Age of Reason, the last great fantasy of evolution is running out and we are letting it happen."

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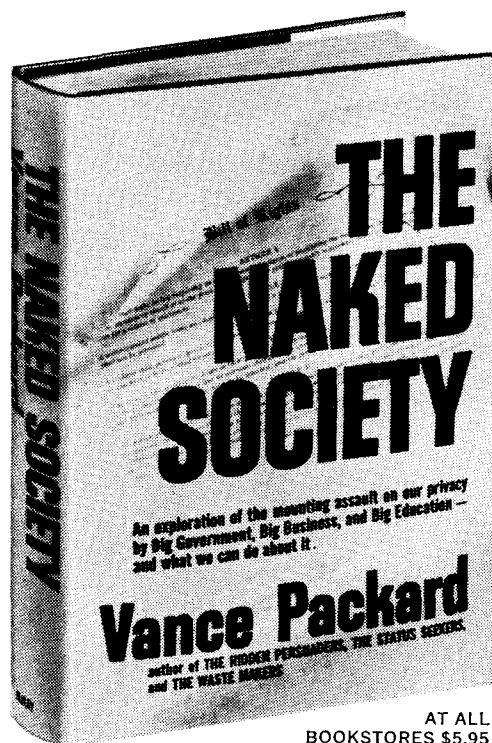
By ARCHIE CARR

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Mr. Amis should come back for another visit. We have obviously been good for his muse, and he in return has given us a generous assist toward humility, as well as a wildly amusing book to enjoy.

EDWIN O'CONNOR has almost established old age as his special province in the novel. Certainly no other contemporary writer has given us such a gallery of elderly characters, who may be complex and devious but are always captivating rogues, since they give back to life as generously as they take from it. In *I WAS DANCING* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.75) Mr. O'Connor has added a somewhat grimmer dimension to his portrayal of old age. His hero, Waltzing Daniel Considine, an old retired vaudevillian, is a fascinating character, but he is too self-absorbed, too encased in the shell of his own ego, to be really likable.

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But the old man is a crafty adversary, and the struggle between him and his son comes to a climax in a scene of dramatic tension toward which the rest of the story carefully builds.

Though he is surrounded with a number of colorful old cronies, it is Daniel himself, the old performer, who holds our attention at stage center. Whenever he wants to be, Mr. O'Connor is a very amusing writer, and there are very funny touches here and there throughout the present book; but his tone, beneath the occasional laughter, is almost harsh in its truthfulness. In this pathetic but impossible old man caught in the toils of his own egotism, he casts a cold and glaring light on one perennial problem of old age that neither geriatrics nor social measures can ever hope to cure.

PROBLEMS OF POWER

Politics has come back into fashion as a literary subject; but its return, otherwise welcome, seems to have launched a new stereotype of plot in which good guys and bad guys are as clearly set against each other as in a Grade B Western. The dramatic conflict always turns around the question of Integrity, of which the good guy has too much, so that he has a problem in getting elected or confirmed in office.

Usually, there is an old President around, varying from benign to malign, but always touched by the worldly corruption of compromise. He tends to support the good guy, but his allegiance, shaky at best, can switch to the other side. The other side is the rival candidate, the bad guy, who is—yes, you guessed it—the machine politician. Throw in a few accessory characters—stage managers, reporters, and wives—and place them all in smoke-filled hotel rooms; then turn the crank, and you have your story, which can come out either upbeat or downbeat. In Gore Vidal's *The Best Man* the hero gave up his pretensions to power; in *CONVENTION*, a novel by FLETCHER KNEBEL and CHARLES W. BAILEY II (Harper & Row, \$4.95), integrity just manages to squeak through, and the hero-candidate wins the presidential nomination of the Republican Party.

Seven Days in May, by the same authors, had a freshness and suspense of melodrama to recommend it and was a great popular success; their

attempt to repeat, however, is corny and mechanical, and at times it seems an echo of Mr. Vidal's play.

The bad guys also include the missile manufacturers (shades of Krupp), who work hand in hand with some unscrupulous labor leaders to squelch the candidate who has spoken out against the need for more armaments. To these stock villains the authors have added another that is bound to become a staple of the new political thriller: a computing machine used to store data of the most personal kind on the delegates so that they can be shamelessly pressured into voting the way the big bosses, big business, and big labor, miraculously banded together, want them to. In their serenade to political virtue, Messrs. Knebel and Bailey have pulled out all the stops, but the notes are sour.

POWER IN WASHINGTON by DOUGLASS CATER (Random House, \$4.95), a sober and careful study of our governmental machinery, arrives at a diametrically opposite judgment about the American political process: namely, that the sources of power in government are so diffuse and interlocking that the issues, as well as the persons and parties involved, are never purely good or purely evil but always a thoroughly human mixture of both.

A close student of political science, Mr. Cater has had long experience as a reporter in Washington, and he knows intimately and at firsthand the subtle conflicts of power that operate within government. Writing with a becoming simplicity and modesty, he does not allow himself to be carried away in sweeping generalizations. The intricacies of government are too complex for that. He is concerned, rather, with tracking the paths of power through its various circuits—the presidency, Congress, pressure groups, the press, and powerful subgovernment agencies such as the Department of Defense, which would seem to bring together a strong alignment of military and industrial forces. Contrary to some political analysts, Mr. Cater sees no central "power elite" emerging in this country. Our more serious problem is the fragmentation of power that sometimes does not permit swift and adequate action to meet the nation's most pressing needs. In view of the challenges that lie ahead of us in the coming

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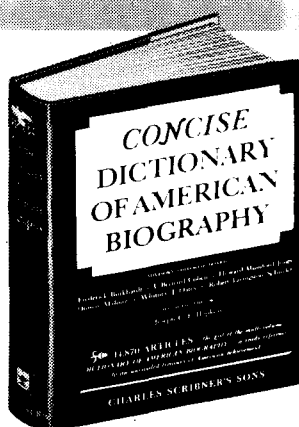
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decade, he feels that our governmental system may be on trial as it has not yet been throughout its history.

On the whole, though, Mr. Cater is optimistic about the system. Clumsy and sluggish it may be in getting the many separate wheels of government to turn together, but it has also been protected by what he calls a "constitutional morality that has set limits to the power struggle." We have had strong and weak, great and mediocre Presidents, but never a really evil one. The system of checks and balances embedded in the Constitution must be preserved, but new means must be found to make it more responsive to the will and the needs of the people.

VANISHING PRIVACY

We are horrified to hear reports of how citizens of Communist countries are under constant surveillance and even engage in spying on each other; but according to VANCE PACKARD in *THE NAKED SOCIETY* (David McKay, \$5.95), we have been sitting by impassively while the same thing has begun to happen here. If the tide continues unchecked, we shall no longer have any private linen that has not already been "aired" in public by millions of hidden television cameras, microphones, wiretaps, and by the armies of investigators employed by the various credit corporations.

Mr. Packard, a blend of amateur sociologist and crusading journalist, has had his knuckles rapped by the professors of sociology; but his real value has been not as a scientist but as a publicist alerting the public conscience to some of our worst social habits. In the present work he does not attempt any analysis in depth or any generalization by way of theory; he is writing almost entirely as a journalist, and that is all to the good, since Mr. Packard is at his best in vivid documentation, and several of his anecdotes here about the war against privacy are enough to give one goose pimples.

Some corporations now use lie detectors in hiring applicants for jobs. Mr. Packard, hidden in the next room and looking through a one-way mirror, was permitted to witness one such test administered to a young man who wanted a job as a salesman. The investigator put

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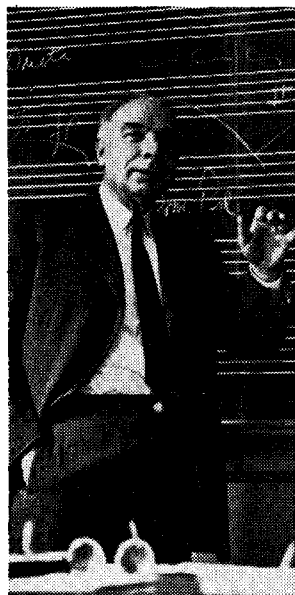
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the applicant through a refined form of Chinese torture. We are not told whether the young man got the job. If hired, it is hard to think he could do anything but hate the firm after the personal ordeal and humiliation it had put him through.

The number of private investigators has swelled enormously. Though their principal task is supposedly to investigate credit reliability, they break into many more private areas. Some corporations even employ agents to sit in as spies on the meetings of their junior executives.

Every advance in electronic science has brought a new assault upon our privacy. Microphones can now be made so small that almost any room can be successfully bugged. As for hidden television cameras, they are becoming so common that the advice has been offered, "Smile — you're on somebody's camera."

One fact more disturbing than any other that Mr. Packard mentions, and which indeed would make all his complaints pointless, is that we seem to be producing a new breed of people who do not care at all about their privacy and are rather delighted when it is invaded. On those appalling commercials where a woman goes droning on about the virtues of some detergent, an announcer cuts in with, "Mrs. X, you're on television!" and the lady simpers with delight as if she had just won on a sweepstakes ticket. An obnoxious program, *Candid Camera*, photographs people in some of their more embarrassing moments, but there have been no complaints. Nobody seems to mind being photographed in some ridiculous posture so long as he can be swept for one trembling and ecstatic moment into the glare of the public eye.

TALL TALES

ROMAIN GARY's talent is so exuberant and facile that at times he seems like a literary magpie decking himself out in feathers of any color. *Hissing Tales* (Harper & Row, \$4.95) is a good illustration of his copious and lively imagination; and though his facility does not always serve him equally well, since the stories are quite uneven, the collection as a whole is remarkably provocative and enjoyable.

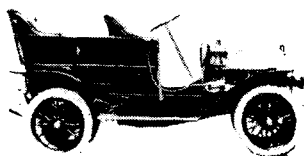
Most of the stories provide us with some melodramatic villain to hiss

at. M. Gary revives successfully the old-fashioned story — like those of O. Henry, Frank Stockton, or some of Robert Louis Stevenson — that has a definite anecdotal point, perhaps even some twist at the end, rather than merely presenting a slice of life in the style of flat realism.

In "A Craving for Innocence" a Frenchman, aspiring to escape the sordid materialism of civilization, goes to Tahiti. But when he discovers some unknown paintings of Gauguin, all his commercial lusts return, and he can think only of getting back to France to make a killing. On the way home he finds out that the paintings are fakes. Corruption has spread even into the South Seas, and he, the idealist in search of innocence, has been betrayed once again. Of course, he is both corrupt and preposterous; and most of M. Gary's characters combine these two qualities.

Elsewhere it is M. Gary himself who seems to be hissing at the world and its monstrosities. "The Oldest Story Ever Told" is the fictional elaboration of a Jewish joke, with its typical gallows humor. Gluckman, a refugee from a concentration camp, has escaped to South America. Though the war is over and the Nazis defeated, he is obsessed with the idea that sometime or other the old persecutions will begin again. His partner in their tailor shop, noticing that Gluckman disappears with food every night, follows him. He is feeding a Nazi in hiding who was the brutal S.S. commander of their concentration camp. Asked why he is doing this, Gluckman answers with demented cunning: "He's promised to treat me better the next time."

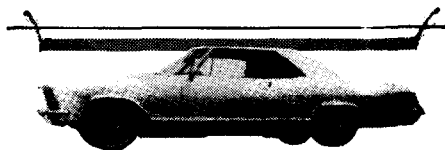
In the grimmest of M. Gary's jokes, "The New Frontier," a crowd of people are awaiting the president's arrival for a speech. Slowly, bit by bit, we become aware that there is something different about these people. Survivors of an atomic war, they are undergoing mutations that are turning them into varieties of sea creatures with flippers and fins for arms and legs, and scales for skin. After the president's stirring speech, they migrate into the water, from which life once arose, there to continue the resolute struggle against the Communists. Artistically, the story is not altogether successful, but no reader will be able to forget its point.



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THE BITE OF THE PRINT (Clarkson Potter, \$12.50) is a discussion of "satire and irony in woodcuts, engravings, etchings and lithographs" by FRANK and DOROTHY GETLEIN. The authors are put to it to find satire worthy of the name in the work of Rembrandt, but make up for the difficulty by their remarks on "what is conceived to be the moral lesson of Rembrandt's life." It is, they claim, "the faith of thousands." The lesson is simple enough: Rembrandt died broke, unappreciated by his time because he was trying to do something new in art. . . . Within decades of his death the rehabilitation of Rembrandt began and ever since he has been thought one of the truly great. Moral: nothing succeeds like failure." Lines like these, scattered through the book, give the text a snap and slash highly congenial to the exuberant malice of Holbein or the contemptuous bitterness of Goya. The illustrations are numerous and on the whole well enough reproduced for their purpose, which is to show what the Getleins are writing about. Callot, however, suffers terribly from having his war etchings, miniature to begin with, printed four to six on a page.

JORGE AMADO'S HOME IS THE SAILOR (Knopf, \$4.95) is a funny, irreverent, politely bawdy tale about a magnificent piece of imposture. Despite a lot of earnest questions on the matter of reality versus illusion, the story boils down to one sound, simple proposition: an artistic and adroit liar with no personal profit in view is a public benefactor.

The ANTHOLOGY OF ISLAMIC LITERATURE (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$8.50), edited by JAMES KRITZECK, is a fascinating introduction to a field of reading that is not easily approached in English. Mr. Kritzeck begins with selections from the Koran and proceeds to nineteenth-century Turkish poetry, which means covering a thousand years of prose and verse in at least three languages. The variety, the charm, the force and intensity revealed by Mr. Kritzeck's selections are a continual delight. The pieces range from old poems of love and war,



"A traveler on a main but congested highway said to a local yokel that his map indicated that there were two side roads at that point which were shortcuts to his destination, and asked for advice as to which of the two to shift to. To which the yokel replied: 'Whichever of the two you take, mister, you will wish to God that you had taken the other, or neither.' That is how I feel about the availability of other paths to the good society than that which the welfare state provides, strewn as that path is with boulders, pitfalls, detours, and unpredictable as is its ultimate terminus."

The celebrated economist, Jacob Viner, of Princeton, writes thus on *The United States as a "Welfare State"* in THE NATION'S ECONOMIC OBJECTIVES. You may not agree with his views. Not all the other contributors to the book would, either. If you are interested, however, in finding out what a range of this country's leading economists think about a variety of today's most pressing economic problems, you will find information, stimulation, and good reading in THE NATION'S ECONOMIC OBJECTIVES.

Edited by Edgar O. Edwards, the contributors are Edward S. Mason, Simon Kuznets, Lester V. Chandler, Arthur F. Burns, Fritz Machlup, Kenneth E. Boulding, Seymour E. Harris, and Jacob Viner. These are meaningful names in economics and they have meaningful things to say to both professionals and laymen on such topics as economic maturity, full employment, economic freedom. A book for every intelligent taxpayer to read and ponder.

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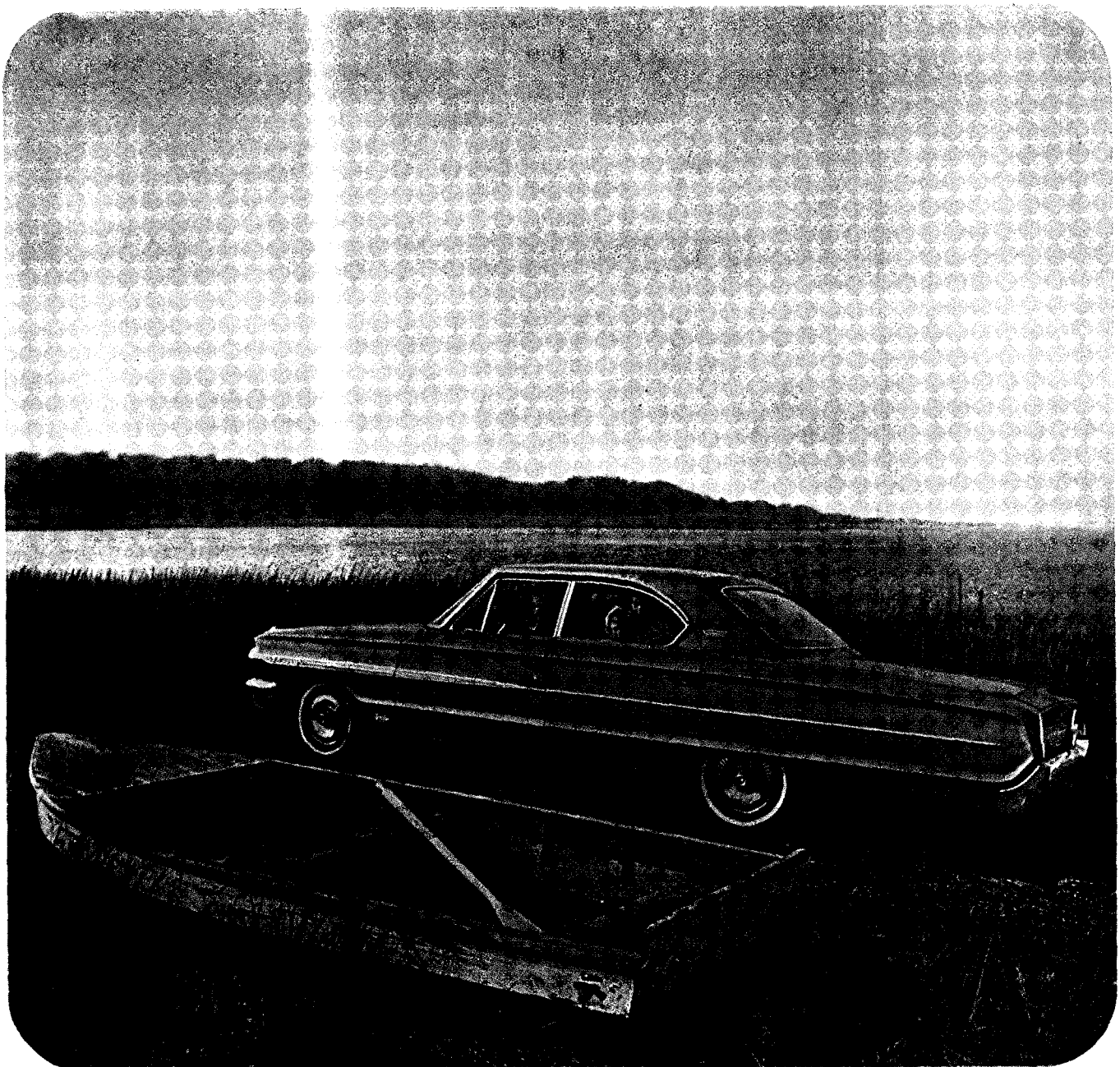


through razor-sharp political satire, to proverbs ("Trust in God, but tie your camel") and the essays of one Ibn Hazm. This Cordoban sophisticate, some years before William the Conqueror arrived at Hastings, wrote a paper explaining that "I have constantly tried to discover an end in human actions which all men unanimously hold as good and which they all seek. I have found only this: the one aim of escaping anxiety." What have we been doing all these years? Since no anthology is ever perfect, it must be conceded that this one has its defects. They are matters of indexing and transliteration for the most part, annoying but not disastrous.

DINO BUZZATI's latest novel is utterly unlike either of his books previously published here. Where *The Tartar Steppe* was nightmarish and ambiguous, *A LOVE AFFAIR* (Farrar, Straus, \$4.95) is precise and painfully explicit. Evidently Mr. Buzzati is the rare kind of writer who adjusts his style to his subject, instead of the other way about. The novel concerns a middle-aged Milanese architect who falls obsessively in love with a young prostitute. The agonies he endures through his long campaign to get exclusive possession of the girl (who is frankly bored by him) are pitiful, but Mr. Buzzati has no pity at all for his blundering hero. The point of view underlying the seemingly orthodox account of jealousy and humiliation turns out to be surprising, and gives dignity if not plausibility to the ending of the affair.

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN's famous and famously readable six-volume history, long out of print, has been condensed by RICHARD B. MORRIS and reissued in one fat, convenient book, *THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION* (David McKay, \$10.00). Mr. Morris, who is Gouverneur Morris Professor of History at Columbia University, has knifed the military sections of the work and kept Trevelyan's shrewd, brilliant, animated studies of men and politics.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE (Knopf, \$7.50) combines the contents of ARTHUR WALEY's *170 Chinese Poems* and *More Translations From the Chinese* in one large, beautifully printed book. These translations have always been fine things and still are. The illustrations that have been tossed into the production are hardly worth the bother.



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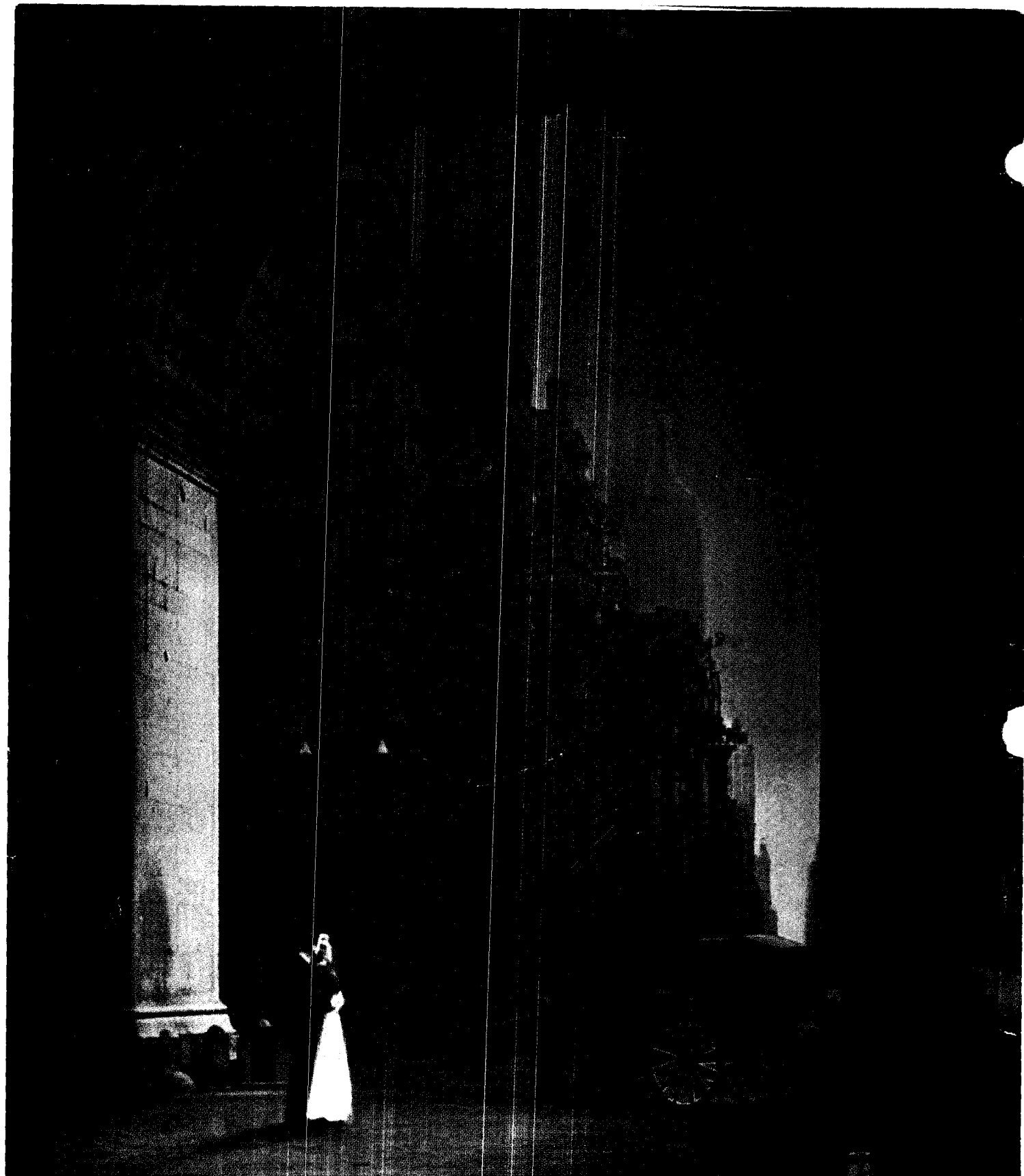
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